



TREASURE ROOM

DUKE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY  
DURHAM, N. C.



Rec'd. May 10, 1935  
N. D. White  
Donor

Form 934—20M—8-34—C.P.Co.

*N. J. White*



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2012 with funding from  
Duke University Libraries





5-10-25  
The Trinity  
Archive

# The Trinity Archive

---

---

Volume XXV

Number One

---

---

## MANAGER'S NOTICE

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the college.

Changes may be made in advertisements by notifying the Business Manager.

This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students who we hope will see fit to subscribe, and thus continue their loyalty to their *Alma Mater*. If you do not wish to become subscribers, please notify us at once, or the magazine will be sent to you during the year. The names of the old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

Subscription: One year, \$1.25; single copies, 15 cents.

---

---

## EDITORIAL STAFF

- |                   |             |                           |
|-------------------|-------------|---------------------------|
| E. J. LONDOW      | - - - - -   | Editor-in-Chief           |
| W. G. SHEPPARD    | - - - - -   | Associate Editor-in-Chief |
| MARY LOOMIS SMITH | } - - - - - | Literary Editors          |
| W. E. ELLER       |             |                           |
| F. S. BENNETT     | - - - - -   | Wayside Wares             |
| J. N. AIKEN       | -- - - - -  | Editor's Table            |
| R. G. CHERRY      | - - - - -   | Business Manager          |

---

---

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

---

### LITERARY DEPARTMENT

Scene Shifts (Poem).....	<i>N. I. White</i>	3
She Understands (Sketch).....	<i>W. M. Marr</i>	4
The Rover (Poem).....	<i>Mary Yeula Wescott</i>	9
A Romance in a Health Resort (Story).....	<i>James Cannon Jr.</i>	10
Wanderings (Poem).....	<i>N. I. White</i>	19
Digressions on ease (Essay).....	<i>E. J. Londow</i>	20
Lines to— (Poem).....	<i>W. T. Surratt</i>	25
Law or Justice (Story).....	<i>James W. Bane</i>	26
Daedalus and Icarus (Story).....	<i>E. L. Hege</i>	30

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT .....	33
----------------------------	----

WAYSIDE WARES .....	36
---------------------	----

EDITOR'S TABLE .....	39
----------------------	----

378.726  
18339  
4.25  
c.7

# The Trinity Archive

---

---

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., October, 1911

---

---

## Scene Shifts

N. I. WHITE

As I tripped with Mirth one day,  
    Carolling along,  
Momently I turned away,  
    Listing to a song.  
    Tra-la-la, a blue bird's song,  
    Fearing neither Grief nor Wrong.

Glancing back in sudden fright  
Grief was with me in the Night!

Once I walked with Comedy  
    Down the roads of Time,  
Laughing loud in wanton glee,  
    At some wanton rhyme,  
(Such a merry, foolish rhyme;  
One more joke, that last was prime.)

In a swirl of sudden tears  
Lo, grim Tragedy appears!

## She Understands

W. M. MARR

[The subject of the following sketch is a girl yet in her teens, who lives in Haywood County, North Carolina. The writer became acquainted with her while teaching in the school which she attended.—THE EDITORS.]

“Papa, my teacher in town gave me this book of poems to read as I was leaving for home last Friday. They are written by McNeil, who lived ‘down on the Lumbee River,’ and has recently died. Poor fellow! how much of the great out-of-doors he will miss. Just think, he was thirty years old when he died. If he had only lived in these mountains, hunted squirrels on these hilltops, chased rabbits along these bottoms, and fished the beautiful trout out of our small creeks, he would have lived in spite of all diseases. And he loved the farm so much! Papa, I have read every one of these poems, and I feel now as if he had been talking to me, telling me things about the old plantation, the negro servants, things in general pertaining to farm life, which bring sweet memories to me. I just know McNeil must have been a human god. I love him, and his works, because he loved nature exactly as I do. The old hills and mountains appear bigger and fuller of meaning to me as I behold them now. There is in me an expressible feeling which prompts me to go out hunting on this brisk snowy day. Let me have the gun, papa. Quick! The rabbits are playing all around over the snow in the cove back of the old field.”

Thus Lula spoke to her father on one snowy December morning last winter, after a week’s stay in the county seat where she was attending the high school. Such enthusiasm on her part about out-of-door life did not come as a surprise to her father. The gun was immediately brought, loaded shells were supplied, and the dogs called together. In a few

minutes Lula was off for the rabbit hunt, with no companions save her gun and her faithful dogs. To her such life is akin to the ideal.

That person is yet to be born who can appreciate and understand the subject of this sketch. Many have sought to fathom the individualistic principles of Lula Queen with little satisfaction to themselves. In no person have I seen the elements so mixed and compounded. The Lula of to-day will doubtless be a different Lula tomorrow. The jolly, witty girl of this hour will probably be the sad, sorrowful girl of the next. Nevertheless, in spite of her peculiar characteristics, there is to be found in them all a strain of loving-kindness, considerateness, and gentleness. When in town, the very fact, that the houses are congested seems to smother out those sparks of nature-loving, and to chill the panting heart. To be alone on the farm, and in mountain fastness, chasing the prey for sport's sake is the consummate desire of her life. These enviable traits of a mountain girl lend facts for an interesting study.

The rabbit-hunt progressed till late in the afternoon when, reminded of the lateness of the hour, Lula turned her steps homeward. The hunt was profitable from the standpoint of game as well as from the standpoint of pleasure; for when night came, Lula sat before the big open fireplace, dreamed over the events of the day, and then secured a piece of paper, on which she immediately wrote these lines as though they were inspired:

“ The orchard is studded with diamonds,  
 The forest is set with pearls,  
 The earth is wrapped in a sheet of snow,  
 All nature is in a whirl.

“ By nine o'clock the chores are done,  
 The girls as well as boys  
 Don their coats, call their dogs  
 And are off midst a bustle of noise.

“ With a hurrah here, and a yep-yep there,  
 The dogs join in the sport;  
 While shy little bunny comes hopping along,  
 Not knowing his life was short.

“When each has sacked a bag of game,  
Homeward we trudge through the snow,  
Where a huge log fire is burning bright,  
And the hearth is all aglow.”

Monday morning found Lula back in school refreshed after a few days spent at home. As was her custom, she greeted her companions and teachers with a pleasant smile. Everything seemed to go well with her and the world. But alas! Before the shades of evening came, there appeared on her horizon a dark cloud in the form of a severe task-master. The head of the city school seemed to find reasons to criticise Lula's conduct, together with that of others. His harshness tended to turn her day of joy into one of gloom. She said very little to defend herself from the threats of the chief executive; for right well did she know the folly of such an action.

To study more during that day was simply out of the question. To recite was time wasted, notwithstanding the fact that she was thoroughly prepared to recite. So, in order to calm her tempestuous mind, Lula walked to the rear of the room, looked out upon a world white with snow, and growing whiter every minute. In the distance loomed up old Junaluska hoary with age. To this peak and beyond Lula sighed her weary soul; she longed to be far away from people such as these. Varied and sundry thoughts traveled through her mind, until prompted by some unknown power, she seized a tablet and pencil, and hurriedly jotted down these words:

“See the snow, the beautiful snow,  
As it falls from the sky above,  
And gives to the world a spotless robe  
As pure as the saints above.

“It has said to the spring-time:  
'Go rest a while, you must delay,  
The earth needs me to cover her sins  
When the world has had her way.

“I light on the mountains and on the hills,  
And spread over the valleys a calm;  
I give a musical tone to the rills,  
As I glide along in the storm.’

“Spring! and must thou delay?  
 Hast Winter deceived thee, too?  
 To thy sunny smiles and deep blue skies  
 Alas! must we say ‘Adieu’?”

There must have been some significant under meaning in these lines as Lula wrote them down. Perhaps her tactless schoolmaster and the cruel winter were comparable characters in her life, each capable of and always practicing deception.

I have frequently observed that Lula always gave vent to her feelings in some form of verse. If anger or melancholy should ever overtake her, she would either make some very sarcastic rhymes bearing on the origin of the trouble, or else she would turn to meditation for comfort. I have reasons to believe that the most satisfactory moments of her life are spent on the farm, where alone she can live unmolested, free to think as she pleases, and to live with her own people, near to the heart of mother earth. To her some of the most beautiful things and the greatest seem to be those things most inconspicuous to the casual observer. The smallest flower or fern does not escape the notice of this keen observer. Back of the visible existence lie thoughts much too deep for the crowd; yet to Lula they must appear as the most comforting of thoughts. Her nature-rhymes are gems of expression. Without considering herself bound down by set rules of poetry, she freely speaks her thoughts as they enter her mind. Many a little flower has had sung over its shining head a bit of simple verse, full of appreciation and meaning. For instance, while strolling into the woods one day, a daisy met the gaze of the girl and was immediately interrogated thus:

“Do you know, little flower, the joy you give  
 The golden summer through?  
 From early dawn till close of day,  
 There is some one admiring you.

“You grow upon the hillside  
 And in the meadows bright,  
 For everywhere our eyes are cast  
 We view a daisy, white.

“The lady plucks thee to know her fate,  
As one by one the petals fall;  
The farmer knows, when thou art gone  
It is time to gather in his crop.

“When old Jack Frost first comes along  
To toll thy funeral knell —  
With our heads bowed down with sorrow  
We bid little daisy farewell.”

It is hoped that Lula's desire to obtain an education will be satisfied. In her lies dormant the soul of a genius. Few people fully realize the burden of her song. To few, if any, has she told the secrets of her life. Nature worship is a religion to her, and after all it is a good one. There is a great satisfaction in being able to get relief from mental burdens and worry by going to the hills, by travelling along the sparkling creeks and rivers, listening to the words of the great God of nature, as He speaks in a varied language. Lula has listened to the voice and understands.

## The Rover

MARY YEULA WESCOTT

O a rover am I in the Land o' Dreams  
And I follow a fleeting call  
Through green sunny valleys o'er the mountain streams  
Still bound by this mystic thrall!

And though bells toll sweetly with silvery chimes  
And breezes sing gently and low,  
Yet must I not linger, not yet is the time  
I may tarry—still onward I go,

But yet as I journey no martyr am I  
( 'Tis the light o' my life I would view ),  
And I'll grudge not the chasm nor mountains so high  
When at last I have crossed them to you!

## A Romance in a Health Resort

JAMES CANNON, JR.

The insistent ringing of the telephone on his desk called Phil Wyatt from his attentions to the latest female arrival. Phil, be it known, was the clerk at Mrs. Weld's select summer boarding house, and as such, being a youth of pronounced social inclinations, exercised his full prerogatives.

The following conversation occurred:

"Hello, hello, is that Phil Wyatt?—It is?—Well this is John Calhoun. Say, Phil, come down to the Post Office corner and wait for me will you?—That's a good fellow; won't take long."

Seeing that the place he had vacated was already filled by one of the masculine boarders, Phil railed sadly at his fate and set out. Arrived at the meeting place he was met by a man who dragged him into a nearby drug store, and as the two were drinking the inevitable "dope" the reason for the hurry call was revealed somewhat as follows:

"Phil, did you see a girl in a top buggy with a bay horse as you came down here just now? Stunning looking girl in white; light hair, blue eyes, buggy full of ferns?"

"Sure I saw her, what about it?"

"What about it? Who is she, you mutton head? What's her name, where does she live?"

"The prettiest girl in town, Lucille Stratton, up two blocks and then to the left of my place. Anything else?"

"Yes, when do I meet her?"

"Never, if you wait on me to introduce you, after dragging me out here in the hot sun to answer fool questions." Plainly the clerk was bored at the whole proceeding, and with a muttered word of farewell he walked off.

And that was John's satisfaction from that source.

\* \* \* \* \*

As darkness descended on the mountain over the town of Booneville a man emerged from the woods that covered its sides and walked towards the house that crowned the tall, rocky peak. The windows were well outlined by the lights that shone on the inside of the building, and the man, after a moment's hesitation, ascended the porch and walked down it to the door in the centre of the house. A knock, several times repeated, bringing no response, he opened the door and entered the room into which it opened.

About a large open fireplace was gathered a group of young people of both sexes, all of whom ceased their chatter as the door opened. The newcomer walked down the length of the room to a desk at its far end before anyone seemed to realize he was really in the room, but after a short pause a girl, apparently the hostess, came forward and said:

"Is there anything I can do for you sir?"

"No, that is, not unless you can tell me where to find the clerk."

"The clerk?"

"Yes, the clerk; there is a clerk, is there not?"

"Why no, not exactly."

"Well I don't care what title you give him, if only he can give me a room for the night."

"But we have no rooms, sir, I am afraid you have made some mistake about this."

"Isn't this a hotel?"

"Yes, it is a hotel, but not now."

"I really do not understand you at all, I was looking for Rook's Point hotel to spend the night after tramping through the mountains all day." And he looked down at his rough walking suit and stout boots that reached halfway to his knees.

"You see it is this way. My father owns this hotel but has closed it for the summer and we are taking no more guests now."

"But who are all these people if they are not guests?" Plainly the stranger was puzzled.

"Why these are some friends of mine from the town below here who have come up to spend a few days during the cold weather, before we leave here for the winter. Do you see?"

All this time the people at the other end of the room had been talking among themselves and now one of them came forward.

"What is the matter, Lucille, does the fellow want anything?" The speaker was a young fellow and looked at the stranger with unfriendly eye.

"Send the tramp away and let us go on with our plans for tomorrow."

The girl's eyes sparkled suddenly as though at an unexpected thought, and turning to the stranger she said:

"As I have already told you we are not open for business and of course cannot entertain you." And in an aside that all could hear, "a tramp indeed. How dare he come here."

The tramp, if he was such, was certainly a well-bred representative, and with a word of good-night to the girl stepped outside and vanished down the mountain trail. But the girl called Lucille seemed strangely disturbed and a close observer would have seen that she clasped her hands tightly as the stranger turned away and a look of pained surprise came into her face.

On the stroke of nine the telephone rang in the room next to that in which the house party was gathered and the hostess hastened to answer. In almost an instant she returned, white and shaken, indeed scarcely able to give the news of the message. At last she managed to tell them what she had learned.

"Oh, it's too terrible to think. Papa says that part of the main trail to Booneville where the path overhangs the precipice has caved in and there is no way for anyone to get by

without falling over the side. You know John never has been down there, even in the day time, and I know he is dead by now. Oh, why don't some of you go after him? You can't do any good standing there thinking about it. Run after him and call him back, if it's not already too late. It is my fault that he went; he never would have gone tonight if I hadn't acted so. Oh, do stop him."

"But wait a moment, Lucille," said one of the girls. "Who is John and what does it matter anyhow?"

"Silly! That was John who was here a while ago, the man I called a tramp. If anybody is going with me let them come on now." And she was out of the door and at the edge of the woods before anyone else started.

Of course all followed at once, but she ran so fast that they were soon left behind. On the girl ran, and in her anxiety for the "tramp" failed to see the figure of a man in the trail ahead until he turned and caught her by both arms.

"Ah! I thought you would come," he whispered, "but I had just given up hope and started down. You understood then, did you and really meant to break that foolish pledge?"

"Oh, John I was so frightened. Papa telephoned that the path had been carried away in the landslide and I was so afraid that you would not see it in time."

"Forgive me, that was a trick I played to get you out here. See where I broke in that cabin back there and used the 'phone? I thought certainly you had recognized my voice when you did not come. I am so sorry I frightened you."

The girl's manner changed suddenly and she drew away from him.

"Indeed, sir, you are presuming on our position and I must insist on your observing the pledge you gave at our first meeting." Here come the others. "Roy, here is the man; I managed to overtake him, will you show him the side trail to Booneville?" Without further speech Lucille Stratton turned back up the mountain.

\* \* \* \* \*

Taken aback, for an instant Calhoun hesitated, then, with a resigned shrug, he too, turned away. One more scheme had failed.

Booneville was a town of hay-rides; the very air seemed to suit the pastime, and almost nightly the big special wagon, with its team of four stout horses, rolled out of the town with a load of young people aboard. One night in early October John Calhoun received an invitation to go out with a party on the usual jaunt. Although not very enthusiastic on the subject he finally accepted and was told that the wagon would come by for him. He regretted his acceptance as soon as he saw the wagon draw up at the door, for there was little extra space, and as the party was late starting he had not met any of the guests, he being a stranger to the community. Wedged in between two strangers at the rear of the wagon he made the best of the situation and spent three hours of nervously spasmodic conversation. As the wagon pulled up in front of the Post Office on the way back to the various homes, about 11:30, Calhoun dropped from the end and ran in to mail a letter. During his absence a general shake-up in places occurred. John soon returned and, without noticing the change, climbed back into his former place. The team started at once, and as his home was only a short distance further John turned to say good-night to his companion,—and then:

“Good evening sir,”—and the girl of the past, the girl of the buggy, the girl of the mountain top, in short The Girl, was beside him.

“Why really you look pale. I hope you are not feeling bad.”

Then, as there was no answer,

“I do not seem to interest you, I shall return to my former place.”

“Now I know I have you! There can be no mistake after

this. You cannot refuse to recognize me as your friend any longer." (At last he had found his tongue,— and the girl hid a smile.)

"Listen sir." She leaned over and looked in his face as she spoke. This cannot be taken as a formal introduction any more than our previous meetings. You have nothing to go upon, and your pledge is binding still. Do I make myself clear?"

"But surely the pledge is fulfilled now."

"Do you think so? Let me ask you how long it took you to become satisfied; did not all the other members of the party cast doubt upon me? Who else was selected as the only possible 'persona non grata'? No one. You may be satisfied after three years of searching, but I must be satisfied this time."

Before he could reply the wagon stopped at his own door and without a chance for a word he had to slip to the ground.—Failure!

\* \* \* \* \*

Booneville did not often see such pretentious affairs as the reception given by Senator Shumaker to introduce his old friend Capt. Calhoun to the people of the town to which the Captain had recently moved. The Senator had spared no pains to make the occasion one that would be long remembered by the townspeople, and the receiving line embraced the whole social scale of the town. At the head of the line stood the Senator, genial and a gentleman; next came his wife, formal and a snob. Scattered through the line were the members of the Captain's family, the line coming to an end with the oldest son, John. This young man appeared exceedingly ill-at-ease; he kept trying to watch the entrance and shake hands with the guests at the same time; a very hard job. In short, Mr. John Calhoun was in a blue funk. Minute after minute passed and the signs of nervousness increased. It really seemed impossible for him to stand in line any longer. At the sound of a late entrance

there was a pronounced stir all over the room, and the craning of necks shut off the view of the impatient fellow until he was mad with nervousness. The party advanced down the room and began the round of the receiving line—but what a change; the impatience vanished, and in its place came a pallor almost deathly. With almost breathless interest he awaited the coming of the girl who was in the rear of the entire party and scarcely noticed the introductions to her companions. They were,

“Mr. Stratton, Mr. Calhoun, Mrs. Stratton, Mr. Calhoun.” And after a age of suspense, “Miss Lucille Stratton, Mr. Calhoun.”

\* \* \* \* \*

From private correspondence of John Blackwell Calhoun:

Booneville,———, Oct. 11, 19—.

MR. FRED. J. DESTEL,  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

*Dear Fred:*

Do you remember that house party we all attended at Jack Ray's house about three years ago and the crazy pledge we all took to the effect that nobody present should be introduced to anybody else during the time we were there, and further, should we meet at any time thereafter, that the fact of having been together then would not be considered sufficient cause for recognition, if there had never been any formal introduction elsewhere? If you remember all this you will recall also that the reason given by Jack was his desire to add spice to the event by raising some doubt as to the exact social standing of those present. He intimated in fact that there was somebody in the crowd who would be “*persona non grata*” under any other conditions. Well of course we all set to work guessing, and after the affair was over we all met at different places during the winter, except one. Everybody thought that one was the person under question. I felt awfully about it for I must confess I had been very

hard hit by the lady — it was a lady — and after Harcourt's exposure the next summer I felt worse than ever, for of course we all saw who was the suspected then.

To make a long story short I set out to find the girl, but Jack having left for parts unknown, the only source of information was closed. I didn't make much progress until my family moved down here this year and then things began to happen.

First of all I saw the lady on the street. I was on intimate terms with only one man in town and in trying to get an introduction through him I rubbed his fur the wrong way and he refused point blank.

Balked in that direction I dressed up pretty rough and went up to the top of a mountain near here, where the lady's father has a summer hotel, and asked to stay all night. The hotel had been closed as I knew, and she and a bunch of friends were there. She, however, had found out by some means that we had been very unjust in our suspicions and refused to recognize me.

On one or two other occasions luck was against me and I was in despair until an old friend of father's decided to give us a welcoming blow-out. That took place last night, and I got my formal introduction all right, and something else besides; the job of letting all the guests of that former occasion know what I had found out.

Having now accomplished this duty I will bring this epistle to a close.

With best wishes, I am

Yours sincerely,

JOHN B. CALHOUN.

\* \* \* \* \*

ACT 4. SCENE 7.

Dark setting, sighs, subdued whisperings, two forms in close conjunction,—silence, finally broken as follows:

“John?”

"Yes."

"I want to tell you something."

"Fire away then."

"You know those letters I made you promise to write?"

"I do, most assuredly."

"There wasn't any use in making you do that."

"And pray why not? Didn't I owe it to you to let them all know how shabbily we acted towards you?"

"Yes, but they all knew about it except you."

"What on earth do you mean, they all knew about? And how did they know?"

"I told them."

"You told them?"

"Yes, you see it was this way, Jack and I are cousins and after we all went away and everybody learned about Mr. Harcourt, Jack and I told all the others."

"Why didn't you tell me then?"

Silence.

"I say why din't you tell me?"

"Oh, John, I wanted to see if you would find out for yourself. You're not angry are you?"

Silence again.

"Are you angry after all?"

"Angry? No. I am merely wondering if this is a dream or a reality and I don't know how to find out."

"Do you—do you think that if I, if I should—should—  
Kiss——"

Soft music to the tune "All that I ask is love."

## Wanderings

N. I. WHITE

Play me such music softly once again  
As careworn Time, aweary, hath distilled  
From world-old sorrows, breathing, sorrow-thrilled,  
The shadowed tales of old heroic men.  
Aye, harmonize me music from the fen  
Old Nilus threaded, dark, Osiris filled,  
Or stir the Jordan willows, that were stilled  
So long in ancient languish, yet again.

So might I stride in melody among  
Chaldean ruins, through the lonesome night;  
So seek the green Medean hills, low-flung  
Along the distance, or from off the height  
Where mouldered Trojan battlements have clung,  
Follow the old ~~Simois~~ out of sight.

*lone Scamander*

## Digressions on Ease

E. J. LONDOW

Have you, O Gentle Reader, ever experienced the pleasure of perusing carelessly in one of those rare June days, when it seems sacrilegious to exert one's self needlessly, and when every living creature seeks by being idle to get in harmony with the listlessness of nature—have you found how delightful it is to read at such time the "Ode to Ease?" If you should happen to live where the whirr of machinery breaks unceasingly upon the silence of the great out-of-doors, or if the rigor of your climate denies you such rare June days, I should yet recommend to you the poetry of idleness; for after all is not poetry most valuable—if poetry must be narrowed down to mere intelligible values—when poetry awakens within us that longing for things we should like to have and for a life we are not living? That old soldier whose heart beat faster and whose blood warmed up as he heard in the poem the beat of the drum, the roar of the artillery, and saw the charge that won the day knew that such poetry was good because it stirred him and elevated him to an existence now only within the realm of ideas. And so that poetry that makes youth grasp higher than reach, the poetry that sounds like the stern daughter of the voice of God is literature that gives strength to frail man.

But I must return from this digression on heroic poetry to beg the Gentle Reader's pardon. In the first place, what excuse can anyone offer for such idle wandering in writing or in conversation? And secondly, is there any consistency in advising one to read when one's feeling of passive resistance is strongest, the poetry of idleness, and then claim with an air of sincerity that the only real valuable literature is the literature of strenuosity? For this gross inconsistency I must entreat the Reader's unqualified forgiveness. Such

pardon will be granted no doubt for I started out by assuming that the Reader ought to be in such a disposition of restfulness that anger and the exertion that comes from disagreement are totally absent; and in the next place, aimless wandering and idleness have met together so many times before that their joint presence here, though not proper, is yet not so uncommon as to be shocking.

Yet this started out to undertake to call the Reader's attention to an Ode to Ease by Richard Henry Wilde. Wilde, you may remember, was a Southerner from Georgia, who loitered about in the first half of the nineteenth century, going to Congress at times, and roaming Italy in search of knowledge about Tasso, and writing verses only one of which has been praised enough to give it a longer life than its companions enjoyed. And yet, although the line "On that lone shore loud moans the sea" is strikingly beautiful, I should prefer Wilde's "Ode to Ease" to his "My Life Is Like the Summer Rose," not because I am not fond of extended similes, but because the verses to Ease come from a man—a Southerner—who is qualified to praise, extol, and elevate idleness to the position where Schiller thought his Joy alone could dwell. You know perhaps that so many poets have sung of arms and the man who would have fainted at the sight of a sword. How many poets have worshiped in their near-poetry the nightingale—a bird that they have never seen! How many bachelors have struck their lyres to the music of the joys of wedded life! But here O Gentle Reader take note, you have an ode to ease written by a Southerner as full of the warm South as Keat's longed-for cup of Hippocrene—one who knew Ease because he had chosen her in place of all worldly delights.

"I never bent at Glory's shrine,  
To Wealth I never bent the knee,  
Beauty has heard no vows of mine,  
I love thee, Ease, and only thee."

If, then, you are in that mood and environment that are conducive to ease, you will take a double pleasure in reading Wilde's poem, for you will know it was written by one who listened to the "siren voice" of idleness, and having wooed Mistress Ease "living hopeless, unmourned, and unloved must die." You will revel in the poem, as it reflects the old South, gentle, idle, dreamy, unwilling to serve Mammon or burn the midnight oil that literary fame might crown its greatest names. You see here that lack of strenuosity that is the life of busy Yankeedom. The old Southerner of this poem knew not our restless activity, our nervous bustle, and our ever rushing hurry. "Cui bono" you have often asked yourself as you have seen ambition drive men to leaden-eyed despair, and viewed that morbid haste and labor, the fruits of which are heaps of sky scrapers, shattered nerves, and Socialism. The poet has often pined to be in the Arcady where men slowly drink in the poetry of life, as if it were, says Chesterton, a cup of sweet wine. So you look back upon the old South that refused to be caught in this stream of nervous haste, and insisted on leisure. You too have felt as you scanned the pages of the South's rich past that this Arcadian sweetness and gentleness of life were not bought for a trifle. The sacrifices that were made for leisure are not to be discredited. To many ease was expensive for it resulted that:

"No lofty deeds in armor wrought,  
 No hidden truths in science taught,  
 No undiscovered regions sought,  
 Nor classic page with learning fraught,  
 Nor eloquence, nor verse divine,  
 Nor daring speech, nor high design,  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 On hist'ry's page shall ever shine."

But O Reader your attention has been so long centered on the charm of the gentle life that you cannot entertain thought of what the South lost by espousing ease. Your ideas are supported at least, by the Philosophy of the Preacher. All

may be vanities—wealth, literature, sculpture. In lasting values of human life was the south so mistaken in her choice?

Yet the Reader, I remind myself, may not be as gentle as I thought he may be. The whirr of machinery is perhaps dinning in his ears, or he cannot live where rare June days come to make the heart of man glad, or he may have the proper environment and still be out of tune with it enough to disagree with the easy going idealist. For him the theory of wealth is the gospel of wealth, since he has learned what wealth has made possible, how the comforts of man have increased, how culture has been scattered more democratically, how mankind has been socialized by rapid communication that grew out of economic needs. He rejoices that the life power of the nation is pulsating through the mighty arteries of the Southland, and ascribes her taking her place in the councils of the nations, to her physical awakening, to her exertion of sheer force and brains. Work is to be the salvation of the new South. Work is to be the mysterious Aladdin's Lamp that calls out from the dark underworld the desired things. Work is to emancipate all the forces that are latent in this new-old civilization. And finally by work the Southern people will show their ability in science, in learning, in verse divine. When the South exerted herself she gave to the world Lee and Jackson and Davis. She will again cover herself with glory if the idle dreamer will cease harping on the days of the past when leisure was enthroned, and will aid in revitalizing his country.

If I were not sensitive of the criticism that has been directed against the courts, I should try, perhaps, to weigh the arguments in the case of Ease v. Work. Even umpiring has become a dangerous occupation. But without any idea of hurting the feelings of my readers, I should in this case fall back upon the method which the American High Priest of the Strenuous Life employs, and one which many a mother has used to pacify warring children. When addressing capital, Mr. Roosevelt preaches justice toward the working man;

when speaking to labor, he demands fairness toward the capitalist: that is, he makes his square deal argument cut both ways. He would no doubt in this controversy first turn to the protagonist of Ease. Gentlemen, your ideas, if carried out, would mean retrogression. Idleness is the mother of filth, and filth of disease, and disease of poverty and crime, and crime of all the world's ills and woes. With labor you cannot have prosperity, advancing civilization, and all that civilization has meant to man. Look to the countries of the East where oriental idleness has kept stagnant a once flourishing civilization, and ask yourself if anything but work has brought about the present degree of culture and comfort.

And you, disciples of work, remember labor is but a means to a glorious end — satisfying the wants of man, and that one of the wants of civilized man which must be cultivated assiduously and fed is the want of repose, delightful manners, politeness, and all the gentle graces to which haste and grinding labor are hostile. What happiness would there be if we succeeded in completely transforming the world into a huge workshop? What we want and what we ought to be striving for is a home; and home differs from a shop in that there cluster about it those tender sentiments of love, devotion, recreation, and peace. The world needs men much more than it needs machines. And gentle men can be produced only in a community where gentleness and not selfish haste are cultivated.

We are all anxious to see the South forge ahead in its economic growth. We point with pride to the marvelous development of her industries. But we are much more anxious that the sweetness of life that marked the antebellum civilization of the South shall be preserved. Though the roar of the machinery is pleasing to you, O Reader, and June days with their charms are unknown to you, yet you can sing to Ease with Wilde:

“ But come again, and I will yet  
Thy past ingratitude forget.

Oh come again! Thy witching powers  
Shall claim my solitary hours.  
With Thee to cheer me heavenly Queen,  
And conscience clear, and health serene,  
And friends and books to banish spleen  
My life shall be as it has been  
A sweet variety of joys."

---

## Lines to \_\_\_\_\_

W. T. SURRETT

I met a charming maiden  
In the summer of golden youth.  
The blue of the skies was in love with her eyes,  
And her heart was a fountain of truth.  
Bonnie hair of a chestnut brown  
With a tinge of the golden hue,  
And a laughing light in her fair young face,  
As sweet as the morning dew.

And I wondered then as I am thinking now,  
Should friends we always be,  
Would the days be as void of pain and care  
And our hearts be as fancy free.  
There's always a thought that clings to the past,  
And a toast to the things that are new,  
Here's hoping that life will be good to me,  
And the world be kind to you.

## Law or Justice

JAMES W. BAIN

The great trial was drawing to a close. There were only two more speeches to be made — those of the leading lawyers for the prosecution and defense, respectively — the judge's charge, and then it would be with the jury.

There was a strange tenseness in the court room this morning, for to-day would bring the case to a close, and to-day, too, the great lawyer that the State had brought from New York, to aid in the prosecution, and the lawyer, equally as great, that the defense had brought from the far West, were to clash in the last battle. Under the guidance of their leading lawyer, the defense had fought stubbornly, brilliantly, but vainly; the battle had undoubtedly gone against him. Yes, it had to be admitted that the State had the law on its side.

But, nevertheless, the great crowd that had assembled day by day to hear the trial were with the prisoner. The man whom he had shot down in cold blood had by a clever deal robbed him of nearly all his property. The prisoner had no redress by law. There was nothing he could do but that which he did — take the law into his own hands. But the State did not look at the provocation; all the State saw was that he had murdered a man, shot him down in cold blood without a moment's warning.

Court was convened and the great legal giant of the prosecution arose and began his speech. The prisoner listened with his haggard face drawn as the prosecuting attorney proved point after point against him. And even the gray-haired lawyer that had led the defense rubbed his hands wearily across his forehead now and then. The jury, too, seemed to be impressed. The prosecuting attorney was making the fight of his life; he knew the fight had gone his way, yet he feared the influence that his great opponent would

have on the jury. He had heard of him many times before, and had good grounds for fear. He covered the case completely, without wasting a word or using any time for mere oratory; then he took his seat.

A death-like silence reigned in the court room that hot summer day as the attorney for the defense arose. The jury settled back expectantly, for more than once through that hard fought case he had proved himself a foe worthy of fear from any lawyer. He, too, knew that the fight of his life was before him; he was in the last ditch now and fighting against heavy odds. Yet, he believed in his case. He began speaking in a low, tense voice, and the audience had to lean forward to catch his words. The main plea advanced by the defense had been insanity, and as the lawyer swept on in his speech he came to this contention, and the great audience was thrilled again and again as he peered deep into that mystery of mysteries, the human mind. Then, leaving this plea, he tried to prove the prisoner's act justifiable even if he were not insane. The prisoner had sought but justice; should the jury punish him for that? He had shot a man who had robbed his wife and babes of bread; should the jury punish him for that? He had merely defended his home; should the jury punish him for that? "The home life of a man represents the humanizing influence that has brought him up into civilization through long ages of savagery, the laws of the community are merely a changing, and frequently indiscriminate social makeshift. Home is the strongest word in our language. It is inbred and elemental. A man's highest ambition should be to maintain a home; his grandest privilege to defend it." He ceased to speak and going back to the table took his seat. The audience leaned back in their seats as if they had been under some tense strain.

The judge's charge was very brief and impartial. As soon as it was delivered the jury retired.

Most of the audience then left, as it was late in the after-

noon. The prisoner sat motionless; he had hardly stirred while the great giants had clashed. He was alone now. For a while his wife and children had been with him; while the lawyer for the defense was speaking one little golden haired maiden of six summers had sat upon his knee. But they had gone now, gone home. Home, yes he had a home left, some where out there in the city, a true-hearted wife and six little children. Would the jury return him to that home or take him away? He sat with his haggard face buried in his work-hardened hands.

The judge after a while left, then most of the lawyers, and silence settled once more in the court room. It was then almost dark, and the oppressive silence of the room was only broken now and then by some one passing in the hall-way outside.

The lawyer for the defense stayed with his client. In all his long and wearied experience he had never had a case that appealed to him as this one. He knew his client was legally guilty, but somehow he felt that his deed was justifiable, and yet he feared that the jury would look no farther than the law. He did not break the silence by attempting to talk to the prisoner. He sat and read, or pretended to, until long after it was too dark to see the printed page; then he smoked.

At the hotel the judge was about to go to his room, as it was very late and he thought that the jury would not report until the next day, but as he was leaving the lobby the deputy sheriff stopped him and said he was wanted in the court room.

The rumor fled from mouth to mouth that the jury was about to report, and although it was late at night the court room was crowded by the time the judge arrived.

The prisoner showed no agitation, except that his face looked a little whiter in the glare of the electric light. His gray-headed lawyer sat calmly beside him.

The jury filed slowly in and took their seats.

“Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon a verdict?” asked the judge, calmly.

Each juryman gravely nodded his head.

“The prisoner will stand and raise his right hand,” the judge said looking at the prisoner.

“Will the foreman please announce the verdict?” the judge then addressed the jury.

So this was the end of it all. The prisoner heard and saw dimly, as if at a great distance, but his hand lifted toward Heaven never wavered. Then slowly but clearly across the great stillness came the verdict:

“Not guilty, your Honor.”

## Daedalus and Icarus, Our First Aviators

E. L. HEGE

You quite often see newspaper articles on the subject of aeronautics, speaking of some man as a "modern Icarus." The allusion is one that everyone is supposed to know but, of course, usually does not.

Now I am going to tell you all you need to know about Icarus. I know it is going to be true because I am going to get the most of it out of a book. But you need not believe it, however, unless you want to.

Our old friend Daedalus was a Greek, not one of those moderns that sell bananas at Coney Island and say "Kal-ee-mer-rah" for "Good day," but one of those old timers who lived in Athens — not Athens, Georgia, nor Athens, Ohio, but the original Athens, situated on the eastern coast of Greece over there where Paul made a little talk one time. I have almost forgotten Mr. Daedalus's address, but I think it was No. 215 Fifth Avenue, just as you turn the corner to go to the Metropolitan Tower. He is put down in the *World's Almanac* as "architect, sculptor, builder; all orders filled as soon as received." The Athenians claimed that he was the first to introduce the art of sculpture in its more refined form; statues before Daedalus had been crude, without arms and legs. But the newspapers over in Sparta never would give him the credit for originating modern art; they claimed that if he did introduce it into Greece, he had read up on it in the Carnegie library over in Alexandria.

I have not said anything about Icarus yet, but he is Mr. Daedalus's little son, and he is rather young to be brought into the narrative. So I shall leave him out for the present.

But as time went on Daedalus got into a little trouble with a young Athenian who was about to get ahead of him in the way of inventing little household articles. Now old Daedalus was one of those who could not bear the thought of hav-

ing a rival. So one night he pushed the youngster off the citadel and killed him.

Next morning the murder came out and Daedalus was suspected as the guilty party. He was arrested, tried in court and condemned to death, but he escaped from prison and managed to get to the Island of Crete. I don't know how he got there but I suppose he worked his way on a cattle ship; anyway, he got there safe and sound, except that he was feeling a little off on account of seasickness.

Crete was then ruled by King Minos, and when he heard that a man of great mechanical skill had arrived in his dominions he was eager to see him. Now King Minos at this time was running a kind of Coney Island summer resort on the side, and when he found out what a great artificer Daedalus was, he hired him to build a labyrinth which would draw the people from far away to his resort.

The labyrinth was a great success. The Cretans claimed that it drew more visitors in one season than they had at the Jamestown Exposition. Minos made a great thing out of it as he charged everybody a dime to go in. The first season everything went well, as everybody said a dime was so cheap to see the wonderful labyrinth, but later on they found out, just like so many poor guys that visit Coney, that it was not so cheap after all, as everyone who got in would lose his way and have to pay a dollar to be shown the way out. This was, in fact, the business end of the labyrinth.

But the next season the labyrinth, like so many novelties, failed to attract the attention of the people; they had become tired of it, and whenever they wanted a little diversion they went to a moving-picture show which had been established. So King Minos decided to use the labyrinth as a stable to keep the Minotaur in.

As time went on the old gentleman grew tired of the island and longed to see his native Greece where there was more excitement going on. King Minos, however, did not want him to leave. He used to borrow large sums of money from

him and never took what Falstaff calls the double trouble of paying him back. He forbade any of the steamship lines to take Daedalus away. He thought by so doing he would be able to keep him on the island. But Daedalus got busy and devised a plan to beat the old king out in this. His son was now a great big boy, so they spent all their spare time in constructing wings for each of them.

Now, after having finished their wings, and after having practiced several nights with them when there was no wind, they set out through the air over the Mediterranean toward Sicily. Before they started Daedalus said to his son, "Icarus, my son, I charge you to keep at a moderate height, for if you fly too low the damp will clog your wings, and if too high the heat will melt them. Keep near me and you will be safe." But notwithstanding this instruction from his wise old father, Icarus could not resist the temptation of going just a little higher. And what happened? Just what might have been expected; the sun's heat melted the wax which was used in fastening Icarus's wings on his body, and they came off, and he fell into the sea and was drowned.

If Icarus had obeyed his father like a good boy and not have tried to fly so high he might have lived to compete for the Hearst \$50,000 cross-continent prize.

---

---

# Editorial

---

---

## THE PUBLIC AND COLLEGE LIFE

Friends of American colleges were recently concerned with a bitter denunciation of college life by a self-constituted critic of higher education. His conclusions in regard to the wide-spread prevalence of drunkenness among university men were based more or less, it seems, on the presumption that colleges being naturally useless institutions are therefore the fountain springs of the corruption of the youth. Such prejudiced accusations could be easily dismissed did they not strengthen the observation that the college has not escaped the recent tendency of biased fault-finding with all social institutions for sensational reasons — a tendency indicating a morbid taste for all that is unhealthy. To attempt to escape from such a movement is as futile as it would be for a person to keep his gossipy neighbors from dissecting his morals; public criticism is one of the inevitable concomitants of prominence. In fact progress has been brought about in more than one instance as a result of criticism that reflected the world's sober thinking and demand for reform. But that sort of censure is effective only because it is based on close observation, and seriousness and integrity of purpose. One, however, must be built of sterner stuff than the Stoic to find any comfort in the assurance that the public will sooner or later discover the philosophy that underlies the muck-raker's work.

Although the existence of the college is in no particular danger, it is yet much more sensitive of outside criticism than many other social institutions. All wild statements in regard to college life tend to misguide the public, to give weight to the impression that a college is a place where men

spend four years learning everything but decency, industry, and frugality. Culture as taught here, can be expressed, many believe, in terms of football, exaggerated clothes, and loud "living." Only by combatting such ignorance can the educated man obtain a fair hearing when the usefulness of the college in a democracy is at question. The best type must become the prevailing type in literature about student life as well as in actual life. Otherwise a busy, work-a-day world will regard higher education as a necessary evil.

One of the most deplorable facts in the case is that many popular misconceptions are due to the exaggerated pictures college men themselves draw of college life. They circulate stories of remarkable sporting feats that never came to pass, wear ungodly clothes, and use still ungodlier language. The very air about them is full of unreality. It is no wonder then that their distorted views make for popular prejudices.

It has therefore become all-important that college men should study the life about them. And the new man can do nothing better than by allying himself with such organizations as will help him to get a correct view of the situation. He cannot afford to ally himself with those men and those societies that foster unhealthy and narrow living. As President Few has said, there are many men who go four years to college and are never touched by the spirit of the institution. There are too many students who have eyes and yet see not, ears and yet hear not. To understand what is real and excellent in our life, to understand the men around us, and to understand why we are here, should be the pleasant task of every man in college. The life led as a result of such understanding will be sufficient answer to the world's unfounded criticism.

---

### PROGRESS IN EDUCATION

From press reports it is evident that this is a remarkable year for enrollment. Trinity has the largest Freshman class in her history; the University of North Carolina, Wake For-

est, and the A. & M., among others, show surprising increases in the size of their student bodies, with the result that the number of college men and women in North Carolina runs well up in the thousands.

Lovers of education should be gratified with this good showing. It indicates that appreciation of culture and training is becoming more and more general in this state. Not in vain did educators like McIver and Joyner, and public men like Aycock, exert themselves in behalf of the public school. The rapid extension of school facilities, in all parts of North Carolina, the better preparation of teachers, and propaganda among the people have resulted in a progress toward universal enlightenment that speaks well of her progressiveness. The public schools are coming up to the test: the raising of college entrance requirements has not affected the enrollment in our higher institutions. Setting up a lofty standard was no mistaken policy.

In the second place these statistics point to the material well-being of the people of the state. Economic prospects must be good when an increasing number of students leave home for school. And, again, the strong democratic spirit that prevails in Southern college communities is making it more and more possible for young men to work their way to higher education. The opportunities for student employment are being exploited.

Though the strength of a college does not depend on size or numbers, it can increase its usefulness by enlarging itself. The commonwealth will thus be blessed with more well trained men — men with ability and ideals to serve their country effectively and patriotically, and spread the doctrines of progress, truth, and enlightenment.

---

---

# Wayside Wares

---

---

It was his fifty-sixth birthday. There was no great "to-do." He worked all morning at the store, as he had done almost every day for twenty years. No express packages came. Perhaps only one person remembered the day and its significance. But she remembered.

When he came home from work at noon, there was the usual meal, but on the table there was a bunch of old-fashioned pinks. The handsomest of gifts; the most elegant, long-stemmed, rich-colored carnations could not possibly have meant so much to him. Didn't he remember the day when the long, lank, country boy that he used to be walked home for the first time with Mary Allen from the school house?

The presiding elder was going to be at Allen's that night for supper. Had he known it, the lad would have turned back through awe of the man; but ignorance played a hand, and everything was blissful. They found Joe Allen at the doorstep, and when Mary went into the house with her books, he and Joe began talking. In a short time a man riding a horse came up to the gate. The boy immediately recognized the preacher, and was right away so overcome with timidity that he hardly heard Joe's invitation to spend the night. As Joe went around the house to help the preacher with the horse, the lad was slipping through the gate, and on hearing someone call him turned around and saw Mary coming down the steps toward him. Of course he stopped, and when she asked him to help her gather flowers for the table, went with her to the little flower bed at the end of the porch, where together they gathered the sweet-scented pinks. As he was leaving, she took a flower from the bunch and held it out for him. For a moment he did nothing but blush and run his

toes through the dirt of the flower bed; then he took the pink and went out the gate down the long road, his heart throbbing and his mind thinking of the work that he would do so gladly just for her. Darkness came on him while he trudged along; and during the years since then, darkness and sunshine have many times found him trudging along the road; but through the toil and dust of it all there has often come the sweet fragrance of old-fashioned pinks. And they both remember.

---

### SHE STOPPED THE FUN.

Bessie had just given her older sister some candy which she had got at Mrs. Brown's. Her sister asked what Mrs. Brown had used in making the candy, and Bessie replied that the only thing which she could remember was "congratulated" sugar. Her sister, very much amused, began to laugh heartily, when Bessie, realizing her mistake, broke in:

"Well, then, Miss Smarty, gratulated!"

---

It was a country "baptisin'": one tall, timorous lass dreading the publicity, and dreading much more the cold water, had held back until the last. But her turn came, and with her mother she went down to the edge of the stream. The plunge dazed her for a moment; then, wiping the water from her eyes, she cried with a shriek:

"O, mama; I'm wet!"

---

Every one very familiar with the College knows of the rush which the book-room undergoes for the first two weeks of school. We have heard of an instance in which the repeated "it hasn't come yet" must have had its psychological effect.

On the class in Education, the professor was discussing individuality. As he stated it, almost every man is endowed with individuality to a greater or less degree. Questioning various members of the class as to their share of individ-

uality, he came to Mr. Roberts, who was rather drowsily inclined just at that time.

“ Mr. Roberts, have you got yours ? ”

Mr. Roberts (arousing): “ I put in my order, Prof.; but they told me ‘ it hasn’t come yet ! ’ ”

A GEOMETRICAL SOLILOQUY

Q. E. D. What can it be? *-n.g. white*

The meaning I grant is silly;  
 Though I’m no great hand to translate,  
 Tis “ Quod Erat Difficile,”  
 But yet somehow it seems to me  
 ’Twere better written C. Q. D.

TO IVA

M. B. ANDREWS

I used to think — but my thoughts were ill —  
 That loving the girls was a matter of will;  
 But now I think — and my thoughts are true —  
 That I cannot help, dear, from loving just you.

“ WHEN ’ORACE SMOTE ’IS BLOOMIN’ LYRE ” —

(See R. K.’s “ Barrack Room Ballads ”)

NI *white*

When ’Orace smote ’is bloomin’ lyre  
 ’ E’d seen a gal ’e liked to see;  
 An’ tho her ’ead was red as fire,  
 ’ E called it auburn — same as me.

The senators an’ sportin’ men,  
 An’ other pretty lassies, too,  
 They said, “ ’ Ere’s ’Orace lied again,”  
 An’ larfed at ’Orace — same as you.

’ E knew they larfed — they knew ’e knowed;  
 ’ E didn’t raise no row, nor cuss,  
 But grinned, when she came down the road,  
 An’ she grinned back — the same as us.

---

---

## Editor's Table

---

---

The Exchange Department of any magazine is always a doubtful quantity. In the first place, nobody reads it, and there would be no need in the world for the maintenance of it through all these years but for the curious vanity of some contributors to college magazines, which requires that they see their articles mentioned in condemnation, or, preferably, praise, at least once a year. In the second place, the Exchange Editor, with discrimination enough to make his criticisms really worth the time spent in reading them, is *persona rara* in college literary circles, and hence the department usually deserves the slighting it receives.

Now, I do not want any one to think that I set up a claim to being the one man in the century who is going to right these lapses, and create again an exchange department with vim and vigor to its comments and with weight to its criticisms. To attain to such distinction in this department would require more of the divine fire than I feel at my command, and possibly would be a task above human ability to perform.

Nevertheless, I desire to say that I shall do my best with this department as I see it. I hope to be able to make it as interesting as it has been, and more so, for heretofore it has never been the object of very much attention, so far as I have been able to discern. And I wish it distinctly understood that I shall not feel at all bad if only one person out of every two hundred reads what I may have to say. Such a ratio would indeed surprise me and exceed my highest expectations.

So far as general criticism of particular magazines is concerned, it will be impossible for me to attempt that for some

time, at least not until I have acquainted myself with the customary standards in make-up which the editors have set for themselves. Each magazine in the field of regular journalism has certain characteristics that distinguish it from other magazines, and the balance editors maintain between the various kinds of reading matter that go into their pages differs widely. For instance a magazine like the *Atlantic*, printing only two or three pieces of fiction each month, is a distinctly different type of periodical from one like *Harper's*, which contains from six to ten stories in each number. And a magazine of the character of the *North American Review* is edited with purpose entirely at variance with that which fixes the make up of the other two mentioned.

Likewise in college magazines there is a wide field for variation in the balance maintained between the various departments; and no criticism of the quality of a particular magazine would be fair unless it took into consideration the general plan on which the magazine is conducted. And so, for the present, the criticisms in this department will concern themselves only with the merits of separate pieces, and it will be my endeavor to pick out from among the numerous magazines that will begin soon to crowd my table the best and most promising bits of fiction, verse and expository writing, and treat them as they deserve. The department will not attempt to set the Thames on fire, neither the ears of our readers. We only bespeak a fair amount of attention, and considering the nature of this department, do not overestimate the proportion which will be reckoned a fair one.

# The Trinity Archive

---

---

Volume XXV

Number Two

---

---

## MANAGER'S NOTICE

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the college.

Changes may be made in advertisements by notifying the Business Manager.

This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students who we hope will see fit to subscribe, and thus continue their loyalty to their *Alma Mater*. If you do not wish to become subscribers, please notify us at once, or the magazine will be sent to you during the year. The names of the old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

Subscription: One year, \$1.25; single copies, 15 cents.

---

---

## EDITORIAL STAFF

E. J. LONDOW	- - - - -	Editor-in-Chief
W. G. SHEPPARD	- - - - -	Associate Editor-in-Chief
MARY LOOMIS SMITH	} - - - - -	Literary Editors
W. E. ELLER		
F. S. BENNETT	- - - - -	Wayside Wares
J. N. AIKEN	-- - - - -	Editor's Table
R. G. CHERRY	- - - - -	Business Manager

---



---

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

---

### LITERARY DEPARTMENT

The Dream of the Sea (Poem).....	<i>Mary Yeula Wescott</i> 43
La Belle Chanson Sans Merci (Story.....)	<i>S. S. Alderman</i> 44
November (Poem) .....	<i>Quinton Holton</i> 48
Dwellers on the Creek (Story).....	<i>Florence Freedlander</i> 49
The Influence of the West in American Politics (Wiley Gray Oration) .....	<i>H. G. Hedrick</i> 54
Insect Philosophies (Poem).....	<i>N. I. White</i> 61
An Overcoat and Court-Plaster (Story) .....	<i>R. B. Murray</i> 62
A Character of the Old South (Sketch).....	<i>B. D. McCubbins</i> 68
To the Mocking Bird (Poem).....	<i>W. G. Sheppard</i> 70
The Moonshiner (Story).....	<i>A. S. Brower</i> 71
The Silent Songs (Poem).....	<i>N. I. White</i> 75
The Missing Note (Story).....	<i>Mary Yeula Wescott</i> 76
Booting (Essay).....	<i>Top C. Turvey</i> 80

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT .....	83
WAYSIDE WARES .....	87
EDITOR'S TABLE .....	92

# The Trinity Archive

---

---

*Trinity College, Durham, N. C., November, 1911*

---

---

## The Dream of the Sea

MARY YEULA WESCOTT

O tell me the dream of the sea in Youth—  
    'Tis a wide, wide road;  
And each one travels its broad highway  
    With his life-brought load,  
And all with courage and faith may cross  
    To the other shore—  
O happy they in ambrosial fields  
    Forevermore!

O' tell me the dream of the sea in Age—  
    'Tis a dark, dark way;  
And the weary burden must bear one down  
    Ere the dawn of day—  
And the raging waves but hold those back  
    Who strive to cross  
Faint, wretched men, whose treasured gold  
    Has turned to dross!

O my Heart keep young, we would cross that main  
    With its raging tide;  
We would enter those fields of glad abode  
    On the other side —  
And we, how we long for the mighty strife  
    And the waves' wild sweep—  
To battle our way to the rich reward  
    And then to sleep!

## La Belle Chanson Sans Merci

S. S. ALDERMAN

It was a delightfully congenial coterie of artists and music lovers which enjoyed Madame Maison's informal tea. She was giving it in honor of the Great Singer, who was favoring the guests with some of her simpler songs; weird Scotch melodies caught from native mothers during a two years' stay in the Highlands, songs from the Provençal region, thrilling with "sunburnt mirth," quaint Irish airs, and one wild Arabian serenade, passionate with love, burning and eternal as the sands. Then, by way of contrast, for she was a mistress of artistic effect, she chose for the last the simple, mysterious Barcarolle from *Les Contes d'Hoffmann*, "O Lovely Night."

As she sang the last she noticed that Van Horne, the interesting young artist, seemed to be unusually affected. He sat with hands clenched, drinking in every tone, every word, his rapt gaze never once leaving her face. To her such appreciation was praise par excellence and she put into the song all the elusive weirdness of which it is capable. The beautiful voice softly poured forth this song straight from the soul of the singer, who had always found herself strangely affected by it, especially by the sentiment:

"Fairest Night of starry ray,  
 O smile on happy lovers!  
 Dearer far than e'er was day,  
 O lovely Night, be kind!  
 Time and tide are fleeting fast  
 To cheat our tender blisses,  
 They must bear us on at last  
 And leave sweet love behind.  
 O breezes floating free  
 Would you share our kisses?  
 O silent, swaying sea,  
 Do you envy our joy? Ah — — !"

The subtle swaying melody was over but it had left its impress on the soul of the artist. Van Horne was one of

that rather widespread type of really talented artists who have not yet gained much public recognition. He was a super-sensitive fellow, dissipated after a fashion, ardent lover of the beautiful in art and music, and very moody; often attacked by severe fits of melancholia. Now he felt an almost pure sensation, indefinable and indescribable as that of an awakening new-born babe, such a sensation as reminded him of nothing in heaven or earth. He forgot to think. The exquisitely rendered air, mysterious as a beautiful face behind a veil, seemed to have bathed him in a kind of quintessence of delight, in which was no thought, no reasoning, only ineffable yearning.

The chatter of the crowd began to oppress him with a kind of suffocation. It jangled out of harmony with his emotions. The feeling grew until he felt he could endure it no longer, so with almost boorish abstraction he bade the necessary farewells and departed.

It was a night for phantasms; balmy and dreamy, with a wonderful moon. On such a night he could not but choose to walk the two miles or so to his rooms. As he hurried along the almost deserted streets, the spell of the song, the spell of the night, and the spell of the moon seemed to merge, to intertwine, to weave of themselves a strange, almost agonizingly indistinct fancy-fabric. A cloud wandering gloomily across the face of the moon added a kind of presentment of evil to the uncertainty.

Van Horne could not understand his feelings and he began to be vaguely frightened at it. Could it be that the light wine which he had taken at the reception had intoxicated him? Impossible! He was used to sterner stuff than that. What then was this inexplicable something which had seized him with such a relentless grip? It was becoming an obsession. He tried to hide the "Lovely Night" from his eyes but his highly sensitive imagination quivered with its creations. He was fighting now, fighting to rid himself of this sensation which had been pleasing at first but was now assuming a sinister almost dreadful aspect. Blindly groping

and stumbling, he finally reached the flat on Rue de Monsieur le Prince and climbed the stairs to his rooms.

He filled his favorite pipe and tried to settle back in an easy chair for the surcease of sorrow which he could usually derive from communion with the "Lady Nicotine." But for once she failed him. The new inhabitant of his consciousness would not down, but grew more and more insistent. Along with the image of the beautiful singer continually recurred the wail-like melody clothing as in a filmy vestment the thought:

"Time and tide are fleeting fast,  
To cheat our tender blisses.  
They must bear us on at last,  
And leave sweet love behind."

His sixth sense seemed to cry out over and over in pleading "O lovely Night, be kind." then the long-drawn "ah — —!" chill and sardonic.

The obsession was becoming more and more like an impulse — to what, he could not understand.

He rose and strode across the studio toward the window, through which the moon was casting an alluring finger. There, he caught up his violin from the table, for with him the violin was second only to the brush as a means of expressing what was in his soul. Softly he began to play, improvising, a rich crooning dream of moon-beams on silvery waters. More and more melancholy came the notes and then, suddenly, without volition on his part, merged into the melody of the Barcarolle. A burning flame beat up within him. Wilder and wilder grew the tune till it became a bitter complaining. Finally it ended in a rasping, gruesome scream of anguish.

He threw down the instrument and stood trembling with emotion. His faculties seemed slipping, waning, failing. Filling a wine glass from the decanter on the table, he gulped down the fiery fluid, then drained another, another, and another.

It was like pouring oil on a conflagration. Brain swam in delirium. Reason fled leaving only impulse. He staggered out the door, down to the street and on and on into the night, purposeless, senseless, directionless like a wandering spirit in eternity.

Nothing existed in the universe save Night, Lovely, Cruel Night, and the moon. After an interminable age his crazed senses became barely conscious of a lapping, an insistent rippling which called to him like a siren-song. With a shiver he threw out his arms to embrace the siren. There was a cool black swirl — then oblivion.

\* \* \* \* \*

Some time later there appeared in the papers the following:

BODY FOUND FLOATING ON THE SEINE.

This morning a boatman found the body of a man floating on the river. The corpse, which had evidently been in the water two or three days, has since been identified as that of Maurice Van-Horne, a young painter of very great promise. It seems to be a plain case of suicide.

## November

QUINTON HOLTON

A hushed calm pervades the autumn wood,  
Where softly sifts the pine its needles down,  
Not more to carpet earth than stand less brown;  
An ocean green, against an ebbing flood  
Of changing foliage of gold and blood  
Bathed in the high light of the evening sun.  
The timid cricket, warmed at noon, at one  
With wren and fire-fly, breaks earth's mood.  
Again, with berries, blooms the wild-rose fair;  
In sheltered hedge still flames the golden-rod;  
The spiced chrysanthemums their fire-heads nod  
And shed their perfume on the frost-pure air.  
Hail! dying month, when life's most worth the living,  
That bring'st the Indian Summer and Thanksgiving.

## Dwellers on the Creek

FLORENCE FREEDLANDER

From Asheville the road winds and winds in and out among the hills. The banks on either side slope gently until they merge into the high and mighty mountains. For eight miles one sees rude dwellings scattered along the way until finally the Creek appears with its sparse settlement of log cabins. There is one cabin which clings to the boulders at the foot of a steep and rocky path that threads its yellow way up the adjacent mountain-side until it loses itself in the base of a towering cliff. Cedar Cliff is a favorite haunt with the youth of the country for miles around. In the autumn and spring of the year, when Nature's call is almost irresistible, the young people come there to see the sunshine filtering through the foliage, the tiny, sparkling trees in their courses, and the wonderful oceans of mist lying silvery under the moon-beams and lavender-pink under the sun-beams in the valley far below.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The bear went over the mountain  
To see what he could see."

The song swelled and rose around the bend in the path and before the echoes had died away a disreputable appearing band clambered strugglingly down the slope. The October sun was slowly beginning to sink behind Pisgah and the peaks beyond. The mountains glowed red and gold, and it was with many a backward glance that the band wended its way toward the dusty highway.

Priscilla Muleen and John Alden led the way, and the girl, so glad to see at last the end of dashing her feet against stones, tripped the last few steps merrily until she fell into a crumpled heap at the foot of the path and before the very door of the cabin. Victoria hovered about, pale and concerned, and John Alden picked up the little heap and carried

it right into the cabin. The distressed campers were disconsolate, but the chaperone told them that Priscilla had sprained her ankle and had consented to accept the invitation of the woman of the cabin to stay there that night. As it was impossible for her to walk and as she refused to be carried in a litter, John had offered to stay here with her until the next day when a carriage would be sent out. The celebrities knowing Priscilla and her usefulness yielded, and each went to the door with a cheerful "good-bye" for the little lady who smiled at them through her tears.

The mountain woman was very tender with Priscilla in a halting, strange manner, and asked the girl to call her Aunt Jennie. There was admiration bordering on awe and adoration in her manner as she ministered to the needs of the city girl who had come to her so suddenly with her smooth, red-gold hair, softly moulded cheeks and chin, sweet, sensitive mouth, and fearless eyes. As the aunt moved about the room, making a fire in the large fireplace to dispel the mountain chill that comes at the close of day Priscilla watched her and took note of her surroundings.

The cabin was larger and more carefully built than most of the Creek dwellings. The main room was comfortable and furnished with big cane-bottomed chairs. Opposite the entrance a flight of stairs rose to a loft which was to be Alden's resting place for the night, and the dark rafters were hung with dry flowers gone to seed, red peppers and dry beans. Two sleeping rooms with their beds piled high with feather ticks, opened into the room, and in the back of the cabin, according to the faithful John, was situated a kitchen. Corn had been planted back of this room, and in and out among the stalks that stood dry and unbending in the autumn winds, a trail ran into the forest and away and away until it widened into a road that led to a place and things far beyond the ken of the dwellers on the Creek. Aunt Jennie drew Priscilla at once. She was typical in that her brow was dark and furrowed, and that her back was bent prematurely. Her hair was black and very straight and under her deep set eyes lay

dark shadows. Though shy, she moved about nervously yet energetically.

Supper was over before the sun set, and by the time twilight was melting into darkness, John was in the loft sleeping the sleep of the camper. But Aunt Jennie and Priscilla remained sitting before the fire. Although she felt unaccountably secure in the intense silence, the visitor could not help wondering whether there was a man of the house or Aunt Jennie lived all alone.

"Aunt Jennie," she asked suddenly, bending over her swollen ankle with a frown, "haven't you a husband—or—"

"Yes'm," answered the hostess after a short pause. And then, "yes'm I've got a man," she said more softly.

"Where is he?" asked the girl, before she noticed how the lines about her companion's mouth seemed to deepen. Then when she saw how the expression had changed, she put out her slender hand impulsively and placed it over the wrinkled brown one resting upon the arm of the chair. Aunt Jennie darted a startled, surprised glance at her lovely guest, opened her mouth twice, as if to speak, closed it, and then with the surprise in the hearts of both women and a soft reminiscent light in her eyes, the simple woman unfolded her little life story.

\* \* \* \* \*

Jennie Hall was the prettiest girl on the Creek. Lithe and supple she was; slender, with rosy cheeks and shy dark eyes. It was in her sixteenth summer that Buck Reed, handsome, daring, and the idol of the cave came to the Creek, saw old Hall's daughter, and loved her. After Hall had "reckoned as Buck could have her," the young mountaineer built for her the cabin facing the road and at the foot of the path that led to wondrous things. In time a child of love, a sturdy little man of yellow hair and blue eyes came to bless the union.

Buck Reed, like his father-in-law and many of the Creek inhabitants, made whiskey. To their simple resolute minds it was no crime to sell their own products. For twenty pros-

perous years Buck succeeded in evading the law; then one night he was forced to flee. He went, leaving his son, stalwart and faithful to care for the woman who lived for these two alone. He had been gone a year now and there had been no message from him. Whether he was alive or not was not known. The son? Aunt Jennie straightened her bent shoulders with pride at the question. Hall was in town but would return tonight.

Priscilla's eyes were bright with more than the fire-light glow as she stroked the hand which she held. As she looked at her hostess the young guest thought of how stoical the mountain folk were, and her heart went out to Aunt Jennie, for by the bowed head and drooping mouth she understood the great void in the woman's heart and life. With the red fire-light on their faces and the weird, fantastic shadows playing on the walls around, the elder woman was re-living her youth and the younger was seeing in the embers dim promises of a rosy future.

Suddenly they heard sounds from without and soon the door opened to admit a veritable young giant of a mountaineer. He stopped in astonishment at the sight of an almost elf-like figure perched upon the pillows.

"Son, this hyer's one o' thet crowd thet waz a-campin' at the cliff. She jest sort o' turned her foot an's a-goin' to stay hyer to-night," announced his mother.

With a laugh of welcome and with surprising ease Hall advanced and took her hand. Priscilla had expected to find an uncouth man; instead he was a young teacher of the mountain children with a kind face and eyes as clear as theirs, and a heart as pure. The new acquaintances talked of their associations and of many other things so familiarly that they seemed friends of long standing. The embers burned lower and lower while they chatted—

Three short distinct raps on the door near the stairway! The faces of the mountain woman and her son paled and before either could move the door opened and a man entered. With a little cry Jennie ran to him. His black slouch hat

fell to the floor and he patted his wife on the shoulder very caressingly, saying repeatedly, "Ye ort'nt to cry, Jennie, ye ortn't to cry."

Hall clasped his father's hand silently and put his big young arms around his parents. Priscilla was forgotten and, as she cowered down in her chair, she remained unnoticed.

The three stood for a long while, silent, statue-like, oblivious to everything and scorning words; mutual understanding was perfect. At last the husband and father lingeringly disengaged himself and silently turned to the door. With head bowed in dull despair the man forced the trail that ran into the forests and away and away until it widened into a road of the world that led to places far beyond the ken of the dwellers on the Creek.

## The Influence of the West in American Politics

H. G. HEDRICK

American political institutions have been determined by the economic and social conditions of the north, the south, and the west. Our early political institutions which dominated the coastwise states of the northern and southern sections were not based on republican ideals but rather on conservative principles peculiar to an imperial form of government. This centralization of power in the aristocratic north and south prohibited the common man from ever rising above the social level of his birth. The American colonies, however, were primarily composed of poor men and women. Now since the north and south offered them no opportunities they naturally turned to the illimitable west, out of whose soil was destined to grow the flower of American democracy.

That great mass of common men who came here in quest of more freedom could see yonder in the distance vast stretches of woodland wealth, broad, expansive fields pregnant with mineral riches and beautiful streams interlacing fertile lands teeming with resourcefulness. These fascinating environments linked with that inborn desire for freedom in politics, in religion and civil government, filled the soul of a common people with an enthusiasm for migration. This means of escape from the dominating power of the original colonists became so popular that in a short while the western counties of the seaboard states were thriving with a powerful voting population.

Out of these sections issued a fierce individualistic spirit which culminated in the organized opposition to the adoption of the federal constitution. Before this new democracy would ratify the federal constitution it demanded the adoption of the ten amendments, which secured for them personal rights,

religious toleration and freedom of speech. Little did such a people know of the philosophy of the rights of man, yet they unconsciously voted the sentiment of liberty, equality and fraternity.

The settlement of western counties was but the beginning of a forward movement which has been of fundamental importance in the establishment of a true nationality. The free wilderness of the west, with its peculiar economic and social characteristics, was a pardon for every indentured servant and a sanctuary of religious liberty. Every Indian trail became a highway over which swept the grand march of men without a home. These pioneers had turned their backs upon the eastern world, whose bonds they had broken and whose traditions they had forgotten. And with the grim energy of self-reliance they were beginning to build up a society which should ever be free from the mastery of established order. This great army of independent Scotch-Irish emigrants were seeking a land where Methodists, Baptists, and Quakers could worship unmolested, where political status was based on manhood suffrage and where all men of new political philosophy were free to prohibit slavery, improve social conditions and establish free school systems, unhampered by the tyranny of traditional privilege. Non-slaveholders with industrial ambitions were fleeing from advance of cotton raisers who had devastated the fertility of the soil by the use of slave labor upon large plantations. These inevitable nation-builders were following "the course of empires," which was leading them into the deep, dark west.

Never before in the history of the American people has a section possessed such a brilliant combination of qualities, so conducive to the moulding of a healthy sentiment and to the building of a creative national character. Their idealistic minds painted a western metropolis with lofty buildings and glittering spires where freer men would thrive and prosper under more liberal self-made institutions. In the dim and

distant future they saw their children entering into the heritage of a free education.

Ambassador Bryce has well said that the "west is the most American part of America." These traits and characteristics that were developed in the lives of such a people under such peculiar economic and social conditions must be regarded by fair-minded men as being the strongest nationalizing influences that have entered into the shaping of American democracy. When we seek the origin of our ruling political sentiment which was certainly determined in this period of history, can we turn to the federalistic ideals of a centralized New England system whose political institutions had been bound by the bonds of European tradition, since the establishment of colonial life? Can we trace the genealogy of this new political thought through the institutions of a southern aristocracy? Though we love and cherish the memory of the old colonial south, we must admit that human bondage was not a contributor to American democracy but a curse to national freedom and a burden to southern progress. Then we must find the birthplace of modern democracy in the west, where free, independent pioneer students of religious liberty, of political equality and of industrial freedom were learning the simplicity of love, the integrity of manhood, and the secret of character.

The West struck a clear, new note of American sentiment when it demanded that all men should enjoy equal rights. This noble characteristic of pioneer life was eloquently expressed in every act of these simple people. They firmly believed that all men should occupy equal social position and enjoy equal political privilege. The federalist party for a long time refused them the right of participation in governmental affairs. But when congress finally refused to close the gates of statehood against these western territories the fate of federalism was forever sealed.

But when these western commonwealths were admitted into the Union they preserved the frame work of the old political

institutions, but their theory of equality was entirely new. It reacted in the eastern constitution with such a force that prior political precedent was broken and old social traditions sank into oblivion. Not until these western states were admitted on the basis of greater political equality did eastern individuals feel the effects of wider distribution of political power and a greater trust in popular virtue. Not until western states blocked complete control of federal executive and abolished property and religious qualifications for voting did the eastern constitution adopt universal suffrage. This popular agitation touched the heart of every other social institution with a spark of humanitarian enthusiasm. It ignited the social organization with a passion which demanded better prison conditions, more orphan asylums, and a school on every hill-top.

The administration of Andrew Jackson marks a new era in American politics. Public opinion was now beginning to recognize the existence of popular sovereignty. Western integrity was forcing men to respect the dignity of the common man. Its political success was proving to the popular mind that it was not the best but the average man who should determine the character of American institutions. These westerners had gained the freedom of speech and action in political matters, and now their liberalizing tendencies were looming upon the political horizon of the west, with such a splendor that eastern officialdom was beginning to shudder with consternation. With Jackson as a leader, this agitation for popular rule swept the nation with such force that the congressional caucus system of nominating presidents was forever abolished. This initiative on the part of the west forced all political parties to nominate candidates by convention of all the people, thus dislodging the corruption of political bossism and enabling the commonest laborer to express his opinion as to whom should protect his humble interests.

This period was one of national transition. The administration during this impressional stage of national develop-

ment determined the nature of the American government forever; for to-day we can detect in our institutions this western love of freedom, idealism of nature, independence of character, which in that period assumed the responsibility of dictating the trend of national destiny.

Perhaps the boldest attitude taken by a section was that of the west when it refused the admission of slavery in the western states. This section saw clearly that such an institution could not exist on the soil of modern civilization and in harmony with a humanitarian spirit which predominated the first half of the nineteenth century; the west took the stand which demolished forever the last vestige of human bondage. Slavery had become so unprofitable in the south that southern cotton raisers were compelled to either abandon the use of slavery or move west. The western states, however, knew well that slavery extension meant encouragement to the life of the institution. A section whose social and civil life was firmly established on industrial and political liberties recognized this system of human bondage as a menace to prosperity and as an institution inconsistent with a Christian civilization. With this in view the west blocked the extension of slavery and this nation was forced to abide by the inexorable law of atonement and the sacrifice of innocent blood. At this critical moment the west produced that grand personality, Abraham Lincoln.

“For him the old world’s moulds aside she threw,  
And choosing sweet clay from the breast of the unexhausted  
West;  
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,  
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.”

True to his inherent characteristics he determined to eradicate the evil of slavery which had been so long an obstacle to America’s integrity and a stain on her national character.

When the south was suffering from the horrors of reconstruction the west was again true to its broad-minded spirit of national unity and sought to revive the heavy hearts, and

the tramped energies of the southern people. They could not understand why reconstruction policy should reward southern gallantry by robbing men of their homes, their lands, and their rights of suffrage. The west stood by the south not for gain or sympathy, but because it realized that all sections must live in a state of political harmony and under conditions of industrial peace.

The insurgents of the west have recently renewed the vitality of western ideals by revolting against parties and stand squarely for principles. The westerners are once more emphasizing the right of the common man. They are refusing to tolerate the corruption of political bosses by advocating such principles as direct primaries and popular election of senators. They hope to see the dawn of day when partisanship and patriotism will once more become synonymous terms. Thus they are exerting their influence for national principles which will affect the greatest number of people and not for political parties which elect the greatest number of officials.

We have now reached a moral crisis. Sectionalism is fast fading away. The old north is gone and the old south is no more. The west is writing the last paragraph of that wonderful chapter of human history which must never fade from the memory of liberty loving people. The future of American life must look to the realm of that spirit and to the domain of these western ideals of independence that they have determined the indelible character of American politics. The moral unrest that rises up in a state of political corruption must ever remain the throbbing of every society. Its impulse must infuse into this great body politic inspiration of the highest and noblest quality that can be manifested through the honesty and sincerity of public servants.

We shall always remember the democratic spirit whose fierceness broke the shackles of traditional conservatism. We shall always cherish those ideals that swept away all privacies and privileges of eastern officialdom. We shall always

admire that western influence that revolutionized eastern constitutions, and re-established them on the basis of manhood suffrage. We shall always laud that section whose love of civil liberty burst asunder the chains of human bondage. Though the west was dominated by men lower in many respects of culture and refinement, still its moral tone and political temper were clear and pure. Though there be an aristocracy breeding an intelligence, the destiny of our people must ever be in harmony with the rank and file of average men, out of which must arise the true nature of American political sentiment based on the equality of manhood, the liberty of love, and fraternalism of mankind.

## Insect Philosophies

N. I. WHITE

A bee and a butter-fly met one day  
 With a civil "How do you do?"  
 On a cream-white honeysuckle spray,  
 That wavered and dipped, for the time was May,  
 And the breezes forced it to.

Now each couldn't cling, at the self-same time  
 To the self-same swinging spray;  
 So they each proved clear, in prose and rhyme,  
 What a dreadful, heinous, shocking crime  
 'Twould be for his friend to stay.

Said the bee, "Why Neighbor, can't you see  
 (Though I wish to cause no strife)  
 You can't precede such a man as *me*?—  
 I'm worth, in the world's economy  
 So very much more to Life."

But the butterfly made quick reply,  
 "Is it riches makes Life sweet?  
 In any sane philosophy,  
 Say which is greater, you or I—  
 The Miser or Esthete?"

So they argued on till the fair, fresh dawn  
 Had died in the heat of noon,  
 And the blossom was heated, and withered, and drawn,  
 And the wonderful emerald dews had gone  
 That fell last night from the moon.

## An Overcoat and Court-Plaster

R. B. MURRAY

Jonathan Jones, detective, nervously pulled out his watch and consulted it; then with a shrug of impatience gazed off down the railroad track. But not a sign of a train was visible. "Gee!" he exclaimed in disgust, "these southern trains are the limit."

"Say, you must be in a monstrous hurry, young feller;" observed an ancient inhabitant of the town who was lounging about the station, "or maybe you're expecting some o' yer folks on No. 16," he continued in an insinuating tone.

But Mr. Jones only vouchsafed the garrulous one a single glance of cold disdain, turned on his heel, and entered the station-room.

"Mighty durn uppish," snarled the rebuffed loafer, glaring upon Mr. Jones' retreating form. He then turned and squirted a stream of tobacco juice vengefully at an innocent fly enjoying a sun bath upon the platform.

Now, Mr. Jones, be it understood, had good reason to be impatient at the train's slowness. Also, he had good reason for not caring to enter upon any conversation with a loafer, or with anybody else for that matter. He was, as I have mentioned before, a detective by occupation and inclination, but for the past few months business with him had been pretty slack. Fickle Dame Fortune had at length, however, deigned to notice him, and at last he had on hand a case which promised to be interesting, aside from the standpoint of remuneration. He had on this very morning received a telegram from a colleague in a neighboring town stating that Spotty Barnes, a notorious counterfeiter and thief, was in the neighborhood, and would probably arrive in Bellwood, the town wherein Jones was sojourning, on train No. 16. The telegram further stated that Barnes would probably be disguised, but his description was given

as he appeared when last seen. So, it was Jones' intention to meet No. 16, trail any suspicious looking character, and, in his own way, make the arrest.

Therefore, as may be imagined, the detective was in no mood for gossiping with loungers, and, as the minutes sped past, he inwardly cursed the tardiness of No. 16, lest his quarry should decide to stop over in some other town before reaching Bellwood.

But all things must have an end — even the period of waiting for a late train — and at last the smoke from No. 16's engine was seen curling upward in the distance. Soon, she pulled up, puffing and creaking, before the station. Mr. Jones was right on the spot when the train came in, for he was determined that his man should not escape unseen. He found an inconspicuous position from which he could view all the exits of the cars, and there he took his stand.

He was looking for a slender, middle-aged man, wearing a dark gray overcoat with a fur collar, and having a dark spot on the left side of his nose. These were the details of the description furnished in the telegram, and they were meagre enough. But Mr. Jones was confident that they furnished a sufficient clue for a sharp-witted detective to work upon, and he critically scanned the men getting off the cars. It occurred to Jones that someone in Wall Street must have obtained a corner in dark gray overcoats with fur collars, for, although overcoats of almost every conceivable description poured in a continuous stream from the cars, there was none tallying with the given description. Neither was there anyone with a spotted nose in the crowd of travelers.

The crowd around the train began to dwindle away, and Jones had about decided that his man must have escaped from the train before reaching Bellwood, when he suddenly caught sight of an object through the car window which made his heart leap. For he clearly saw a dark gray overcoat. He could not see the face of the wearer, but it was

evident that, whoever it might be, he was intending to get off the train, for in his hand was a suit-case.

Jones stood there in agonizing suspense, waiting for the man to get off the train. After what seemed an age to the detective, the car door opened, and — Eureka! — it was not only a dark gray overcoat, but it also had a fur collar, and, furthermore, the wearer had a piece of court-plaster stuck on the left side of his nose!

Mr. Jones felt strongly inclined to give vent to a loud whoop of rejoicing, but, on second thought, refrained. “What a simpleton he is,” thought Mr. Jones, — “not even disguised. Reckon he thinks that piece of sticking plaster is sufficient,” with a chuckle.

At this point his attention was diverted by a man who came from the rear of the train. He was a tall, dark-haired fellow, and on his nose was a dull brown spot. The detective glanced more sharply at him, then at the bandaged-nosed gentleman just descending from the car-step. Which was his man? Then his eyes traveled to the dark gray, fur-collared overcoat, and the momentary doubt vanished from his mind.

The man wearing the gray overcoat looked doubtfully around as if hesitating what to do. To Mr. Jones it appeared that he was trying to discover whether he was being watched. Then he deliberately turned and approached the detective.

“Good morning, sir,” was his greeting. “Er—could you tell me where Judge Loftin lives? I am a stranger in this town, and I see there are no carriages about here.”

This fairly staggered Jones. The man’s audacity was unparalleled. Judge Loftin was a noted criminal lawyer, and no doubt, thought Jones, the man thought he could throw him off the track by pretending to know Judge Loftin. Well, he, Jones, would pretend to fall to the trick. No harm could be done by it. So, recovering from his surprise at the man’s bravado, he replied,

“Why, yes, sir,” I know where the Judge lives, and it

happens that I am going that way right now. I'd be delighted to show you the way." Jones kept his eyes fastened upon the man while he was speaking to see how he would act. He expected him to make some excuse about having to stop up town. But, to his surprise, the man thanked him for his kindness and said that he would greatly appreciate being shown the way to Judge Loftin's home.

So they proceeded down the street, Jones' companion keeping up a continuous flow of small talk.

"My, but he's a cool one. No doubt he'll try to give me the slip directly," thought the detective as he cautiously slipped his hand to his hip pocket to see that his gun was still there.

The man was telling of the wondrous results of a revival he had recently held in a western city when he was interrupted by a derisive chuckle from the detective. He turned to Jones with a look of mild inquiry." "What is it, my friend?" he queried, looking around in search of the object of his companion's unseemly mirth. "I don't see anything funny," he added perplexedly.

"Oh, say, stop that rubbish, won't you? It doesn't work. What do you take me for, anyhow?" demanded the detective roughly.

"Sir, what do you mean?" gasped the mild-mannered gentleman in amazement.

"Don't try to bluff me, Spotty Barnes; it's no go," warned Jones. "You know well enough what I mean, you pious looking villain."

"Really, I think you're either crazy or laboring under some great misunderstanding," stated the gentleman with dignity. "I am Reverend Francis Adams. I don't know what you mean by calling me Spotty Barnes, whoever he may be. Good day, sir, I think I can find Judge Loftin's without further assistance from you," and he started across the street, but Jones, recovering from his surprise at what he considered the other man's superb acting, grabbed

him by the sleeve and exclaimed: "Here, not so fast! You are under arrest."

"Me? What for?" was the surprised demand.

"You know as well as I do; so come on," was the stern rejoinder.

"So, you're a preacher now, are you?" sneered Jones. "Upon my word, you are quite a versatile person. But don't worry, you won't have to give up your present profession, for probably you'll be sent as a missionary—t—to the pen—where you can carry on your work of religious endeavor," he continued with a sardonic grin.

The clergyman argued, protested and threatened, but all his words fell on heedless ears.

In a few minutes Mr. Jones, detective, arrived at headquarters with his prisoner. The chief was in his office talking with no less a personage than Judge Loftin, who had dropped in for a friendly chat.

"Well, I've got him, chief," announced Jones in a tone of ill-concealed triumph, breaking without ceremony into the office.

"That's fine," congratulated the chief. "Where is he?"

"Here," pulling the prisoner roughly through the open door.

"And, would you believe it, Judge," continued the proud detective turning to Judge Loftin, "this fellow tried to pretend that he came to this town to see you. Good joke, isn't it?"

"He does, eh?" demanded the old man gruffly. "Well—why Frank!" he cried as he beheld the prisoner, suddenly breaking off from his former strain.

The old man then sprang from the chair and grasped the hand of the prisoner.

"You blundering jack-ass!" he stormed, shaking his fist at the detective, "this is my son-in-law. What do you mean by arresting him?"

But Mr. Jones, detective, had collapsed in the office arm-chair.

\* \* \* \* \*

A little later, after apologies had been made all around, the detective showed the telegram he had received that morning to the Reverend Francis Adams.

"Oh, I see!" exclaimed the clergyman, his face brightening up. "That dark gray overcoat caused all this muddle."

Then he told the adventures of his trip.

"You see," he began, "it was real warm when I left home, so I came off without my overcoat, which indeed had about outlived its usefulness. A few days ago it turned off cold and I began to miss an overcoat. I mentioned the matter to a traveling acquaintance. He told me that he was in a hole, and just had to have a small amount of money; he further stated that he had an almost new overcoat which he would be glad to let me have for a small sum. I felt sorry for the fellow, and also I needed the coat, so I bought it. But," he added, with a whimsical smile, "I did not intend telling anyone that I was wearing a second-hand overcoat."

"This morning," continued the minister, "I carelessly broke my eyeglasses and at the same time received a slight cut on the side of my nose. I put a piece of court-plaster over the cut to prevent bleeding.

"By the way," he suddenly exclaimed, turning to the detective, "perhaps you saw the fellow I got the overcoat from. I saw him pass by you just as I was getting off the train. He was noticeable because he had a dark brown spot, something like a birth-mark, on the side of his nose."

Then turning to the Judge, he concluded, "I think I shall use more precaution in making traveling acquaintances hereafter. Also, I guess I'd better be more careful with my glasses hereafter. Nothing can be fully trusted in this world."

"You're 'bout right there," echoed the crestfallen detective with a sheepish grin.

## A Character of the Old South

B. D. M'CUBBINS

Uncle Eben — how these words conjure up before my vision the picture of an old, bent negro hobbling along the street on his cane, every now and then baring his cotton-tufted head with cheery words of respect to some white man, who kindly inquires after his health “this fine mornin’.”

“Ah! fairly well, fairly well, Marster, but dis ole nigger a’nt lak he uster be befo’ de war.”

And through Uncle Eben’s dim mind comes the hazy remembrance of those days when he left the old mansion home-place with “young marster” going to de war; how he promised the “ole missus” to faithfully guard and protect her boy—then those long days of trials and hardships, of hunger and suffering, and then the day of the great battle—that terrible day—the earth shaking, the rivers running backward; the clouds bursting; cannons vomiting flame and the Blue and the Gray mingled together in fierce confusion; bullets flying; horses upset; men crushed; battalions trampled; all the earth streaming with red; the heavens darkened with smoke, and the iron mouths pouring forth flame, destruction and death—and young marster—that fateful bullet—and then the “turrible” look in the eyes of the old gray-haired “missus” when he came back home alone.

Uncle Eben is an old slave negro and a patriarch of his kind—just a poor old, unvarnished, simple, superstitious negro of ancient times, who knows nothing of the modern barbarisms of the world of to-day, and who has little tolerance for the shiny young bucks that have been off to school and learned “pernouncin’.” Uncle Eben is not ignorant. He can write his name if you “tech de pen.”

He knows more cures for snake-bites, more rabbit-tracking lore, and more tricks to make fish bite than anybody else.

He abounds in war reminiscences, ghost stories and knows more real history of his country than many of the most learned people. He can tell you stories about the "high-up-yander folks" around Salisbury that they themselves do not know. He is considered very wise by the colored folks and is looked up to by them as a fortune teller and a prophet of rain and hail.

Uncle Eben's character is not complex. He is just a good old simple negro that believes in ghosts, hants, hoodoos and Conjuns. He has seen one generation born, witnessed its burial, and the rising up of another, and, therefore, knows human nature. He can tell the "imperdent, sassy niggers" on first sight and whets his weapon accordingly.

Uncle Eben has but one fault — or rather failing: chicken-stealing, but his lift has been one of unpaid drudgery, and if you find your "domerneck" hen tucked lovingly under his arms some dark night, how can you have the heart to blame him for that!

But this delightful old negro — this veteran of the slop wagon — this humorously pathetic symbol of Southern slavery times — has not many more days left him. His life has been a hard one. He has had many trials and tribulations. Recently his big buck son left him, and now the enfeebled old man, almost blind, has to dig around and do little turns: sawing wood and "fetching water" to keep his old mate and himself from starving.

Not many days hence he will be gone and will be occupying one of those white shining tents "up dar" and another unique, ancient character will be missed.

## To the Mocking Bird

W. G. SHEPPARD

Enchanting Bird, thy notes float through the air,  
And cheer my soul like some angelic song  
Borne on the wings of love to him, who long  
Has nursed his hope in sorrow and despair.  
How quick from life they rush its every care.  
Proud scorner of the city's hustling throng,  
How sweet to leave the turmoil and the gong  
Which marks the industry of men, and share  
With thee, on freedom's plains, the joy of life.  
Eternal Bird, thou must not cease to pine,  
While we are groping here in daily strife.  
Sing on, and let that cheering song of thine,  
When these frail crafts begin their voyage to sea,  
Bid us adieu, in notes of melody.

## The Moonshiner

A. S. BROWER

It was one cold day last December that we were six miles from home in one of the most thickly wooded forests of Western North Carolina. Already the first shadows of the approaching night were creeping up the side of the mountain, and in the west a dark cloud had arisen, was growing in size, and a dense blackness was fast enveloping the small patch of blue sky left over our heads. The rumble of distant thunder foretold a wet and rough night, and the fierce wind which was bringing the storm upon us so fast, was swaying the giant trees as if they were mere blades of grass. Every few minutes limbs and other fragments of the trees overhead, torn away by the wind, would come crashing down, and once a large majestic oak groaned, cracked, and carrying with it several of its smaller neighbors, fell to the ground with an awful crash.

We had been hunting all day, and not having realized how fast the time was slipping by, had been caught out on the mountain in this terrible storm, six miles from home and probably a mile from any house. However, we gathered up our courage, and struck out blindly down the mountain, trusting and hoping that we would soon come to some house, where we could find shelter and get a place to spend the night.

My companion, a large brawny man of middle age and an ardent sportsman, had spent a large portion of his life carrying a gun. But coming from the lowlands, he was as much at a loss in finding his way down the side of the mountain during such a storm, as I, to whom hunting, especially in the mountains, was indeed a novel experience. He was an unusually good shot, and could bring down a duck at fifty yards every time, but as for hunting in the mountains he knew no more than the average lowlander. We were staying at the home of a friend, whom we were counting upon to act

as our guide upon our expeditions, but he was suddenly called away from home on business, and rather than have our plans upset, and thinking we would be able to find our way, we set out early in the morning for a day's hunt in the mountains.

The rain had already begun falling and the lightning blinded us so that we were only able to stumble forward at a slow and halting gait. But in spite of such hindrances we fought our way on down the mountain.

We had travelled in this way for some time, when a flash of lightning revealed to us that we were hardly ten feet from the very edge of a deep and dark ravine. We turned, and with great difficulty proceeded along its edge for what seemed ages, when all but exhausted, upon climbing over a huge boulder, we suddenly found ourselves in a narrow path leading down into the ravine. At once, thinking it probably lead to some house, we tried to follow it up the mountain, but upon investigating found that it only ended, or rather began there. Growing discouraged, and almost desperate, we decided to follow it down into the ravine to see where it led.

After going about a hundred yards we came out upon a small table-like projection at one end not more than three feet wide, but it widened out until it was about fifty feet across and almost as level as a floor. Upon turning a sharp corner, we suddenly perceived right there in front of us, not twenty feet away, a small cabin, surrounded by shrubbery and almost hidden from view by the overhanging trees. Through a small opening, that might have been called a window, we could see the flickering light of a fire.

With hearts beating wildly we ran up to the door and began pounding upon it with all our might. At first there was no answer, but upon knocking a second time, a muffled tremulous voice called out from within: "Who's there?"

"Strangers. Open the door. We are lost."

An old wrinkled man opened the door very slowly, and peering out into the darkness at us, grudgingly invited us

in. We went in, took off our wet coats, and threw ourselves down before the fire to warm.

The old man, bent with age, was pitifully nervous. His long gray beard, covering the greater part of his face, and his steel gray eyes, which shone from out their hollow depths, gave him a fierce and savage look. He was dressed in regular mountaineer costume and carried in his hand an old army rifle, which, as could be seen from its appearance had seen many years' use. Nervously he kept up almost continual search of the room, turning and peering into the corners and out of the windows as if looking for something dreadful. An old grizzled dog lay asleep on the hearth. The only pieces of furniture in the room were three rough hand-made chairs or stools, a table, and in one corner a set of shelves, which served as a pantry, gunrack, and wardrobe. In another corner some old badly worn quilts served as his bed.

Thoroughly warmed and comfortable again, I noticed the man's nervousness, and began to question him, curious to know what was his trouble. At first I was not able to get a single word from him, but, having succeeded after several attempts in getting him aroused from the stupor into which he had fallen, he cried: "Wait, wait. I will tell you all about it."

He opened his mouth to speak, hesitated, shivered, and then began: "It was two years ago tonight that I killed him. He had killed Sal, she was my wife, and my child died 'cause I didn't know how to take care of 'im. He was a revenue officer, trying to break up my still and one year ago tonight, I saw him right here in this very room—his ghost, I reckon. I'm 'specting him tonight. I am glad you come. I hope you can help me."

He would say no more and at length I stopped questioning him, and all three of us sat there motionless, our faces in our hands, gazing into the fire, depressed as it were by some strange, overhanging calamity that we felt was imminent.  
nent.

Suddenly the old dog, lying on the hearth, awoke with a start. His hair rose on end, and he sat there on his haunches trembling from head to foot, and gazing into the fire. Slowly he turned his head toward the door and gave forth a loud doleful heart-rending whine. The old mountaineer jumped up, looked toward the door, and sank down upon his knees, crying "There he is, there he is. He sees him. Jack was with me when I killed him. Oh! can't you see him. Please take him away. He is going to kill me. Take—h-h-him a-a-a-w-y."

He fell over on the floor, straightened out, covered his face with his hands, and remained still. He was dead.

## The Silent Songs

N. I. WHITE

The earth is full of silent song,  
 A-tremble on the atmosphere:  
 Oh ye unsung, what cheer, what cheer  
 Do you hold, or prithee then, what wrong?  
 For the wild winds sweep you down to me  
 From the far, sweet plains of Arabie,  
 Across forgotten years;  
 And I'm sick, oh little songs, to know  
 Would you sing in mirth or sing in woe—  
 Through laughter, or in tears?

Oh the earth is full of melody,  
 But the songs unsung are mute and still;  
 And I would, oh I would they might sing to me,  
 But I fear me, I fear me they never will.

The following should come first:

"They swirl, where the cosmic breezes blow,  
 Like foam, from the high, sea-created year,  
 And its sick I am that I may not know,  
 The hidden pathos of their tears.

## The Missing Note

MARY YEULA WESCOTT

He was an old, old man. One told that easily by his pitifully drooping shoulders, his slow hesitating walk, and the hair which fell in silvery locks about his shoulders, yet within his eyes shone the glad light of youth and about his mouth played at times a smile that was singularly gentle and sweet. From his shoulders hung a harp that he had carried for years, and upon it he made such rare music that he was sure of a glad welcome at any castle within the land. He had wandered far, this old minstrel, and fair lands and strange sights had he seen in his travels. And ever as he travelled he delighted to make glad all human beings and especially the young folk, and there was that in the lilt of their joyous laughter which wove itself into his music and then returned to them in silvery notes. But oftentimes he would wander off alone and dwell in the cool depths of the forests, where he would lie long and listen to the songs of the birds and the wind among the trees, and the shy, wild voices of the night. And always after it seemed that his songs were a little sweeter and his music a little more appealing than before to those about him, and it seemed that the light shone younger within his eyes.

Once, long before, when he was but a squire the harp which hung from his shoulder had been given him by a spirit hand. He had been wearily watching the long, sad night beside the bier of his father. Without the castle the moonlight lay a cold and silvery pall upon the courtyard; within the mighty hall the guests made merry as they partook freely of the ale and of the feast spread bountifully before them; but within the little chapel, where Ronald watched alone, all was hushed and still. At length he had fallen into a sort of trance from which he was aroused by a radiant mystic light that flooded the room and gave to the candles gleaming on

the altar a pale look. As Ronald knelt in awe with bowed head he heard a voice say, "Fear not, but be ever faithful to thy trust. Unto thee is given the ancient harp of thy fathers, see thou deflest it not." Then the light and voice had gone and Rolald was left alone in the dim, silent chapel. But lo, beside him was lying the wondrous harp. And he recalled the tradition which had seemed to him but as a legend told at the blazing fireside, how long ago a spirit of the land had bestowed upon one of his ancestors a magic harp, and to that harp belonged a strain which its strings only could sound—a magic strain that would lead its player to the very gates of Heaven. As yet all the notes had not been found; only at intervals would the harp appear and at the death of its owner it would vanish until his successor should be born. Ronald wondered much as he took up the harp and placed it upon the altar. Kneeling beside his father's bier he vowed that at no time would he pollute its strings with mean strains, and all times would he strive to aid his fellows and bring to the harp its fullest measure of glory. And then he held it hesitatingly but tenderly, and from his fingers flowed notes of such mighty and touching grief that the revelers without stopped, awed and amazed, and whispered, "'Tis the magic harp, to Ronald it has been given." Now trooped they in to see the musician who all unheeding played on the solemn dirge at his father's bier.

This is what had happened years and years ago, when the magic harp which hung from his shoulder had been given to Ronald, before he had seen such fair lands and strange sights.

Each bearer had added something to the magic strain and now it seemed as if it must be well nigh completed. This task of finishing it was the greatest gift of all, and a mightier reward could be hoped for by none. Ronald oftentimes played the strain when he was alone and was ever searching for new and hidden notes. Only here and there would he find them, sometimes from the wind in the treetops, sometimes

from silvery bells, or rippling waters, or even from the lark's song of the morning, the sighing of the grasses upon a battle-field or the laugh of a little child. Then he wandered on from castle to castle, making numberless friends upon his way. Of all these he loved most the little children and to them he played his best and rarest songs.

One day, as he was journeying along a narrow path which was bordered by a mighty chasm, he heard a weak and frightened cry. Looking over the side of the cliff he saw pinioned far below upon an outjutting rock a dark object, the figure of a little child. Ronald turned dizzy and faint from looking into the sickening depths and seeing the danger to the little one. A mighty hate arose within his heart toward anyone so barbarous as to place a helpless being in such peril. At once he bethought him how he might rescue the child. Looking about he soon discovered a steep perilous path which wound down to the foot of the abyss. Thinking if he could but reach the bottom he must in some way climb up to the outjutting spur, he slowly and painfully began the descent. Now he caught his breath sharply as he stumbled over a tiny stone, now he clutched fearfully for life as he felt vaguely for some footing, now he all but fell as a stone rolled echoing into the abyss. At last, after alternate sliding and falling, he reached the child and bore it to the foot of the chasm. And here the little one from sheer fright and exhaustion, sobbed aloud, oftentimes about the wicked men and his father's house until at length by gentle questions Ronald gathered that the child was the son of a mighty neighboring earl and had been stolen away by enemies of his father. These had fastened him upon the rock, little dreaming that anyone would pass before he had died of hunger and fright.

After a little rest Ronald, well nigh worn out with his unusual exertion, began the ascent. Steep and high and perilous looked the way before him. Sadly he marvelled how he alone could have climbed down by it and now he must carry the child. Mayhap some of his far off boyhood skill in climb-

ing came to him, perhaps his unflinching determination helped him on. Higher and higher he scaled, not daring to look down and clinging to anything within his reach. Once it seemed that he must surely fall but by a mighty effort he clung to the crag, and then his heart leaped high within him for, as he regained his balance, a sharp pointed rock struck his harp, and there came forth in vibrant tones the pure noble note he had sought so long! Over and over he repeated it, and lo the way seemed to grow easier for he forgot the perilous path in his joy.

At length he reached the summit and there upon the cliff but now deserted was gathered a large band of people, followers of the mighty lord and the earl himself—who were all a-hunt for the child. Hearing an unusual noise they had looked into the chasm and seen the old man and the little child, and their hearts stood still with fear, for the path was very perilous, and the climber was very old. They had uttered no sound for fear of startling the old man, but each had sent up a silent prayer within his heart for the safety of the two. At last they reached the top; then the great earl came forward and offered the minstrel whatsoever reward he would ask even to the half of his lands, but Ronald would have none of it all. "Only my harp I desire," he said, and lashing it he played the magic strain unhesitatingly to the end, and the marvelous notes held everyone dumb with delight and amaze. And Ronald, smiling at them, went his way, and passed out of the land, a gray old minstrel with heart as young as the light within his eyes.

And so at last the magic strain was ended; and he to whom the mighty task was given had found the missing keynote far down in the depths of the Valley of Shadow where he had gone unflinching for the sake of a little child.

## Booting

BY TOP C. TURVEY

"Big bugs have little bugs on their backs to bite 'em ;  
 | Little bugs have lesser ones, *ad infinitum*."

—Aliazur-ebn-Tinkar.

This old Sufi philosopher said well as it stands but would have said better had he substituted "boot" for "bite." (But ah! the poet's jonah, it wouldn't rhyme that way.) But calling one a booter by no means implies that he is no back-biter.

Not least among the emoluments of a college career is the acquisition of the gentle and subtle art of booting. I say gentle because gentleness is the prime condition of a skillful booter; subtle because he must hypnotize a smarting conscience and develop a most cunning and duplex personality.

The word "boot," is derived from the ancient Ayran root, *budt*, a word having no meaning, used by the Aryans as "*certainly*," "*perfectly*" and "*honestly*" in the conversation of girls to-day. No definition of the word, in its modern sense, is necessary.

Booting reached the height of its importance in the court of Louis XIV of France, when the courtiers vied with one another in the art of pouring soft soap, anointing with unction, slippery, ichor. The French remain to-day the most skillful booters; it is their heirloom, handed down to them from the middle ages.

A college community like all other social institutions, is a hierarchy—a graded scale of personalities from the janitor to the president. Each unit in the series is booting the next above. The freshman boots the soph, the soph boots the prof., the juniors boot the gym director, the fan boots the coach, the flunkard boots the instructor, *ad infinitum*, *ad nauseum*.

There are all grades of booters, from the quasi-candid to the ultra-cunning, from the confessed to the most hypocritical

booter, from the bland, oily, and unctious to the rapid-fire volatile booter. The really successful booter is he who analyzes his victim, lays a careful plot, adjusts the appropriate face, and, with a clearly defined object in view executes his plan coolly and deliberately. He chooses some tender spot, the seat of his victim's vanity, and applies his bland, soothing unction. The victim immediately falls in love with the performer and hands out his emoluments without ceremony.

The most efficacious system is Wallingford's, which inspires the victim with the feeling that he is being honored. Booters working this system can ask for a loan of ten dollars in such a manner as to make the victim feel, greatly flattered and wish it were twenty. Asking a favor is a delicate flattery when correctly applied. To the victim it harbors an intimacy with the performer, who has previously inspired him with the idea of his own gravity.

The most artless, transparent and expensive booting is that which involves lavishing favors on the victim. This is known as Tyro's system, and is only practiced by beginners. Unless the victim is abnormally stupid, he takes the luxuries with a wink and passes the performer up.

Another powerful method of booting, though difficult of application, is Wünchen's method. By this system the victim is tacitly informed of the performer's high expectations. This is supplemented with a few of the flatteries, when the victim fails of nerve to disappoint the performer.

One of the most subtle methods, however, is Zorn's system. The performer seizes some slight utterance or deed of his victim which can be construed as an injury or insult. He then magnifies it and assumes an injured attitude. The victim, then, through his sense of injustice, makes the desired amends. These two latter systems, Wünchen's and Zorn's, are very efficacious in obtaining good marks on examination.

There is a general misconception in regard to booting. By many it is considered a mean, unprincipled and even immoral way of achieving desired ends. This is a fallacy and

by adhering to this opinion, many not only lose much materially but also lose the respect for the skill and cleverness of the accomplished booter. This view is an index to narrowness. Nature has not only provided the means—pride and vanity—but has also endowed us with the propensity to profit by it. The accomplished booter is a double winner, for he not only gains materially by this means, but he is enabled to detect booting in others, thus insuring himself against a constant loss through the same channel.

College students are urged to make use of their time, and acquire proficiency, for it is a valuable adjunct when one enters on his professional career. A few pointers to guide the beginner may be helpful. For examination booting begin early (this is an effective disguise). Avoid slimy, sloppy ooze. Acquire one of the more complex systems, Wallingford's, Wünchen's or Zorn's. The time spent in this is well spent. Never forget that much depends on the victim. The appropriate face as well as system must always be adapted to suit the occasion.

A valuable exposition of all the various systems can be found in Pendergrass' "Booter's Handbook," vest-pocket edition, Lick & Co., ooze calf \$1.00. Send for descriptive pamphlet.

---

---

# Editorial

---

---

## THE GRIND

Last spring Cornell University published some interesting statistics in regard to her alumni, which showed that a large majority of her graduates who had achieved fame in life had been considered grinds in their undergraduate days. Those who are familiar with college slang needed no explanation of the term which Webster defines "dig." They at once called to mind students who were known to study long and hard, and by the high marks they won in their courses proved the meaning of their continuous application. But this conception is not complete. To it was always added the idea of a being devoid of all sociability and life, one, as Reginald Kaufman puts it, "that has studied the humanities so long that he cannot see humanity." Imagine the pale bent-over student with long hair, expressionless features, and spectacles that cover eyes long unused to the light of day and afraid to meet the glances of an alert world—and you have the popular picture of the grind.

That word popular needs to be qualified. It is a mistake to think that such pictures are drawn by merely college men who have neither the ability nor the desire to study consistently, and who failing in competition with abler prepared men throw at them this contemptuous title for sweet revenge' sake. They are not alone in hounding the grind. There are even teachers who have denounced the "dig" in student mass meetings, where every one is swept away by enthusiasm and the desire to win at any cost. Students' prejudices are tickled when the professor's themselves give the horse-laugh on the boy who all the while is poring over his books.

Caricature is no doubt a legitimate field in literature, as the

cartoon plays an indispensable role in the journalism of to-day. But there are two facts that should be taken into consideration of this form of art. It usually represents exaggeration, and in many cases it is drawn for those who need just the opposite point of view. Caricature could not be effective perhaps unless it represented exaggerated and therefore unreal forms. Who can doubt the influence that Moliere's inimitable comedies had on French social life—comedies that presented, for instance, the miser in a most despicable light, or the affected manners of the "Precieuse Ridicules"? Think what pleasure the reader gets from the overdrawn picture of the Buff and Blue political campaign in the "Pickwick Papers." Nast's cartoons in *Harper's Weekly*, one of the leading agents in the overthrow of the Tweed Ring, created a remarkable impression upon the public by their repeated emphasising of the ring's worst features. That the use of caricature of this nature has produced good results in some cases does not mean that it is not misleading in many others. Pictures of the college grind are particularly so. Though he has enthusiasm for learning and truth others think him devoid of feeling; because he is systematic and assiduous in the work which gives him pleasure, they think him a slave to wearying toil. In other words, unable to grasp the significance of his ideals and incapable of keeping the purpose steady of arriving at as high a goal as his, they fail to appreciate him, and by a natural desire to reduce everybody to uniformity mock his independence. Such a grind as they picture rarely exists. The probability is that he crams and grinds less, reads more and enjoys a wholesome life more than his critics.

The scoffers sin not only by exaggerating but also by addressing themselves to those who need to use some of the grind's methods. The men who laugh at the hard student—Webster's preferred definition—are the very men who have yet to learn the importance of study. Since their attention is riveted on such activities as intercollegiate athletics and Germans, they lose sight—if they ever had it—of the main

purpose of school life. To learn, to study, to think deserves some consideration even in a college; and those who have specialized in other departments would not be injured to a noticeable degree if they caught a little of the spirit of the men who are taking this contemptible course.

Cornell's figures are not surprising. If steady habits, ability to concentrate attention, perseverance, and interest in knowledge count for anything toward success in life, there is no reason why the men who study hard in college should not make themselves successful leaders in the world's affairs. Most thinking people still believe in the value of education as a preparation for the business of life. Profiting by the experience of the race, the grind can afford to stand the ridicule of those who fail to see that learning must be dilligently wooed, if she be won.

---

### THE NEGRO IN DURHAM

In replying to the question "Why study the negro problem," Mr. Weatherford in his suggestive little book, "Negro Life in the South" says, "We as Southern college men are woefully ignorant of the facts." There has been so much generalizing on the negro by many Northerners who do not know him, and by so many Southerners who believe they know him, that it would not at all be out of harmony with the scientific spirit of the age to gather facts, upon which can be based opinions more intelligent than those so frequently found in negro-ophile and Anti-Hamitic literature. But such facts not only would serve as a basis for correct information, but also would point out the weaknesses in the life of the negro that could be treated by proper sociological methods.

That a study of this nature in Durham would be particularly profitable has been recognized by the Trinity College Historical Society, which has set for itself the task of investigating the various social activities of the Durham negroes. It has been observed that the situation of the colored race in Durham has occasioned several hopeful comments on the fu-

ture of the race. Even Mr. DuBois is more optimistic when he comes to this city. It is doubtful whether any other Southern college is situated near a community that has less of a race problem than Durham. Trinity college students therefore have a rare opportunity of co-operating with the Historical Society in making a thorough, intensive study of negro life in Durham.

---

---

# Wayside Wares

---

---

## THE ORGAN GRINDER

Everyone has heard him; but probably very few have ever known where he came from, who he was, or where he went. There are fewer people still who do not have some peculiar memory of the organ grinder.

I remember very well the last one which I saw. My attention was attracted by a crowd of school children and street waifs; then I saw that they were following the man with the monkey. Soon the crowd stopped, and the grinding melodies began. The man was a very shabbily dressed fellow of below the average size;—the typical organ grinder. And the monkey despite his red coat and cap, was a typical monk, whose antics were about all which kept the show from being a grind. The man seldom said a word, nor allowed any expression whatever to creep over his dark skinned face; only when a boy on the outskirts of the crowd struck the monkey with a pebble he turned quickly with a flush in his foreign eyes; but with his hand he turned on at the handle, and the strains of the “carnival de Venice” were still being pushed forth, while, from the top of the box the monk looked with amusing gravity into the crowd toward which he held his little red cap.

There is something alluring about the organ grinder; something aside from his music and his monkey. I think that it is the same kind of enchantment that comes from the name of a far-away place, and the sound of strange words. The children follow him from corner to corner in spite of the fact that some of their mothers make them behave with the threat the organ-grinder will steal them. Older people, too, can always be seen on the edge of the crowd: some using

rather strenuous language about the nuisance; others too absorbed to criticise.

After all its criticisms, we must still believe that this musician does some good. He is not partial; he does not sell his tunes to the aristocracy alone; but you can find him in the dingy, crowded alleys of the great cities. Near a home in which the air is so polluted with the odor from cooking victuals, and the animal substance nourished by these victuals, that a man from the country visiting the place would need a breathing tube as much as if he were under water,—there goes the organ grinder; and pale, thin, children; long, dirty, flat shaped women with babies come down to the street, or look out the windows when he goes by, forgetting for the time that they are suffering. Through that dingy window you can see the old hunch backed cobbler glance up for a moment as a strain of the old song that he used to know comes through the open door of his shop, and for a moment he forgets the dreariness of his everlasting pegging. The pale faced tailor looks from the top story. Like a beam of sunshine the music has struck through him; he forgets the rent, and the work, and the wages—the wretchedness of life. It is the end of the day; it is lawful to rest a moment and listen. Faces are at all the windows, sad weary faces; some are the sick ones who cannot get into the street. At the door steps sit the mothers and the babies, and in the street—just look down the alley—somehow the sun has gotten around the corner of one of the tall buildings and peeped into our alley. The sparkling sunbeams dance in the atmosphere, which, a moment ago, was dank and heavy with filth; the dingy windows blaze with soft lights of gold and silver sheen, and the children—there as far down the alley as one can see—ragged and dirty, thin and pale, most of them, but still with upturned faces as pure and sweet as a field of daises waving in a summer breeze, are the happy children dancing to the tunes of the organ grinder.

## JIM KEY'S BONEHEAD PHILOSOPHY

N. I. WHITE

Jim Key's somewhat educated—quite a learned sort o' cuss—  
 Loves to spend his time a-gassin', spielin' learnin' off to us;  
 Recent days he ha'nts my smithy, sitin' on a keg close by,  
 Just exudin' proverbs, thicker'n all my anvil cinders fly.  
 Jim, he likes a Carlyle fellow, and His Message to the World,  
 And I has to listen patient, while them doctrines in uncurled.  
 Guess Carlyle was dead in earnest, and I aint a-knockin' him,  
 Say he worked just like a nigger, and a durn sight more'n  
 Jim—

But it aggravates a fellow, sweatin' like a heathen Turk,  
 Hearin' loafers always preachin' 'on the Dignity of Work,  
 So I turns on Jim one mornin', "Jim, I sorter half surmise  
 That a smithy aint no college where dead Greeks philoser-  
 phise—

Make thy claim for wages zero, and the world is at thy feet—  
 Pretty good, but in the meantime, is it air you're goin' to eat?  
 Furthermore, my observations, which I guess is rather slim  
 (Bein' always hard at work, and not a-loafin' like you Jim),  
 But I notice pretty reg'lar that the hardest workin' guys  
 Aint got time to loaf nor preach, nor even to philoserphise.  
 'Practice what you preach' aint bad for that philoserphisin'  
 thirst,

Fact is, sorter got a notion that you'd better practice first,  
 Now I asks you fair and honest, what's your mission to man-  
 kind?—

Is it to the Rich and Haughty, or the Poor and Weak, and  
 Blind?"

Jim, he answered some sarcastic—"Ever hear of Socrates,  
 How he taught the old Greek boneheads, usin' methods such  
 as these?"

## (AT THE BALL ROOM)

“When shall we marry,” said he,  
 To a maiden blithe and tall,  
 And from out the whirl she cried  
 “After the ball.”

## (AT HOME A YEAR LATER)

“When may I sleep,” he cried,  
 When the baby began to squall;  
 To this she demurely replied  
 “After the bawl.”

F. J. M.—*Archive*, '99.

## AUTUMN ECHOES

NATALIE HUGHES TUCK

The night win's am er singin',  
 Nuts begin ter fall,  
 De cheekins dat am roostin'  
 Long since 'gun ter squall.  
 De squirrels am er storin'  
 Up de winter food;  
 Mandy am er puttin' up  
 Everything dats good.

De leaves dey am er fallin',  
 Birds am flyin' souf,  
 De summer flow'rs am po'ly  
 Lak dar's bin er drouf.  
 De runnin' brooks ain't singin',  
 De clouds am lookin' low,  
 An' chilly winter winds  
 Howl dismal ez dey go.

De turkey 's roostin' higher,  
 Pocket-books ain't fat—

But I'll hab one Thanksgivin',  
Bet my hat on dat.  
Wun day ez I went walkin'  
Past er 'simmon tree,  
Er possum dar wus settin'  
Fat ez he cud be.

My mouf hit 'gin ter water,  
I laf fit ter kill;  
Kaze fros hez turned de 'simmon  
Possum's et dey fill,  
De possum's fattenin' fer me,  
And er gittin' sweet  
Wid 'simmon flaver through him,  
Soakin' in his meat.

---

---

# Editor's Table

---

---

A number of magazines have come to the table of the Archive during the month that has just past, and in beginning for the first time to review their contents in my present capacity, I am somewhat at a loss. I do not claim to have read all of them nor to have weighed every piece in the balance of literary criticism with a just measure; to make such a claim would be ridiculous on the face of it, and then it would fall somewhat short of the truth. What I shall have to say in regard to the various magazines will be, then, a succession of generalizations.

Possibly the first point that strikes one in examining a number of southern college magazines, is the absence from their pages of short stories that really show promise of excellence. It is not to be supposed that there are many mute inglorious Kiplings hiding away in the dormitories of our southern colleges, but, as it seems to me, there should be a more consistent and methodical effort on the part of our colleges to have their students produce some fiction that is at least not worthy of condemnation, even if it should fall short of such a quality as would entitle it to recognition in our leading magazines.

So far as I have been able to discern, the most promising bit of fiction in the magazines that have reached me is that entitled "The Mirage," in the October number of the Davidson College magazine. This story, however meritorious as it is in design, still falls short in execution, and in order to make it of first rate excellence it needs to be filled out in certain places and made plainer in others. Other stories that merit especial mention are "The Little Gods" in the *University of Virginia Magazine*, "John Barton" in *The*

*Haverfordian*, and — well I do not remember to have come across any others.

A number of the stories appearing in last month's magazines suffered from brevity. As a rule a story that can be told in five hundred words does not deserve printing; and by this I do not mean to say that fiction should be judged according to its length; were this so Jane Austin and Mary J. Holmes would rank among the first of our modern novelists; but some of the finest stories that Kipling ever produced covered scarcely more than half a dozen pages; but as a rule a story that is built up on an interesting plot and well worked out cannot be condensed into so short a space as many of the stories I have recently read were. Their length reminded me more of several issues of high school publications that I have recently seen, than of a well edited college magazine.

And for a great many of the magazines this criticism on length might be made to apply. This is particularly true of the *Davidson College Magazine* and the *Wofford College Journal*. A subject that deserves treatment in a special article, handled in an adequate manner cannot be done justice within the space of two pages; either the knowledge of the author is insufficient or the subject of the article is not worth the space at all, if more than this is not given it.

Of the verse that is worthy especial mention, "The Return," from the *University of Oklahma Magazine*, shows large promise and the opening lyric in the *Wake Forest Student* may be said to possess some of the real poetic lilt that helps to make up a true lyric poem. Verse is something that must come spontaneously and, as I see it, nothing can be done to encourage the writing of poetry save the sympathetic and interpretative teaching of some great poems in our courses in English. And so while the quality of the verse I have read this month may not be of a high order, I shall pass it over in silence, hoping for better things when the meditative days and nights of the later fall have got in their effects.

Speaking of magazines as a whole, the *University of Virginia Magazine*, notwithstanding its tribulations in securing someone to conduct its progress this year, deserves the praise it usually receives. *The Haverfordian* also has a particularly well got up number and the *Wake Forest Student* is not so bad. For one magazine only have I a word of disapproval and that is because of the continuation of an old custom which is now obsolete and also useless and out of place. It is this: *The Red and White* has besides its regular literary department, its editorial paragraphs, and a humorous page, a department of locals, also one for athletics and one for the Y. M. C. A. A. & M. College has a weekly newspaper to which these features rightly belong, and their continued appearance in the monthly magazine gives to that periodical a less dignified character than would be the case were they left to their proper sphere.

Other magazines besides those mentioned that have been received are: *The Buff and Blue*, *The Guilford Collegian*, *Southwestern University Magazine*, *The Furman Echo*, *The Transylvanian*, and the following came too late for review: *The Georgian*, *The Sphinx*, *The Dahlonga Collegian*, *Brenau Journal*, *The Clemson Chronicle*, *The Emory Phoenix*.

# The Trinity Archive

---

---

Volume XXV

Number Three

---

---

## MANAGER'S NOTICE

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the college.

Changes may be made in advertisements by notifying the Business Manager.

This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students who we hope will see fit to subscribe, and thus continue their loyalty to their *Alma Mater*. If you do not wish to become subscribers, please notify us at once, or the magazine will be sent to you during the year. The names of the old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

Subscription: One year, \$1.25; single copies, 15 cents.

---

---

## EDITORIAL STAFF

E. J. LONDOW	- - - - -	Editor-in-Chief
W. G. SHEPPARD	- - - - -	Associate Editor-in-Chief
MARY LOOMIS SMITH	} - - - - -	Literary Editors
W. E. ELLER		
F. S. BENNETT	- - - - -	Wayside Wares
J. N. AIKEN	-- - - -	Editor's Table
R. G. CHERRY	- - - - -	Business Manager

---



---

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

---

### LITERARY DEPARTMENT

Ye Old-Time Christmas (Essay).....	<i>Nettie Sue Tillett</i>	97
A Study in Psychology (Story).....	<i>James Cannon, Jr.</i>	101
When Night Comes On (Verse).....	<i>H. E. Spence</i>	106
Nick (Sketch).....	<i>S. Wade Marr</i>	108
Bluff (Essay) .....	<i>Top C. Turvey</i>	112
The Ferryman's Christmas (Story) .....	<i>Maude Upchurch</i>	117
Just to Be Loved by You (Poem).....	<i>H. E. Spence</i>	123
The New England Mutual Admiration Society (Essay).....	<i>Rosa Virginia Branch</i>	125
Time Wreckage (Verse) .....	<i>N. I. White</i>	132
The Wanderer (Story).....	<i>James W. Bain</i>	133
Individualism (Oration).....	<i>R. L. Ferguson</i>	137

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT .....	144
----------------------------	-----

WAYSIDE WARES .....	148
---------------------	-----

EDITOR'S TABLE .....	152
----------------------	-----

# *The Trinity Archive*

---

---

*Trinity College, Durham, N. C., December, 1911*

---

---

## **De Old-Time Christmas**

NETTIE SUE TILLET

“A principal point of charity it is to be merry,” sang little English waits once. In old England the Yule-tide was a charitable season, if all the magnificence and pomp that attended it be considered tokens of merriment. It began with Advent Days, a sort of overture, as it were, to Christmas. This included the four Sundays preceding Christmas and ended with Christmas Eve, which ushered in the jolly season proper.

The family and friends of the nobleman gathered in his spacious old country-seat, which was rigged in evergreens, the emblems of peace and gladness, and kept Christmas Eve as a vigil. The great Yule log, garnished with all sorts of evergreens and decked in all kinds of devices, was brought in by a procession with lights, Yule candles, and songs. It was placed first in the middle of the hall, and everyone present must sit on it and sing a Yule song while he drank a merry Christmas to the crowd. When the great Christmas fire was lighted and all gathered around it, and passed the time till midnight telling tales and legends or amusing themselves in any other way that the Lord of Misrule, whom they selected early in the evening, prescribed. In the servants' hall there were all sorts of revelery.

The early morning air was filled with the ringing of church bells and the childish voices of the waits who carolled till daylight, awakening the sleepers with Christmas tidings.

The more devout lords liked to have their households gather at the church for the mass and Christmas service.

The main feature of the day, to be sure, was the dinner. It was announced by the striking of a rolling-pin upon the table by the cook as a summons to the servants to carry in the meats. The dinner was naturally of big proportions. The wild boar's head, soused in ale and gayly trimmed with hay and rosemary, and with an apple or orange in his mouth, was brought in on a platter upon the shoulders of two servants in gay livery. They were preceded by trumpeters and accompanied by singers bearing lights and singing the famous Boar's Head Carol:

*Caput apri defero*

*Reddens laudes Domino*

The boar's head in hand bring I,

With garlands gay and rosemary.

I pray you all syng merily

*Qui estis in convivio.*

Another characteristic dish was the "peacock pie." It was decorated with the tail of its victim and must be carried to the table by the most beautiful lady in the crowd. There were others in great number. After the dinner came the renowned Wassail Bowl with roasted apples and lamb's wool on its surface. The bowl was decked with ribbons, evergreens, and rosemary. The head of the household stirred it and first partook of it with a hearty Christmas wish to the others; and then sent it around the table, and everyone drank of this "ancient fountain of good feeling where all hearts met together."

The great Christmas masque closed the festivities of the day. A procession headed by the Lord of Mîsrule as "ancient Christmas" entered the hall. In the procession were such characters as "Dame Mînce Pie," "Sir Roast Beef," "Dame Plum Pudding," and the less significant characters of Robin Hood and Maid Marian in the rear.

The poor people were by no means shut out from all these festivities. All of the attendants of an estate were welcome at the Hall on this day, and were bountifully served with Christmas food and ale.

The Yule-tide season ended with Twelfth Night. This night belonged mostly to the children. The Twelfth Night cake, which contained a bean, was cut, and the one who received the bean was made King of the occasion. They played such games as "blind-man's-buff" and "puss-in-the-corner."

Very different from all of this extravagant celebration was that of a Christmas in Puritan England. To the Puritans it was a time of great solemnity, which could best be observed by fasts, prayers, and church services. Such things as decorations of evergreens were condemned. All of the popular dishes were forbidden as being anti-Christian. It was a most pious time and a very charitable time also. But Christmas must ever be a merry time, especially for young people, and the Puritan youth of early New England gradually began to indulge in a sleigh-ride on Christmas day and a country dance some evening within the Christmas week, though, to be sure, their worthy elders stood by and mournfully shook their heads, with an "*O tempora! O, mores!*"

But the grandest of all Christmases,— a Christmas in our old Southland! Christmas Eve, and the tall hall and drawing-room decked with holly and mistletoe, and the large punch bowl, filled to the brim, resting on the table, and the Yule log kindled with a bit of last year's log accompanied by all the traditional rites or merry pranks of Christmas Eve, crackling on the large hearth in the hall, while pompous black slaves replenish the great fire in the drawing-room, and the fine old planters, their wives and happy children, and their friends, telling stories and laughing merrily!

Christmas morning,—and the front door must be thrown open early! Dusky little negroes jump from every corner with a "Christmas gif'" salutation, and stretch out their arms to catch the response. A large Christmas tree, heavy with

presents for family and friends, stands in the drawing-room. The slaves from all over the plantation are assembled in the hall and gifts must be distributed among them. Christmas dinner, with its endless succession of dishes! Christmas evening around the blazing fire! The old folks at cards or talking, and the young dancing to the accompaniment of one of the servant's banjos, while proud old mammies look on in admiration, and happy negro voices floating up from the quarters to be heard in the drawing-room only at intervals!—And now, for the first time since morning, the front door of the mansion must be closed, for it is so much later than anyone has thought when the master of the house consults his watch.

Such was the old-time Christmas. The celebrations seem to indicate that this season of peace and good will has ever appealed to man as “a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time in the long calendar of the year when men seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they were really fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys.”

## A Study in Psychology

JAMES CANNON, JR.

The psychology of illusion is not altogether a matter of mere text-book theorizing; it is apparent to no small degree in every-day life, and needs only a proper appreciation of its veriest fundamentals to become an interesting field of observation for the average man or woman. The following incidents in the career of Clarence Wendell are respectfully submitted to amateur and professional psychologists for analysis and classification.

In the life of work and toil on his father's farm, Clarence Wendell had little time for theoretical speculation on any subject other than the approach of corn-husking time and its attendant delights. The sum of his bliss was reached at such events, and there were few in the community who could stand up with this sturdy youth in his rush of a fall's husking. When the days began to grow short, and the air to crisp the damp of the grass during the night, Clarence always felt a thrill such as a gladiator must have experienced when the populace began to talk of the approaching games in the days of old Rome. The blood would rush to his fingers and he would look curiously at them as though in wonder at what they were capable of doing. Often, as the time sped by, the youth was in the habit of slipping off to an old shock in a distant field and testing his speed to see if his old cunning still clung to the ends of his slender fingers, and when each succeeding trial lent new zest to his speculation on the coming event the boy would go to bed and picture to himself the scenes of past contests and dream of those to come. In short, this was a country boy of the simplest and most primitive type, a lover of the country and of its customs.

In the fall of his seventeenth year there seemed to Wendell to be no higher hope than the conquering of his dearest rival at the coming corn husking. The event would be one of the most elaborate in his memory: there had been a bump-

er crop all over the county, but his father's fields had been the envy and admiration of the neighbors all summer. For weeks Clarence planned his campaign: there would be four of the best huskers in the region on hand and it behooved him to make his best showing. Besides, Maude Brewster, his sister's city friend, had visited the Wendell farm in the late summer and had been so attracted by the talk of the great husking that she had begged to come out to the event; and Clarence was more than interested in the little lady. As the days passed and the fall season advanced, there seemed more than usual deftness in the way in which the boy slipped the gleaming ears from their jackets of rough shucks and tossed them lightly over his shoulder into the crib behind. But, "There's many a slip ——"

About a month before the husking Clarence had been to a town close by for some supplies for the farm and had taken with him his little brother. The child was delicate, and, although seven years old, very small. Clarence was driving a young horse and an open buggy. As the two approached the farm gate the horse slowed suddenly, and before Clarence could realize what was happening, the child slipped from the seat and lay on the ground between the wheels. Paralyzed by fright, Clarence stared in terrified fascination as the rear wheel seemed to hesitate at the child's body and then slowly neared the tiny neck of the prostrate form. The child's eyes stared up into his own with the most piteous of frightened and accusing expressions, for the child did not realize what was happening and simply lay in limp fright. Convulsively, the boy jerked the reins, but it was too late and the wheel passed slowly over the little neck, being merely stayed upon it by that one frantic jerk. Not for a second of the five that the incident had lasted did Clarence look away from the appealing face there below him, and every change in the eyes was as clear to him as though the sight had lasted for an hour. The child was, miraculously, unhurt, but Clarence sat for a full minute before he could control himself suffi-

ciently to spring out and lift the sobbing boy from the ground. In terror the child had begun to cry loudly, and in his own unnerved state the older boy could only sob, too, resting his head on the curly head of his brother. As the house was near, they both soon recovered, and Clarence passed the incident off as trivial and without danger. But in the night, after he had gone to bed, Clarence Wendell spent the worst hours of his life in shaking terror at the thought of that look and of what might have been. For days those about the farm noticed the change that came over the boy after the affair, and twitted him over the coming of Maude as the cause of his nervousness.

On a day when the sun shone brightly and the air had the crispness of approaching Christmas, the shucking began. The city girl was there, the four shuckers were there, and the occasion was at hand. Clarence was in his element and seemed the most interested of the party until the tension of the contest in its later moments began to tell on his nerves. Then a lull fell on his conversation, the shucks came more jerkily from the ears in his hands, the ears themselves fell sometimes fast and sometimes slow on the pile behind him, but the inner tension did not betray itself to the watchers. In the last half-hour of the contest Clarence was on about equal terms with his nearest competitor and the two were engaged in fast and furious battle with the remaining ears in their respective piles. Maude looked on, the other women and girls watched also, and the older men drew near to see the fun. Clarence forged ahead, the rival stuck close, and all bent to the task with all their vigor. Then, two children, the son of one of the guests and Clarence's little brother, ran up in childish play and through the group at the barn; they crossed the course of the ears flying over Clarence's shoulder and in an instant the brother had been struck by one of the ears, rolled down the pile, and lay at Clarence's feet, who looked in dumb terror at the child lying below him and looking up frightened and appealing. Clarence felt the Some-

thing of terror that had secretly been haunting him for weeks rise in him and strike, as it were, the roots of his heart with ice. To the astonishment of the onlookers he arose from his stooping position, with sweat on his forehead, and shaking as a horse trembles at a shape in the dark. Altogether unmanned he walked shaken from the place, and the shucking closed in a whirl of feminine solicitude for the younger brother whom the ear had hit.

The incident was obscured but not forgotten in the following days. Only one thing served to recall it during the winter. This was when Clarence was breaking a colt that had grown up around the farm and had been his daily charge and pet for three years. The horse was sensitive and spiteful, so that only he could easily manage it. Wendell, Sr., had consequently turned the animal over to his son altogether, no one else ever handling it. One evening Clarence was bridling the colt; there was some difficulty in making the horse take the bit and a tussle ensued. The little brother came up and was standing by, quietly watching the process; the colt wheeled suddenly, knocked the child under Clarence's feet, and ran off, but not so fast as Clarence, who, after one glance, ran like one possessed to the house and remained locked in his room until morning. A farm hand picked the child up and noted the peculiarly helpless expression of the eyes so much that he remarked to his employer that "De chile shore did look pitiful layin' dar."

The summer following these events was an unusually quiet one, even for the country. Clarence spent the time on the farm and made only occasional trips to the towns around. There was much work to be done on the farm because of the drought, so all hands were kept busy trying to save the part of the crop of the land that could be irrigated. But late in the season there was a break in the dry weather and the boy felt justified in making a trip to the city where Maude Brewster lived. The trip lasted a week and Clarence returned to his home late one Saturday night. A hired man met him

at the station and the two drove the five miles to the country in a thunder storm. After putting up the team the boy entered the house and made his way to the room he had occupied during the summer, not knowing that in his absence it had been turned into a nursery for the young children. As Clarence entered the room a vivid flash of lightning lit up the surroundings enough for him to see that there had been changes and he was in unfamiliar territory. He turned to leave the room but hit a piece of furniture in the darkness and stepped backward quickly. In horror he felt a soft body turn beneath his foot, and as he stopped in fright a second vivid flash lit the room for a long moment, in which his brain grew hot like a sponge suddenly filled with warm water; under his left foot was a head, the eyes open and distended by the weight of his body on the neck beneath, in them a look that snapped a thread in his brain and bereft him of all reason save a crazy desire to be rid of the awful fright that shook him like a tree in a hurricane.

A newspaper account of what followed can best fill out the story. Under black headings and after a long opening paragraph by way of a summary, the report said:

“It appears that young Wendell returned home in the night and entered his usual room. His mother was awakened by a fiendish shriek and ran into the room, which adjoined her own, just in time to see Clarence spring through a window, in his arms his seven-year-old brother, who had been sleeping on a pallet. A hurried investigation revealed the body of the baby on the ground beneath the window with its neck broken and the print of a foot stamped on the front of the neck. Wendell himself was found rushing wildly about the woods back of the house and screaming something about eyes that followed him. On the approach of his father he showed no signs of sanity and after a night under close watching appears to be hopelessly insane.”

## When Night Comes On

H. E. SPENCE

When night comes on,  
 Darkness and desolation and despair,  
 Burdens so weary, hearts bowed down with care,  
     The grewsome silence adding to the gloom,  
 The aching heart-throb gnawing in the breast,  
 The weary eyes that, sleepless, know no rest,  
     The clock that seems to tick the note of doom,  
 Ah! how the weary watcher waits for dawn  
     When night comes on!

When night comes on,  
 What spectral visions on our mem'ry smite,  
 What sense of grievous wrongs we failed to right,  
     Visions of grievances left unredressed;  
 Words that we might have spoken left unsaid,  
 Comfort we gave too late, like flowers for dead,  
     Sorrows we failed to check, dear lips unpressed;  
 Chances left unimproved, now aye withdrawn,  
     When night comes on.

When night comes on,  
 Fears that were quieted in the day that's past  
 By tedious toil now make our souls aghast;  
     The black-plumed harpies come on cursèd wing  
 Forever gnawing at our heart's best hope;  
 Forever in the dark we bitterly grope  
     While hell's discordant voices fiendish sing;  
 Blighting our faith like frost on flow'r-deck'd lawn  
     As night comes on.

As night comes on,  
Night with its anguish, night that knows no sleep,  
Night with no solace save when tired eyes weep,  
    Night with its sorrow and its burning tears,  
Your face illumines the darkness, brings relief,  
Scatters the shadows, soothes the heart-felt grief,  
    Conquers my doubts and drives away my fears;  
Your love-lit face gleams — and the ghosts are gone  
    When night comes on!

## Nick

S. WADE MARR

Nick is a real character, possessing many undescrivable peculiarities. He is one of that class of Nature's products, who, either by natural instinct or by some external influence, have developed a disposition which might be sweeter, and a vocabulary which might have been chosen with greater discretion.

He is of moderate built, with a personal carriage resembling in a great degree some of Darwin's conceptions. But to the disinterested observer of nature's revealings of evolution, there could be few reasons to believe that this dirty offspring of nature, with his unattended locks of greasy hair, his slightly grey beard, furnishing a bed for the unsightly river of amber, clothing his bent form with a mere concoction of patches which are supposed to protect him from the weather and gazing spectators, but which in reality only furnish cobwebs for bluff and space for additional patches, there could be, I say, few reasons to believe that this person could possibly be a graduate from the Law Department of one of our strongest Southern universities, and the possessor of an untold amount of wealth to be divided at his death among brothers and sisters who now blush to own him.

It is said that he, as a young man, had enviable possibilities for the future. He had begun to establish himself as a university graduate when his thoughts uncontrollably chanced to fall upon a woman — which, as is usual in the case, knocked him from his mental balance, and the hand which he then kissed he later desired to cut off. He, of course, got married, and, being displeased with the intellectual attainments of his wife, sent her off to school. That was the fatal step. To educate her was to make her his equal, and an educated woman cannot conquer her jealousy for an educated

man. Learning is fruitless unless it be backed by intelligence.

The young bride, who followed the meanders of Alarka Creek, seated on a common ox-sled, made her way to the village depot. Dressed in her blue calico frock with the red ten-cent ribbon gracefully falling from her slender waist, with shoes of kangaroo calf-skin serving to protect her tender feet from the gravels, and a percale bonnet representing her head gear, she told her Nick goodby, and left for college.

Her return four years later did not furnish amusement for the standers-by as did her departure. She was dressed with the best that Nick's nickles could buy. Her calico frock had been changed into an extremely beautiful and fashionable hobble skirt, while the ribbon, which once fell so becomingly from her side, was replaced by a superfluous skirt appendage. Her bonnet had been converted into a repository of dead birds, and the low heel kangaroo shoes had raised themselves upon pinions of patent leather pumps. She was educated. Poor Nick did it.

Such a contrast between man and wife could not be imagined. His body was by no means pure. Each day of his existence had left its dirty finger prints upon his form. She, although raised in a junk heap, believed herself to be a pearl. The Nick whom she had once loved had come with education to be an object of the extremest contempt. She did not seek his sanitary improvements, but, in her disgust, she left him to his fate, and eloped with the education made possible by him.

Since that terrible hour Nick had ceased to love the world of man, and now, in his freakish attitudes, he boasts of the fact that he has never yet spent five cents for soap, or one dollar for laundry. He can be seen coming into the country village, with an unconcerned air, leading a small ass which is his common companion. Never yet has he been seen to ride upon it, and he apparently is only striving to keep in style, and, not having a poodle dog, he leads the ass instead.

In his surrounding community, Nick's mule has become, as Job's turkey, a by-word. It is not uncommon to see a man as poor as Nick's mule. As hard as it was to lose his college pearl, Nick consoled himself in the fact that he has something just as good — his Mule. He curses the name of his wife. He says, "I hate a learned woman. May there never be in my abode a woman knowing more than a woman ought to know. Those who marry these noble and beautiful little parasites enter a stage only four inches from death."

He is extremely sensitive, and hates the presence of those who cannot respect him. Once you become his enemy you are the object of all his wit and derisions. On one occasion he said of one of his enemies: "If there were eight wonders in the world, the eighth would be, why it was that God did not put a snout on Bill Banks' face." He is no respecter of persons, but if he finds that you can endure him, you are likely to be the host of an uninvited guest almost any night. He never sleeps in the bed, nor stays for breakfast. Having finished his supper, he asks for a supply of corn bread, which he places in his pocket, lies down before the fire, and, filthy as he is, sleeps as soundly as an angel. Hands wash hands, fingers fingers, but Nick's Nick's never. He has never yet been sick, neither has he ever yet taken a bath. Filth and health, for him, go hand in hand, and no one should find faults with defects which are the result of nature.

He is a traveller of much experience, especially in the capacity of a hobo. Although possessing no less than \$200,000 in money and real estate, he prefers the cattle car to the chair car. He makes it a point to visit all assemblies of national importance. During the St. Louis Fair, he was seen to board a freight train with a flour sack filled with corn bread, and on his reappearance six weeks later, inquiry revealed the fact that he had been to the exposition, and his extravagant tendencies had compelled him to spend seventeen cents. This, indeed seems, unreal, and appears as a

case of the impossible, but to know Nick is to know his wonderful powers for gaining and holding wealth.

There is never a session of court in Nick's native county but that he is connected with law suits, either as plaintiff or defendant. It is a useless undertaking for a lawyer to cross-examine him. His reputation for wit is equaled by his reputation for a knowledge of law. Once while testifying in a case, he was asked as to his home. "I live seventeen miles up and down both sides of Alarka Creek," was the reply, and it was absolutely impossible to get an answer other than this. As a matter of fact, both sides of Alarka Creek are as much his home as is his little secluded log cabin, which nestles itself in the midst of immeasurable fields of forest.

The world contains many Nicks, and lest we choose our love, and love our choice, the future may have many more.

## Bluff

TOP C. TURVEY

(Illustrations by the Author.)

(In reply to many inquiries as to the identity of the writer, we wish to assure our readers that they may safely accept Mr. Turvey's conclusions, since he has the reputation of competency in the subject he treats below.—The Editors.)

---

"Words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver."—Proverbs, 11:25.

While I was cleaning my Blickensdörfer this morning I noticed an essay on the ribbon. Scrutiny revealed that it was on "Bluff." It follows as I knocked it off. I found the pictures in my ink bottle.

Socialists claim that the world's goods ought to be divided evenly between its inhabitants, but they differ as to the proper method of division. Other things being equal, the man who has the goods has the better chance to get the more, and *vice versa*. But other things are not equal; the man who has not can water his stock with bluff. That property of people, then, by which they make the most of human relations is bluff. Note that I do not say "is called bluff," for few are willing to admit that they are guilty of bluffing; they prefer to employ a more polite term. It is commonly known as "forcefulness of character," "personality," "persuasiveness," or "magnetism." In a wider sense, it is "politics"; international, it is "diplomacy."

History abounds with titanic bluffs. Napoleon Bonaparte stands head and shoulders above the world as the most phenomenal bluff ever allowed to run at large. Even now, after a century of life among the shades, he still has the world

bluffed. Once after being condemned, he confronted a company of men, formerly commanded by himself, to be shot. He assumed the *attitudo Napoleonis* and defied them to shoot. That was pure and applied bluff. Henry M. Stanley was once in an African jungle, unattended by slave or gun (What a fool!).

Out stalked a gorilla, grave and menacing. *Et tu, Brute!* shouted Stanley, glowering at him with the jettatura eye, and he sprinted for the gorilla as though he had found the missing link. The gorilla fled in terror. That was bluff.



MR. STANLEY

Eusapia Palladina, the Italian clairvoyante, bluffed William James. Samson bluffed a thousand Philistines, and—cruel man—killed them all. True he had a certain *os innominatum*, but that was only the instrument of death. That it is never too late to bluff is shown by the fact that Jonah bluffed the whale, even after the climax of the tragedy had passed. The excommunication bluff of the Roman Papacy transcends all other bluffs. The name of Horatius, Dr. Cook, Com. Peary, Theo. Roosevelt, and Jesse James will ever be associated with bluff.



THE GORILLA

Now, let us vivisect bluff. As we have seen above, the gist of it is the assuming of an attitude or position indicative of what we are not, or of being what we are not. There is extant a misconception that bluff necessitates overwhelming with a fusilade of talk. True, voluminous talk is often desirable, but as a rule this is the label by which the artless bluff is known.

In college, the class-room is the scene of much bluff. But this must be viewed as the training, for the true place of bluff does not become evident until one leaves college. Where

the dullard answers "not prepared," the bluff answers in such a way that the teacher thinks he knows it, but can not deliver himself of it — he gets the benefit of a doubt.

The essential thing for those who aspire to fame in the world of bluff is never to retreat from a bluff, once it is undertaken. Carry out the projected bluff at any cost. A most important point is judging the bluffee. Separate the subjects in which he is well versed from those of which he is ignorant. Do all bluffing in the realm of the latter. The man who launches his bluff and then retracts is like him who "arriving at the ditch he is to leap, forever returns for a fresh run." Only those bluffs are "called" which are weak, faint, and shaky. Make a bluff so strong that no one will venture a "call." Do not let your mind ask, "What if I should fail?"

Never ask a question, save of the most trivial matters, and then only when necessary for the sake of conversation. On the other hand, never let a question go unanswered. Ever be on the alert for traps. Guard your hobby. Once your belief is suspicioned you will encounter traps. Some one will ask you whether you know some fictitious person, or have been to some town existing only in the questioner's imagination. Close scrutiny will often reveal the trap, for, unless the questioner be a skilled bluff himself, his fabrication will most likely be crude.

Bluffing is a real sport, no less than boxing or fencing. Watch two experienced bluffs matched. Note their cleverness. Careful observation will reveal that their defense is nearly always counter-attack. Defense by resistance leads to controversy; but when bluff is answered by bigger bluff, the conversation is ultimately lost in two soliloquies.

The best argument for the study of modern foreign languages is their utility in bluff. Learn perfectly a few phrases, even as much as a paragraph or two. If called upon for a

specimen of a foreign language, you may repeat the same set over and over as long as desired. If another foreign language friend is encountered, speed alone is sufficient.

However, the modern language (as well as zoölogical names) method must be used with caution as it is often overworked. Some authorities repudiate it altogether.

The philosophy bluff becomes a nuisance. Start a bluff on some philosophical question and you will most likely have to stop it, for the bluffee will take issue, rebutting with some venerable argument which he thinks, like thousands of others, is original with himself. And straightway the bluff must recount the history of philosophy from Confucius to Haeckel. Avoid evolution, for you will be told to "believe your grandfather was a monkey if you will, but I prefer to believe mine was a man." Avoid "freedom of the will," "predestination," "*Ich weiss nicht wass soll es bedenten*," "The Rubaiyat," "wireless telegraphy," "radium," " $H^2O$ ," and " $H^2SO^4$ ." Do not explain the yeast process, it is in all the physiologies; do not forget that every little college in Christendom includes psychology, logic and philosophy in its curriculum. Rather explain in detail how tooth-picks, needles and pen points are made. Explain that Mr. Herschel is on the moon; and that cocaine doesn't come from the cocoanut, and that chocolate is not made from coca but from cacao. Explain that an ostrich egg is the largest single cell; that gum-drops are made of glue and that a thing is funny because we laugh at it and not *vice versa*. Earthworms can be grafted and made into peculiar shapes and the oldest nigh-human fossil is *Pithecanthropus erectus*, which was found in Java. In literature discuss Nizam-ul-Mulk; explain the fourth dimension—it is easy, for nobody will be the wiser, and there is scant danger of being "called."

There are extant a few general bluffs, bluffs by common consent of their promulgators. For instance, the green snow



THE HIGH PRIEST OF BLUFF

story, eyeless fish of certain caves, the educated horse, the midnight sun, the rings of Saturn, and the fourth dimension test of credulity. Ask a man whether he believes these things. If so, he may be bluffed with impunity. Waste no time reading "standard literature," you can learn enough about that in general literary talk; read some Icelandic literature and Siberian poetry and translate some of the inscriptions of the cave men.

The philosophy of bluff is an interesting chapter. It is doubtless an institution well worth the while. The very fact of its unpopularity augments the bluff's chances. Students are enjoined to guard these principles here laid down as their dearest secret. If the world knew the principles of bluff, who would there be to be bluffed?

This disquisition is my monument to bluff. Analyze it carefully. If it will bear analysis, it is not bluff; otherwise it is. I foist it off on you, reader, as a sample of bluff.

*Banzai! Vive la bluff!*

## The Ferryman's Christmas

MAUDE UPCHURCH

Christmas was once more knocking at the door. The heaviest snow for years had fallen two weeks before and only within the last few days had the grim grip of the cold north wind relaxed enough for the snow to begin to melt. The old ferryman at Swift Island Crossing was again called into service. The river rose by leaps and bounds. Three times during the day he had crossed the river to help some traveller on his Christmas journey home, only to return to the little house at the foot of the hill, his beard frozen and hands bleeding from contact with the ice-covered chain, in spite of the coarse woollen gloves he always wore. And each time he laid in mother's lap the quarter, or perchance half dollar, saying, "There, mother; there's a little more toward the book."

The sun had dared to peep out for a while, but now had set, covering himself, as it were, with a downy white cloud, as if he, too, feared the cold and the biting wind.

Jonathan Webb, ferryman, closed the door with a bang and walked as hurriedly as his age would allow to the old kitchen fire-place. His wife, Mary Webb, had heard him coming and stood waiting with slippers ready and a chair already drawn up to the blazing logs.

"Here, Father! Get into these, quick! It's a blessin' I finished them this morning even if I did knit when I should have been writin' to Brother Joel. Well! Jonathan Webb!," she went on, fussing around the old man like a mother hen over a chick in distress, "whatever in this world do you mean, anyhow—going out in this weather and that without them socks I took so much ker to finish last night. Them as don't know would never think you was the oldest man on Cemetery Ridge, judging by your actions!"

"Well, Mary," spoke up the old man sharply, "you needn't fret no more. I ain't going across that river again today if

General Grant hisself wants to cross, even if he is president of the United States now. And since we couldn't git the book for Christmas, I don't see why we can't rest easy till the weather gits a little milder."

Silenced by this, Mary Webb went about the little kitchen preparing the evening meal of wheat, coffee and bacon. As she went she dreamed. Scarcely realizing what she did she began humming softly:

"Come home, the Christmas echoes softly call, come——"

"Hush, Mary!" the voice of the old man broke in harshly upon her reverie. "We ain't got nobody to come home for Christmas. What's the use o' singin'? The world's jest agin us! Here we've been trying this whole fall to git Jimmy's Book and here's Christmas here with no book, and nothing to remind us that it's Christmas 'cept the cold outside." The face as well as the words of Jonathan Webb bespoke the bitter spirit of his heart.

Mary Webb paused and laid a wrinkled, knotted hand on the shoulder of her husband. It seemed to soothe him, for he went on a little less harshly—"I can make out very well till Christmas comes but then it all comes back to me worse than ever. The Christmas night when she was born, every name as she growed up, from 'Baby' to 'Daddy's Big Girl,' and then the fall when she went up to town to school. Then, after that, Mary, do you remember the night we decided she must go up to Virginia to college?"

All trace of harshness had left the old man's words now as he, gazing in the fire, saw the happy picture of his only child whose wishes were gratified, even to the deprivation of father and mother.

"Yes, Father;" answered the old woman, the loyal mate that she was, entering at once into his mood. But Jonathan had not waited for an answer. The question was only a part of his reverie. His soul knew that its mate was there—that it understood all things. He continued, "and then, you remember, Mother, how the mortgage came due, and the land

had to go the last year of her schooling, how we kept it from her till she got home ——”

And incident by incident, the old couple lived over again the life of their child—how, realizing the sacrifices of her parents, she had gone at once to teach in the city, returning from time to time to cheer the loved ones waiting in the now meagre home—how one Christmas six years before she had come, and with her had come another. Arthur Baldwin, a young lawyer of the city, himself an only child and accustomed to having every wish gratified, had met Virginia Webb, wanted her, and, having won her love, now came to gain the consent of the ever-sacrificing parents. Little did he realize the greatness of the sacrifice he asked. Mary Webb, mother like, had understood at once and had rejoiced in the newly found love of her child, remembering perhaps the days of her girlhood when Jonathan “come a-courtin’.” But Jonathan, feeling the loss keenly, would not be reconciled to the match and refused to give his consent. He had seemed to hate Baldwin instinctively from the moment he realized that as he said “he came between us and Jinny.” No explanation nor coaxing could move the old man, and finally the womanhood in Virginia, that cries out for its own in every woman, had asserted itself and she had gone from her home for the last time to marry the man she loved without her father’s blessing.

And then the war had come on. Mary Webb, always starving for some word from her daughter, had inquired of a passing stranger, had learned that her daughter’s husband, too, had gone to the war and that she, too, had been left alone. Then came Sherman’s destructive “march to the sea.” Both the city and the country in which Virginia Baldwin and her mother lived had come within that stricken sixty-mile sweep. Jonathan Webb had come back home, old and broken, and because of the sudden rise of the negro to higher positions, had been given the job of ferryman at Swift Island on the Great Pedee.

Arthur Baldwin, his health shattered by cold contracted in a Northern prison, had finally been released and returned to his home, where his wife gladly undertook to support him and nurse him back to health. The task was too great for her. Having to earn a livelihood for both by her pen with weekly contributions to Northern papers and magazines, and at the same time nurse a slowly-dying consumptive, she had herself soon contracted the fatal disease and died. But to her husband she had left "their book" of unpublished poems, which afterwards made her name famous, and it was this book to which Jonathan and Mary Webb referred. Learning of its existence from a newspaper which had been carelessly left in the ferry-boat some months before, both had saved every penny and had lived with the attainment of the book in mind, the sole aim of their hungry old lives. Little did they know of the awakening which awaited them—how this book, its merits quickly perceived and appreciated by the public, was the story of "Jinny's" struggles—of her conflict between filial devotion and love—how fostered with tender care, as a child begotten in sorrow, it had come to be a part of the lives of Virginia and Arthur Baldwin, who had in heart and soul grown a part of each other.

As the old man and his mate thus lived over again this, the life of their child, they lingered over each remembrance as over the petals of a full-blown rose—some flushed in their wreath of crimson, some paler, some perfect, and some crushed. And as they came to those crushed, the faces of each revealed the thoughts within—those of the mother sorrowful, yet forgiving—those of the father sorrowful and with a trace of bitterness.

Gradually the ferry-bell, on the other side of the river, began to ring vigorously. Jonathan started up, but was gently pushed back into his chair by his wife as she said, "No, Jonathan, not tonight. Whoever it is can go back to Swift Island and stay till in the mornin'. You've been out in the cold too much today already."

But as the bell continued to ring, now more quickly—now less, it seemed to the old man the voice of someone crying for help. He could resist no longer, and eating hastily a bite of the neglected supper, and snugly wrapped, he set out for the ferry followed by many words of warning from his wife: “Jonathan, do be kerful!”

Hurrying through the path he had dug out through the snow from the door to the ferry, he gave an answering call to cheer the belated traveller. He soon had the chain unlocked and was feeling his way carefully along the end of the boat when he stumbled and fell. But the chain was in his hand and he pulled it just in time to save the flat from destruction. He succeeded in finally getting to his feet and reached the other side without further mishap.

But there was no one there anxiously waiting to step into the flat, and the old man, thinking his perilous trip had been in vain—that the wayfarer had given up the idea of crossing and gone back to town—was about to re-cross the river when he heard a slight noise near the bell. By the dim light of his lantern he made out the outline of a man’s body, almost buried in the snow. Hurrying to him he quickly unfastened the ragged great coat, put his ear to the man’s heart and listened. He was still alive but unconscious.

Half dragging, half carrying the man, and at the same time blaming himself for his delay, Jonathan succeeded in reaching the ferry-boat, and finally the steps of his own door. Mary, watching from the window, and seeing the light move unsteadily, slowly, and even at times stop, knew and hurried to the door. The old man stumbled into the room and laid his burden down before the fire as carefully as possible. As he raised his bent form, he glanced for the first time at the white, upturned face. With a smothered exclamation he drew back—all the bitterness and hatred of his being summed up in that one glance. The face was that of Arthur Baldwin.

“My God! to think I done it for *him!*!”

But already Mary Webb, too, had recognized her son-in-law, and disregarding her husband, was doing everything in her power to revive the slowly-flickering life. "Quick! the whiskey! In the cupboard, Jonathan!"

The old man mechanically obeyed, forgetting himself, forgetting his surroundings, forgetting everything but the fact that Arthur Baldwin was there—in his house, and that he hated him with all the power of his soul.

Mary Webb, glancing up from her place by the side of the frozen man, saw the face of her husband and read there the struggle going on within him.

"Jonathan! Father!" she pleaded; forgive him—Jinny loved him! And—and, Jonathan, it's Christmas, and ——"

Revived by the whiskey, the patient slowly opened his eyes and fixed them with a death-like stare upon the face of Mary Webb bending over him. Then there seemed to come over him a consciousness that his journey was ended, that this was she whom he sought. Trying to get his hand into his pocket, he was seized with a fit of coughing and gasped his last breath with the scarcely audible words "'Ginia's book."

Jonathan did as his wife directed. As he lifted the lifeless body a small book fell from the pocket of the dead man. Picking it up Mary Webb this time exclaimed aloud, for it was "Jinny's book," and on the fly-leaf the words: "For mother and father."

"Oh, see! Father! He did it for us. He brought us the book. He was coming to see us because it's Christmas! Oh! Father, forgive him! Father! Father——" and as the mother love of Mary Webb pleaded for justice in behalf of the dead man, the light of love—of forgiveness—of charity toward all men came over him—the spirit of the first Christmas was upon Jonathan Webb.

## Just to Be Loved by You

H. E. SPENCE

Just to be loved by you, Dear,  
Just to be loved by you,  
And there's never a moment chill or drear,  
Life's skies are always blue;  
The fragrance of the flower floats  
On every breeze, while the merry notes  
Burst from the joyous songsters' throats;  
The woodlands ring, 'tis ever spring  
When one is loved by you.

Just to be loved by you, Dear,  
Just loved, and that's enough,  
And the distant goal seems always near,  
Tho' the road be ne'er so rough;  
The city of rest on the mountain peak,  
Which the weary pilgrims forever seek,  
Is nigh, and the step of the stumbling weak  
Grows firm and sure at the aid and lure  
Of just being loved by you.

Just to be loved by you, Dear,  
And the ghosts of the gloomy night  
Are banished away with all their fear  
By the angels of love and light;  
Sweet solace comes to the heart that's crushed,  
The sound of a sob and a sigh is hushed,  
The shadowy room lies love-light flushed;  
'Twill scatter gloom and the dark illumine,  
This just being loved by you.

Just to be loved by you, Dear,  
    Though I never may call you mine,  
Will lighten my burdens and bring me cheer,  
    I'll never in grief repine ;  
Life's dearest pleasures I secretly miss,  
I long for the thrill of your pure warm kiss,  
But loving, just loving, will bring me bliss ;  
    Life's bright and sweet and joy's complete  
    In just being loved by you.

## The New England Mutual Admiration Society

ROSA VIRGINIA BRANCH

"Shall I not take mine ease in my inn?"

The New England Mutual Admiration Society, loved and cherished by all literature loving Americans, and known more commonly as the Saturday Club, had its origin in 1857, having among its members our greatest Poets, the famous Boston Gentlemen of the Renaissance. It is to American literature what the clubs of Johnson and the Scribblers are to English literature; although unfortunately there was no Boswell to record its golden hours.

Emerson, who was a friend, a brother, a lover, a teacher, an inspirer, and a guide, with two or three of his closest friends was accustomed to dine at Parker's Hotel, which they called "Will's Coffee House of Boston," and there discuss the literary topics of the day. About this as a nucleus grew, almost accidentally, but very fortunately for us, the famous Saturday Club, noteworthy for its long and interesting career.

Perhaps it would be well just here to state Emerson's reasons for such a society. "I need only hint the value of the club for bringing masters in their several arts to compare and expand their views, to come to an understanding on these points, so that their united opinion shall have its just influence on public questions of education and politics. A principal purpose also is the hospitality of the club as a means of receiving a worthy foreigner with mutual advantage."

The Saturday Club, in my estimation, fully accomplished that which Emerson intended for it to accomplish. The members met every fourth Saturday in the month in the most informal manner. They had no statutes or by-laws, were free from speech-making and loved each other with a love surpassed only by the love of family.

For fear you may have forgotten some of these Boston gentlemen, I will name the most prominent ones, including writers, statesmen and leaders in other professions: Emerson, Holmes, Whittier, Lowell, Longfellow, Motley, Hawthorne, Charles Sumner—the American Champion of Peace, William H. Prescott, Andrews—the great War Governor, William Hunt—the painter, I. G. Appleton, Dana, Whipple, Agassiz, Judge Hoar, Dr. House, Dwight—the leading musical critic of Boston, Pierce—the leading mathematician, and Fields—the editor.

These men wrote to each other frequently, talked of business matters, such as editing of magazines, gave or asked advice and if necessary aided each other materially. What is more humorous, what gives a better proof of sincerity and brotherhood than the exquisite way in which some of the members, led by Lowell, assisted Hawthorne when he lost his position in the Salem Custom House! They put their sympathy into action, a thing seldom done among men.

Because of the congeniality, good fellowship, love and sympathy which existed between the members of this society, at a time when such a thing seemed almost impossible, owing to the extreme individualism of the later generation and the lack of common ideas among educated men, it was called by an outsider, the Mutual Admiration Society. Hence the name and also the title of this paper.

Holmes, in the first pages of the "Autocrat," discusses this name given the club in derision, proclaiming it good; for men of real genius necessarily admire, associate and think highly of each other.

In this society of mutual admiration many of our modern American magazines had their origin; just as the Spectator grew out of that mutual admiration society of which Addison and Steele formed the centre. When one member would start a periodical the other members, when asked, would write for it continually or frequently, and in this way generally made a success of it.

Lest I might tire the reader, I will dwell only for a short while upon the writers who were members of the Saturday Club.

It must be remembered that when our chief poets were in their prime the problems of the Civil War confronted them, making their lives and political sentiments more open to the public and their writings more didactic than they would have been otherwise. They were all typical of the thought of their kin, neighbors, native towns, counties, states, and to some extent of the country at large. Their criticisms were valued more, by the writers of the day, than all other criticisms put together.

Emerson, as we have seen, was the originator of this famous club, and was, up until a few years before his death, an active and influential member. Lowell says: "We were still socially and intellectually moved to English thought till Emerson cut the cables and gave us a chance to the dangers and glories of blue waters." He was more admired than loved by his associates, because of his physical inaccessibility. Lowell, Holmes, Hawthorne and Longfellow thought of him as almost a divine being to whom they went for counsel. Lowell in his great poem, "Agassiz," speaks of him thus: "The face half rustic half divine," and again as "Prophet or poet, mystic, sage or seer." His delicious voice, fine sense, and wit seemed literally to charm the members at the monthly meetings; although he hesitated a little in his speech.

The most friendly feeling existed between these land posts of our literature. They read carefully each other's works with the spirit of jealousy absolutely abolished, they criticised thoroughly, taking pains to encourage further writing.

Just here it might be well to note several of these criticisms.

Longfellow, on reading Emerson's volume of poems, says: "Throughout the volume, through the golden mist and sublimation of fancy, gleam bright veins of purest poetry like rivers running through meadows."

Lowell wrote to Fields of Longfellow's "Wayside Inn": "I have been reading the Wayside Inn with the heartiest admiration. The introduction is masterly—so simple, clear and strong. Let them put in all their ifs and buts; I don't wonder the public are hungrier and thirstier for his verse than for that of all the rest of us put together."

Lowell's criticism of Longfellow's translation of Dante: "It is laid out on too large a scale. Mr. Longfellow is not a scholar in the German sense of the word, that is to say he is no pedant; but he certainly is a scholar in another and perhaps a higher sense; I mean in range of acquirement and flavor that comes from it."

Hawthorne pronounces "Kasanagh": "A most rare and precious book, as fragrant as a bunch of flowers and as simple as a flower. . . . It is entirely original, a book by itself, a true work of genius if ever there was one."

We notice in these criticisms nothing superfluous or harsh but everything just, honest, gentle and to the point.

Hardly does one mention the Saturday Club, but that there flashes at once in the student's mind the names of Lowell and Holmes, two mutual ardent lovers and members of this society. They called one another by their given names and all through life were bosom companions.

Holmes cherished even the thought of the Saturday Club when writing to Lowell and Agassiz abroad. He thought just to mention the society would make his letter interesting. He would tell them where this or that one sat and what was discussed at the last meeting.

Later, when this great scholar and humorist grew old and most of the early members were either dead or too old to attend, there is something extremely pathetic about his attachment for this society which still existed and yet for him was almost all a memory. Writing to Lowell, he says:

"I go to the Saturday Club quite regularly, but the company is more of ghosts than of flesh and blood for me. I carry a stranger there now and then, introduce him to the members

who happen to be there and then say: there at that end used to sit Agassiz; here, at this end, Longfellow; Emerson used to be there and Lowell often next him; on such an occasion Hawthorne was with us, at another time Motley, and Sumner, and smaller constellations,—nebulae, if you will, but luminous more or less in the provincial firmament.”

It is believed by many that the Autocrat's love and attachment for the Club was due to the fact that he travelled very little and therefore his whole heart and life were wrapped up in his own native metropolis and its welfare. He was to the Mutual Admiration Society of Boston what Johnson was to that Admiration Society of which he was the centre. Holmes was a brilliant talker, full of wit and humor, which made him at the monthly meetings always the central figure. No wonder it was hard for him to give up such feasts, such guests, such stories. On writing to Lowell he says:

“I felt like old Nestor talking of his companions of earlier days—divine Polyphemus, Godlike Theseus and the rest.”

Lowell, by reason of his various powers, his readiness and his position as editor of the magazine which mostly carried the writings of the Club, was a chief and principal member. He was a man of genius, wit and wisdom, eternally young and a very jealous defender of his club. When Ambassador to England in 1881, he wrote from the midst of London society: “I have never found society, as a whole, so good as I used to meet at our Saturday Club.” In his noble ode on the death of Agassiz he gives a vivid description of it; he sees there his fellow club-men, “immortal, changeless creatures of the brain” seated around the table, the departed one's chair alone being empty. There the mild and mellow Whittier, Hawthorne, “the November nature with the name of May,” Holmes, Emerson the philosopher, and lastly the soft-voiced quiet Longfellow, a most agreeable man upon whom it was pleasant to look, whose silence was better than many another man's conversation.

Hawthorne attended the monthly meetings quite regularly

and got as much enjoyment from them as he would have got from any literary companionship. He contributed to the Concord society quite unconsciously an element of both tragedy and comedy.

The scientist, Agassiz, was especially loved by Lowell, Holmes and Emerson, not only because of his genial companionship, but because of his scientific genius, learning, renown and delightful social qualities. Emerson speaks often of him, and Holmes and Lowell have both written poems in his memory.

A very interesting thing among these men of genius was their correspondence with each other, which I briefly mentioned in the first of the paper. They wrote to one another of anything that interested them or any other member of the Club, in the most free and easy manner. For example:

Whittier writing to Fields of Holmes: "I met Holmes for the first time last night at Haverhill. There is rare humor in him and I like him. I enclose thee a jingle of mine not published and therefore only for thy private reading."

Emerson to Longfellow, speaking of the proposed Club: "It seems to offer me the only chance I dare trust of coming near enough to you to talk. One of these days of poetry, of which when I read your verses I think I have something to say to you so you must befriend this good plan, etc."

Agassiz thanking Longfellow for a present: "I am as proud as happy for my present. Proud because it comes from Longfellow whom I admire, happy because it comes from Longfellow whom I love."

These extracts go to prove again the sublime congeniality, love, admiration and sympathy that existed between the chief members of this society.

The very fineness and exquisiteness of the pervading atmosphere of this society of Mutual Admiration far exceeds that of any mutual admiration that ever existed.

When I think of how they commemorated each other's birthdays in beautiful sometimes sublime verses, I feel that

they were not of earth but of a region suspended between earth and heaven. How good it must have made those men feel in their later years to hear on their birthdays verses commemorating their life and work with an underlying note of praise.

It would have been impossible for these men to have been entirely solemn; rather they were full of delicious humor. Holmes and Lowell generally gave the cause for laughter and all, even the most solemn, joined in heartily.

Not only was the Club beneficial, in that it brought the chief literary men of America together to criticize and discuss current events, but it brought out the more timid and bashful members. They would speak at its meetings when they would not speak anywhere else. Longfellow, at a dinner given to Agassiz before his voyage to Europe, offered his health, a thing he would have refused to do anywhere else.

I could talk unceasingly of the sublime companionship; for as I write, I feel as if I myself am at Parker's listening to those rare and brilliant conversations. But the echoes, which Holmes declared filled the walls of that Inn, have not completely died away, and vibrations of rarest personalities and companionships, re-inforced by the years, have reached us in all their beauty and sacredness, showering upon us the sunbeams of influence and lifting us to regions more sublime.

## Time Wreckage

N. I. WHITE

I, Time, have felled the dwellings of the Past.  
Stately and silent, wonderful they stood —  
White, marble grandeur, noble fancies cast  
In porphyry, and pearl and sandal-wood —  
I, Time, have felled the dwellings of the past;  
How little dreamed the builders that I could!

There — architraves and porticoes and aisles,  
Crumpled like shattered roses, too full-blown;  
Here — columns, cornices, and peristyles,  
Like harvest stubble, ploughed and overthrown:  
The avenue of ages, miles and miles,  
Is planted with the wreckage I have sown.

There lie the ruins — there where fell the tears  
From eyes all blue a-sparkle, overcast  
With sudden dread — where dust corroded fears,  
Forgotten crowns, and lost creeds lie, amassed  
With broken swords, and jagged clubs and spears:—  
Thus will I smite *your* buildings at the last.

## The Wanderer

JAMES W. BAIN

Allen Fulton was a soldier of fortune. He had drifted here and yonder over the world for a good many years, but his wanderlust never seemed to be satiated. But although he loved to wander, sooner or later he would come back home. He would go and be gone for a month sometimes, sometimes a year, but he would always come back home. He had no peculiar traits of character but this one—wandering.

So when, in 1925, the United States declared war with Japan, Japan having persisted in keeping her cruisers in Philippine waters, it was no wonder to his friends that he went. But before he went he did something that caused them a shock, it was so unlooked for. The night before he left he went to a neighboring farm to tell Julian Holt, the belle of the community, good-bye. This was something new for Allen; his friends did not know what to make of it. Of course, Allen had sweethearts, he had them all over the world, but this was something different. He always acted indifferently toward women, whether he felt indifferent or not, but for Allen Fulton actually to go out of the way to see a girl — well, his friends gave it up.

Allen left for San Francisco the next day, and sailed for the Philippines two weeks later.

The war was over in six months. Tokyo was in ruins, having been destroyed by the United States aerial fleet. Five of Japan's dreadnoughts were at the bottom of the Pacific, six miles from the terminus of the Panama canal. She agreed to stay forever out of the Philippine and Hawaiian waters.

The war had been over six months but Allen had not returned.

"Got another wanderin' spell," one of his friends had said, and all who knew Allen agreed.

But another wandering spell was not the trouble. When the Japanese were attempting an invasion of the Philippines, Allen was once called upon to deliver a message to the major-general, who was several miles down the coast. The message was not important and he was told to take his time. Night overtook him on the way and he applied for shelter at an imposing *hacienda*. The Spaniard, Don Sprando, proved a congenial, generous host. The Spaniard also had a daughter, young, beautiful, bewitching, so Allen spent a most enjoyable evening. The next day the message was delivered, but strange to say, Allen got started back so late in the day that night overtook him at the same place, and so he spent another enjoyable evening. Well, to make a long story short, as the old saying goes, Allen came again, and again, and again, and then some. He came to be a regular part of the week's program at the *hacienda*. So when Allen's regiment left after the war, he got transferred to one that stayed.

To abbreviate again, Allen and the Spaniard's daughter, Rosa, became engaged. Allen never knew quite why it came about, but it seemed to be the logical conclusion to the past year's events. But being engaged didn't bring a thrill of satisfaction over Allen, as he thought it would. In fact, it made him more restless than ever. Why, he didn't know. He didn't try to think too hard why it was. But the fact was, he was not satisfied and knew he wasn't. His soul was calling for home again, but Allen mistook it for his old restlessness of spirit, that had always led him away from home. But it was his old love for the home place that was stirring in his soul, it was that overpowering love of his boyhood home which had always, sooner or later, drawn him back. But one evening he found out what was the matter.

He was sitting in the portico of the *hacienda*, which faced westward, waiting for Rosa. It was near sunset, and it was a glorious scene, great bands of crimson and gold streaming across the sky, and dying away in purple haze toward the north and south. Allen had a soul which could appreciate

such a scene and he drank of its beauty to its fulness. In the distant harbor the tower and funnels of an American trans-Pacific could be seen, towering above the other ships in the harbor. Allen knew that she was due to leave for San Francisco that night at ten o'clock. As he thought of this, that mighty home call swept over him all at once, and it would not be stilled—he was longing for home and he knew it. The same call that had drawn him back from the plains of Asia, and the desert lands of Arabia, was calling him again, and he could not fight it down. It was not homesickness, but a love for his home which at times overmastered every other emotion and drew him back. But that was not all. Probably he could have mastered that in time, but Allen remembered one night, only a year ago, but it seemed to him as if it had been ages, just before he left, when he had gone to tell someone good-bye, a girl who had been his life-long sweetheart, though he had never given her or anyone else cause to think so, until that night when he had told her.

The sun was hanging just above the western horizon now, painting a long, red track on the sea. The track led toward the West, toward home. And as he looked down the long, blood-red streak toward the distant West, he saw, or thought he saw, the old home place, the big oak which grew beside his window, and under which he had played when a boy. Then came another vision, the face of a fair-skinned American girl, one that he loved, God knows, better than his life, almost better than his soul.

Through the open window could be heard the strains of a music-box which a servant had just started, playing some soft Eastern melody of love, and weariness, and longing. And as Allen glanced toward the great trans-Pacific, that would soon follow that red track into the West, his soul could stand it no longer.

A few minutes later Rosa came to the portico. There was no one in sight. She called, but no one answered.

A few hours later, out in the Pacific, a man stopped under

one of the deck-lights of the great ship and glanced over a slip of paper. It was his honorable discharge from the United States Army. Then he stepped to the forward deck and looked out into the darkened West.

At the same time, back on the portico of the *hacienda*, a woman sat leaning on the balustrade, her head buried in her arms.

## Individualism

R. L. FERGUSON

Among the many speculative ideas about man and his activities there is one bearing much import, which basely depreciates man's individuality. In this cold-blooded, scientific age man has come to be regarded as a sort of peculiar product of his own times, a being tossed hither and thither by the influences of circumstances and environments, and whose destiny is ruled over by the unrelenting hand of fate. A theory has been advanced that it is the age in which a man lives, the problems with which the public mind is grappling and the pressing necessity of the settlement of these problems that mark the rise of our greatest leaders and determine the respect with which future generations shall revere them. Such decrees have gone out from many schools of thinkers and philosophers, and age after age has handed down these theories with all the force of ancestral heritage; but it is my purpose to denounce such low and materialistic views of nature and the creature of God's own image.

It is not astonishing, however, that this false tendency should dominate the mind of our present age, when we consider that we are living in the midst of the most wonderful scientific discoveries and most marvelous mechanical inventions of the world's history. The revelations that have been made concerning the gigantic sweep and grasp of natural resources are indeed miraculous; the marvelous transition from the period of the stage-coach and the sail-boat to the reign of the locomotive as it dashes across a mighty continent in its mad onrush to rob the age of time and space is beyond the most sanguine human expectations. All this we should and do recognize, but let us not forget and attribute these immeasurable advances of progress, and this incredible march of civilization to the age in which they occurred or the circumstances in which they were surrounded. Was it not the

individuality of Eli Whitney which seated "King Cotton" on his throne many years ago? Was it not the ingenuity and inner researches of Robert Fulton that has made it possible for Europe to become our next-door neighbor, and for Japan and China to reside to the rear of our back-yard? Natural law and materialism have their mission to perform, but man should not give them absolute and unconditional sway over his inner life and consciousness; for there is something within a man that individualizes him. As Emerson says, "One should watch that gleam of light that flashes across one's mind from within more than the luster of the firmament of bards and sages." There is something within a man's life that makes him an individual unit within himself, and a something more than a mere atomic part of this stupendous mechanism which we call our race. It is the aspiring, the ambitious, the overcoming part in man, that which revolts against being bound down by limitations or restrictions.

Do not misunderstand me. I do not deny the fact that individuals are continually imitating others, even from their childhood up. Our race is one mass of imitators, and our age is built up largely by following in the footsteps of its predecessors. Be it far from me to maintain that the innocent babe, fondled by its mother's gentle caresses, does not imitate its mother's example, or that the stripling lad does not in a measure idealize every action of his father. But the very fact that father and mother are unconsciously robbing the child of its individual integrity of thought and action goes to make up one of the greatest maladies of the age, because the future destiny of our country depends largely upon the individualistic trait and power of the inner man, a power which has too often remained grossly uncultivated by the overlenient attitude of father to son. The law of life in America today should be that every man should speak from his own moral, independent, judgments, and that individuality of thought and action should be the dominating feature of man's existence. But this standard is far from perfect, and we do

not wonder, since there has never been a time or a society in the history of man in which the individual emerged from the mass in noticeable multitudes. It has always been the individual here and there who asserted his rights of conduct, took command of his conscience and ignored the base practice of imitation. Imitation is not for the strong, but for the weak; not for the individual, but for the mass. If imitation is the law of life in America today for the strong as well as for the weak, then we are indeed impoverished and the time of decline is near at hand. If imitation is the foundation upon which great men are built the prodigious personality of Phillips Brooks would fail to be the pride of his posterity. It was that inner voice speaking to him from a divine source that gave him that unbiased humanitarianism, filled him full of civic righteousness and enabled him to discern that the American nation was consecrated to the onward march of civilization and the vindication of human rights.

This view that man is the product of his times has found its way into the minds of critics and historians who are repeatedly reminding us that Homer was the culmination of a glorious Grecian period; that Dante was the incarnation of the Middle Ages, and that even Oliver Cromwell was the direct production of an age in which Puritanism prevailed. I admit that this is a most agreeable idea to entertain, but when you take a man like Cromwell and fling him heartlessly upon the dissecting table of analytical criticism, and subject his character to a most learned and careful examination, attributing this element of strength to his rustic life and that to his ancestral lineage, that most royal line of Scotch Stuarts, and labeling still another as the product of the Puritanical government that so characterized the age in which he lived, you fail to get the Cromwell of whom we speak today—the defiant Cromwell, who dictated decrees to parliament, “placed his foot upon the neck of kings,” who carried into execution the purposes and plans of his own individual, indomitable will, and annihilated the allied forces of the

royalists with the tremendous sweep of a master's hand. And did he reach this zenith of power and influence on account of the age in which he lived or the circumstances and environments which he found about him? No. It was through that inner something, the greatest thing in every truly great man's life, which is the very element that transcends limitations, denies the sway of circumstances and marches triumphantly above the forces of time and place.

No man achieves greatness whether he will or no. It was the pebbles in the mouth of Demosthenes that gave rise to the mighty orator of ancient times, and the well-stocked pigeon-holes of Daniel Webster enabled him to peal forth in tones of reconciliation upon a tottering nation. It is the toilsome grind that accompanies the burning of the midnight oil that gives rise to the scholar. A hero takes out of life just what he puts in it, and so it is with you and me. If anything grand and ennobling is to be made out of life we must make it for ourselves for we cannot expect circumstances to map out an illustrious career for us. If Shakespeare was really the expression of a glorious English civilization, so was the fool that jested at the banquet of Henry VIII. The difference lies in the independent value of the two. The fool made puns because he aspired to nothing more lofty, and the explanation of the greatness of King Lear, Hamlet, or Othello, lies in the individual worth of Shakespeare's genius, and not in any characteristic of the age in which it was produced.

Movements do not make men—men make movements. What some men are pleased to call great movements, or currents, in any field of activity, is nothing but the rapid succession of great ideas put into effect, and these great ideas spring from individual men. What was the cause of the great French revolution? Here we have a stupendous movement and a marvelous group of brilliant men appearing simultaneously before the French multitude. Which was the cause and which the effect? Voltaire, Rousseau, Mirabeau, Dan-

ton and others of that type had ideas of a radical nature. They taught the people and the result was a national upheaval of world-wide importance. No one will be so thoughtless as to deny the fact that it was not the ideas of individual men which produced this bloody outburst. The forces of rebellion were dying out, when suddenly there appeared on the horizon of the battlefield a youth of strength and ability; he seized the ravelled strands of power that hung loose at every corner of the empire, united them into one stronger cable, and the whole world trembled. As he stands absolute monarch of practically all Europe, the cry goes up, "See what the French revolution has done!" and the whole world reverberates the echo, "Behold the work of Napoleon!" But still there are those who would have us believe that such men as Napoleon and his contemporaries were merely creatures of their own time, which called them forth, and they did nothing. Alas! Had this been true the immortal works of ancient Greece would not be a demolished ruin, and Rome might still be the undisputed mistress of the world.

Life and power, that inner heritage which God hath bequeathed to every individual, and not "waves of civilization" or "currents of influence" are the all-important factors in a man's make-up. From the earliest times man has been given dominion over all things, and he who seizes his right of sovereignty and defies the "waves of civilization," by transforming shapes with the use of the crude material within his grasp, and by planting himself in the very face of circumstances, becomes a man such as Martin Luther was when he appeared before the "Diet of Wurms" and stood "full square to all the malignant winds that blew." Rather than sacrifice his principles he preferred, as did old Savonarola, to stand one man against a world of men, and vindicate his cause ultimately, with the never dying words "So help me God, I neither can nor will recant, for it is neither right nor just for one to act against one's conscience." Luther heard the voice of his own self, speaking from within, and it had for him more potency

than a world of voice, issuing from popes, potentates, or regents, because to him the voice of his own highest self was indeed the voice of God. And so it is with the career of all great men, whether it was such a voice that stirred the spirit of exploration within Columbus's breast, and pushed him across the dark abysmal Atlantic, or whether it was such a voice that rung within Livingston's ears, arousing him from a seat of ease and quietude, and ushering him into the black jungles of Africa, where he bore the sweet message of Jesus and His love to a benighted, ignorant and sin-sick race, or whether it was such a voice that came to Dante bidding him sing the unsearchable of his own soul, or that enabled Wordsworth to reach down to "perennial deeps" and "take rank with heroic men" as a "giant original man." It is when a man has caught the full significance of the fact that the "kingdom of truth is within him" and pertains not to the externalities of life, that he can realize the true dignity and full worth of his own personality. It is when a man has dipped to the bottom of the streams of life that flow from his inner soul, and realizes that there is an external nature that sanctions all of his discoveries within that he ceases to be a mere slave to any man's thought. It is then that he feels himself clothed with authority of interpreter of the facts and phenomena of the world about him. When a man sees himself in this light a transforming force wells up within his being, circumstances yield to his grasp and assume new shapes as he wills.

When a man has this exalted conception of the high place, which he in the providence of God is privileged to occupy, he begins to seek within the well-springs of his own soul for the truths which he, and he alone, can give to the world. It is then that he prostrates himself before the voice within him and awaits the "thus I say" of his own conscience. And so, let us have no more of this base talk of circumstances, but with the independence of thought and action, for which I am pleading tonight, and which is so characteristic of the American people today, let us make a new way for humanity, bring

freshness and health into the stifling air of the world, and our hearts will burst forth in humble praise and thankfulness to God, for the dawning of the triumph, of the triumph of the individual through his own personality.

---

---

# Editorial

---

---

## PEACE AND GOOD WILL

From out the pages of the great Hebrew Book comes again the message of peace. Once more a large part of humanity is turning to the story of the Christ-Child, and finds itself repeating, "Peace on earth good will to men." How strange it seems that men for two thousand years have been repeating these words which they have not found practicable to translate into their lives. Let us think but for a moment on how many lips peace rests but in how few hearts it can be found. Authors write of international peace while statesmen order the enlargement of national navies; a few statesmen appeal to the higher instincts of their peoples that justice and not the sword shall decide between state and state, but editorial writers must rise in righteous wrath at the dishonorableness of arbitration. What our sense of right demands must give way to what our economic needs force us to. Italy needs a land for her surplus population, and human life is shed to wrest Tripoli from Turkey. Germany believes it absolutely necessary to find an open market for her products and she stands today a nation of armed camps. Girt with armor and the sword the world powers are ready to enter the fray — when will the signal be given?

The spirit of distrust and jealousy that fetters international comity finds an equal in the antagonism between labor and capital. Perhaps much of our Socialistic literature rests ultimately on a desire to bring to pass an economic order which will eliminate forever the bitter "bread and butter strife" from human society. Yet much of our discontent with present economic conditions rests on mere ill-will, a feeling of hostility to the successful men, that begrudges them

what they have earned. A goodly number of these malcontents have vowed an uncompromising warfare against those who have. Strikes that paralyze the hands of industry, resort to violence that is destructive of property and life itself are looked upon as fair and wise means for helping the working man. Industrial peace appears as dreamy a vision as the federation of the world.

That the feeling of ill will in man for man may be kept alive we resort to other agencies. The blood of the Caucasian calls aloud, the play-wright exclaims, that Anglo-Saxon supremacy be maintained. The inalienable and God-given right that the white man has to rule should make it plain that the emancipated negro was a curse to the South. Those who would extinguish the flames of racial prejudice and hatred, those who seek in education a peaceful settlement of what can be made an aggravating problem are denounced as the enemies of this precious Southland of ours. And when we hear of no race riot we hear of a massacre of Jews in Russia. Cramped and lashed into the Pale they are made a sacrifice for all classes. As Jews they are enemies of the Greek church; as merchants they are the exploiters of the agrarians; as thinking people they are enemies to the house of Romanoff. Six millions of human beings are subjected to a fearful grinding down by the mighty, but still the world prays for peace.

But in spite of all this the thin small voice that comes across to us from the little land on the Mediterranean will not down. There lived one people whose lives were colored with the true longings for peace. Peace was the highest ideal of the race. Their great social statesmen and dreamers looked forward to the time when each would be happy and at peace with the world. The sinful man cannot be at peace with his conscience, the greedy and unjust man cannot enjoy the grace that comes from peace, nor can the wronged man enter into its joys. It is no wonder then that those who so longingly desired peace should have striven to establish a

kingdom upon justice and mercy. So ingrained was this conception of the beautifulness of peace that the ordinary salutation among man was "Art thou at peace?" "Thine are we David, and on thy side, thou son of Jesse, peace be unto thee and peace be to thine helpers." Not upon military prowess did they believe that national greatness rested, but upon the righteousness that brings peace between man and man.

And so when the divinely inspired Isaiah, in words that will live as long as man will read, sung of the Messianic period he made at a time of universal peace. But it was not in his nation alone that the feeling of good-will will be of force. All mankind shall be swept with a new ideal. "Peace, peace, to him that is far and to him that is near." Nations that are inferior through ignorance and superstition, individuals that are bound in chains of suffering — all shall be brought into the clear light of the days of peace.

The West is yet to learn of the significance of this ideal, and make it a vital thing in its soul experiences. Without it civilization is harsh; without it culture is but a formal dress; without it our lives are raw. Until we shall have lived through the genuine feeling of good-will and peace, until our conduct with others, whether as a nation or as individuals, rests firmly on this conception, we shall be but as children of the darkness that cannot find the light. It is only when this spirit shall transform mankind that society will arrive at universal happiness and universal justice. As a condition of righteous and happy living peace must take possession of our lives. That in its long and tedious journey upwards mankind may have a light to guide its footsteps, the holy men of the great Hebrew Book sing to us the songs of peace. "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace."

### THE FORTNIGHTLY CLUB PRIZE

The editors of THE ARCHIVE wish to call the attention of the students of the college to the prize established by the Fortnightly Club. As an organization devoted chiefly to the study of literature and the encouragement of literary production in the college, it feels it can aid in such encouragement by offering a prize to be awarded to that student whose creative contributions to THE ARCHIVE shall be considered by a committee of competent judges to be the best. Both the amount of work done by the contributors and the quality of their work will be taken into account. Contestants are not limited to any one particular field of literature, but may offer in competition poetry, story, or essay. The announcement of the winner as decided upon by the judges selected from competent men outside the college community will be made some time during Commencement.

The Fortnightly prize is in no way a competitor of the Braxton Craven medal. The latter is offered for the encouragement of scholarly work in some phase of knowledge, while the former will be awarded for excellence in original, creative literature. That more men in the college may exert themselves in writing, that the lot of the editors may become easier and more pleasant, that the strongest contributor may receive some formal recognition for his labor—these are a few of the motives of the Fortnightly Club. It is to be hoped that the first and third of these wishes, at least, will be realized, and although the Club has not dared hope that the offer will call forth an hitherto unknown genius, it has reason to believe that it will serve as a stimulus to those who are conscious of the value of such recognition.

---



---

# Wayside Wares

---



---

## “CHRISMUS GIF’!”

“Chrismus gif’! Wha! ha! he! he! he! Yass’m, Miss Mary, hit’s yo ol Aint Lida. De Lawd be blessed, chil, eff’n yo ain’t gettin’ purtier evah day, Miss Mary. Youse sho got ter be a fine woman,” and my old maiden aunt,—the last one of the family which had owned Aunt Lida as a slave, and the last of those who had been raised under the tender touches of the wrinkled black hand, ushered the old negro woman in from the cold to a seat by the fireside.

“Yass’m, missus, dey tells me dat hit’s sho done roll eroun’ ter Chrismus time ergin. It’s a hawd time on us poh foks, Miss Mary; dey ain’t no mo good ol time Chrismus; but I’s thankful—thankful foh life en healf. Purt nigh all de ol niggahs is dyin off, en I reckon ez yo ol mammy wont see another Chrismus. Lawdy, chil, I oughter be er happy ol niggah, de good Lawd’s sho ben merciful to dis poh sinner. Jes look at de days when yo wuz a tiny li’l gal. Why I rikolects de fust Chrismus yo evah saw, way back yonder at de big place. Massa hed all de boys ter pile mo logs in de bahn den dey evah wuz de lak befoh, en he kep dat fyah blazin in de big fyah-place fo more’n a week. Yass’m, dat wuz yo fust Chrismus. Nn de mawnin Mars John hed dis ol woman ter bring yo up ter de fyah-place en hep yo see what Santy Clause hed brung yo. Sho’s youse alive, hun, dey wuz mo purties lyin roun dah,—en up nex ter de mantel dey wuz one ob yo li’l stockin’s wid a rattle en de purtiest doll baby, all dressed up wid silk en fine lace stuff. En I rikolects ez how Marse John he called dis ol niggah off to de side, sorter confidential lak, en tol me dat I hed tuk kyah ob yo moughty well, en how I mus alluz look arter yo, eben ef he want roun

hissef. Hit make yo ol mammy kinder sad to heah Marse John tawk dat way, en I promis faithful ter watch ovah yo long ez de good Lawd give me bref. En den massa gib me a bran new dress. Sho's yo bawn, hun, dey want none o dem niggahs nowhyah in mah class. But times is changed, Miss Mary, times hez sho changed. Hyah youse ben lookin arter dis triflin ol woman all dese yeahs when I orter ben tukin kyah ob yo. De Lawd bless yo missus foh bein good ter yo ol black mammy."

"Why Lida, you dear old soul," cried Aunt Mary with a smile, "your memory is leaving this world faster than you are. You've told me that same story a half dozen times." But she went out of the room then, and when she came back a few minutes later with a big country-cured ham for aunty, I noticed that my dear old aunt had been crying.

"De Lawd be praised!" cried Aunt Lida on seeing the ham. "Why Miss Mary dat sho ain't foh me. Yo knows dat I want spekin no Chrismus gif; but bless yo haht honey, yo ain't forgot yo ol mammy, is yer honey? Yo sho ben good ter dis ol niggah, en ef yo evah gits ez ol ez I is, de good Marstah tek kyah ob yo lakwise. I ain't gwyin ter be hyah much longah. De nex Chrismus mought fin dis ol woman ober Jordan, lisnin ter de singin ob de angels; but de Lawd knows dat dey ain't no angels could a ben sweetah ter yo ol mammy den whut yo hev, honey."

The good old time darkey left a little later, and as the tender old black face smiled another "Merry Chrismus, missus" at the door, I thought that with the passing of the negro mammy the old South would pass away, and with the old South the old Southern Christmas. Yet, with all its grandeur, it was only one kind of Christmas,—the kind natural to the times. There are still happy Christmases, and will continue to be as long as there is love, the family, and the open fire.

## CHRIS'MUS EN MYAH BONES.

NATALIE HUGHES TUCK

Whan de sno' am in de forest  
 An' de winds am whistlin' "oo!"  
 Den I kno' his's tim' fer Cris'mus  
 Kaze I feel hit thru' an' thru';  
 Fer myah hart thumps hard an' harder  
 Whan I hyar de banjo play  
 An' myah bones dey jes' er longin'  
 Fer ter dans' twel crack o' day.

Chune yo' banjo, scrape yo' fiddle,  
 Play dem chunes yo' level bes'.  
 Knock yo' feets an' drink yo' brandy,  
 Dar ain't stoppin' tim' fer res'.  
 Wid dat banjo blad er ringin',  
 Cut er pid'jun wing er two,  
 Kaze yo' jes' kant stop dat dansin'  
 Whil' de back log's burnin' thru'.

## AN ESSAY ON PIE

*m. g. white.*

A DEVILISH COMPOSITION BY THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

You have heard, no doubt, my friend,  
 Tale on tale without an end,  
 Showing how the hearty farmer loves his pie.  
 Which but shows that Reuben's taste  
 Ain't been formed with undue haste,  
 Which I guess no decent Christian would deny.

And you've heard how politicians  
 Make a grab in all conditions  
 For their sweet and juicy mal-odorous pie,  
 Which might well have been expected  
 Long before they were elected,  
 Since all men delight to grab—but you and I.

But you've never heard a printer  
Cussin' like he'd run a splinter  
    In his finger, 'bout another kind of pie;  
All of which goes to show  
What a sight of folks don't know,  
    And the same which ain't by no means, any lie.

That the worst pies ain't always the ones that gives you  
the worst stomach ache—some of 'em causes a heap of present  
agony, but the worst causes agony Hereafter.

---

---

# Editor's Table

---

---

Often we have heard of the materialism that is warping our modern life and drying up the sources of poetical and other inspiration, leaving only those motives that tend to increase the commercialism, which modern Jeremiahs press down upon the brow of citizens of the world. I am not familiar enough with modern literature, nor with literature that has stood the test of time for that matter, to be able to sound any note of optimism, as a political expounder might say, which might tend to show that we are stemming the current mentioned, but from reading the magazines that have come to THE ARCHIVE table during the past month I cannot help from feeling that there is an increase in the amount of creditable poetry being produced among the college students of to-day. Perhaps it is my own lack of knowledge of what has gone before, which makes me take this view, but I can say that for the past three years (four including this one) I have been a cursory reader of college magazines, and I believe that the quality of poetry contained in them is improving.

The citation of a few instances of this will better show my meaning. *The Sphinx*, from Stamford College, Texas, evidently has one contributor, at least, who is moved by a high poetical inspiration. "V. J. G." has two short poems in the October number of that magazine which deserve especial mention: "Retrospect" is good, but "Lullaby" is better:

### " LULLABY "

" Hush thee, Babe, the silver dew is falling  
    Upon the sleeping roses by the gate;  
The golden-throated oriole is calling  
    A slumber song to lull to sleep his mate.

The brightest stars are nodding, Babe, and bending,  
 The darkling shadows creep along the skies;  
 The starlight and the silver moon are blending  
 A fairy curtain for thy heavy eyes.  
 The morn will wake the stars from sleeping,  
 And every little bird within the glen  
 Will sing his sweetest song when day is peeping.  
 Hush, thee, Babe, till they shall wake again."

*McMaster University Monthly* publishes several pieces that will bear a careful reading. In the October number "The Return," by Amy Campbell, is especially good, while "The Merry Nun" in the November number is a clever and successful imitation of the old ballad style. Outside of its poetry, however, not much can be said for this periodical. Its make-up is not marked by any attractive blending of the various departments of composition, though, typographically, it is one of the best that I have read.

*The Brenau Journal* for November publishes two acrostics, one "Brenau," and the other "Thanksgiving," which show fair skill and understanding. *The Brenau Journal* is, besides this, noticeable among Southern magazines, and especially the magazines published by women's colleges for an attractive assortment of fiction. "Thanksgiving" will be interesting reading:

The frosty winds of Autumn  
 Have swept the hillsides bare,  
 And soon the drifting snowflakes,  
 New-born, shall chill the air;  
 King Winter's reign will triumph,  
 So "speed the parting guest"—  
 Give thanks for all good fortune  
 Into Nineteen-Eleven pressed.  
 Victorious o'er many foemen  
 In peace secure we dwell;  
 Now yield a glad thanksgiving —  
 God rules, and all is well.

In the November *Mercerian*, J. J. Sizemore has a very attractive ode, I suppose it might be called, "To Point Look-out." The grandeur of the old mountain and the spirit it

calls up in the breasts of all who behold it is admirably set forth in these lines. The closing stanza follows:

“ Long as the stars above thee shine,  
 And quiet waters flow;  
 While birds and bees and flowers combine  
 Thy beauteous grace to show;  
 While Tennessee’s translucent tide  
 Shall pass beneath thy shade,  
 So shall our love, Old Mount, abide,  
 Our hearts on thee be staid.”

Perhaps the most beautiful poem in the November magazines is contained in the *University of Virginia Magazine*. The title “Twilight Song,” and the lines, create within one’s imagination that most beautiful period of the day, just as the world is sinking into darkness and the sounds of toil are taking on the distant tone that constitutes the charm of Tennyson’s “Far, Far Away.” The poem reminds me strongly of Sidney Lanier, whose poetry is replete with the same imagery that characterizes the piece which follows:

“ Come, Sweet, away, the day is done,  
 The sun hath sought the Western Sea,  
 The crimson clouds are growing dun,  
 The grey of sky and soil is one;  
 Come, Sweet, away, the day is done,  
 The sun hath sought the Western Sea.

“ The South Wind croons a twilight hymn,  
 A twilight hush is on the world;  
 The dead leaves float like seraphim  
 Down forest pathways cool and dim;  
 The South Wind croons a twilight hymn,  
 A twilight hush is on the world.

“ The day for toil, the night for sleep,  
 And twilight for a lover’s tryst,  
 Where aged oaks their vigils keep,  
 And baby-fingered ivies creep;  
 The day for toil, the night for sleep,  
 And twilight for a lover’s tryst.”

There are many other things in the November magazines besides the poetry that I should like to mention, but space

does not permit. The more noticeable among these I hope to be able to take up in the next issue of THE ARCHIVE. The following magazines, besides those mentioned, have been received: *Davidson College Magazine*, *The Whitworth Clionian*, *University of Oklahoma Magazine*, *The Criterion*, *The Florida Pennant*, *Randolph Macon Monthly*, *Dahlonaga Collegian*, *Black and Gold*, *Winthrop College Journal*, *Boononian*, *Emory Phoenix*, *Georgian*, *Roanoke Collegian*, *Trinitonian*, *Wesleyan*, *Guilford Collegian*, *Clemson Chronicle*, *Sage*, *University of North Carolina Magazine*, *Haverfordian*, *Ivy*, *State Normal Magazine*, *Buff and Blue*, *John Marshall Record*, *Wake Forest Student*, *Red and White*, *Emory and Henry Era*, *Gibsonian*, *Athenian*.



# The Trinity Archive

---

---

Volume XXV

Number Four

---

---

## MANAGER'S NOTICE

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the college.

Changes may be made in advertisements by notifying the Business Manager.

This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students who we hope will see fit to subscribe, and thus continue their loyalty to their *Alma Mater*. If you do not wish to become subscribers, please notify us at once, or the magazine will be sent to you during the year. The names of the old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

Subscription: One year, \$1.25; single copies, 15 cents.

---

---

## EDITORIAL STAFF

E. J. LONDOW	- - - - -	Editor-in-Chief
W. G. SHEPPARD	- - - - -	Associate Editor-in-Chief
MARY LOOMIS SMITH	} - - - - -	Literary Editors
W. E. ELLER		
F. S. BENNETT	- - - - -	Wayside Wares
J. N. AIKEN	-- - - -	Editor's Table
R. G. CHERRY	- - - - -	Business Manager

---



---

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

---

### LITERARY DEPARTMENT

January (Verse).....	<i>Quinton Holton</i>	159
Tricked by Cupid (Story).....	<i>F. B. Brown</i>	160
The Robbers (Verse).....	<i>Mary Yeula Wescott</i>	167
Ye 'Prentice Turned Alchemist (Story).....	<i>N. I. White</i>	168
Viewpoints (Verse).....	<i>E. L. Jones</i>	174
The Passing of the Old (Story).....	<i>Nettie Sue Tillett</i>	175
The Will-o'-the-Wisp (Verse).....	<i>N. I. White</i>	181
Southern Industry and Educational Ideals (Essay).....		
.....	<i>E. J. Londow</i>	183
The Voice of the Night (Verse).....	<i>Natalie Hughes Tuck</i>	190
Honor at Stake (Story).....	<i>Walter Glasgow Sheppard</i>	191
She Walks in Sadness (Sketch).....	<i>Florence Freedlander</i>	197

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT ..... 199

WAYSIDE WARES ..... 203

EDITOR'S TABLE ..... 207

# The Trinity Archive

---

---

*Trinity College, Durham, N. C., January-February, 1912*

---

---

## January

QUINTON HOLTON

Silent, soft, the snow-flake, flutter fast.

Hush'd are the whitening woods; the sleeping pines  
Have ceased to sway, where crooning winds have passed  
To still unsceptered oaks, where now reclines  
A hue of leaden sky instead of cast  
Of vernal freshness or autumnal signs  
Of royalty. The songsters silent rest.  
The moody brooklet boils in muddy lines.

But still there's music in the out-of-doors:

The very silence sweet, harmonic rings.  
Or rabbits' flight and whirl of snow-birds' wings,  
A fluttering symphony, atone for scores  
Of songsters. Snow-clad plantdom hopeful sings,  
And from a thousand throats the anthem pours.

## Tricked by Cupid

F. B. BROWN

### I.

John Burke thrust his note-book aside and walked out upon the porch. The sun was just beginning to dip below the horizon, and the whole sky was tinged with its golden splendor. The Oconu Lufty sparkled and shone under the last rays of light, as it rippled merrily along down its rock-strewn bed. Across the river, the shadow of the coming night was creeping slowly up the wooded slope; and the giant trees were bending to and fro, as if to wave a last farewell to the departing sun.

On the porch sat old Phil Daniels, his chair balanced on two legs and tilting precariously, while his own two legs were thrust over the plain banisters to their full extent (which was no small distance).

"Well," said old Phil as John appeared in the door-way, "are you tired of writing?"

"Yes, I am tired! Daniels, I've got the blues. I don't believe I'm going to succeed in my task of writing about this place; or about anything else, for that matter."

"Tut! Tut! What's the matter lad?"

"I don't know what's the matter. It seems that I can't find anything interesting enough to write about among these Indians. Everything's so dull around here."

"Dull?" Daniels spoke with a peculiar smile. "Dull?" Why lad, look at that river, with its clear, glittering waters, with its foaming rapids and its quiet pools; look at those towering hills; look at those grassy valleys; look at that blue sky, and those fleecy clouds; look at that sun-set; look at those dark, waving trees on the slope across the river. Dull?"

"Oh! You don't understand. The public don't read descriptions in these modern days. People now want romance. They want originality, quaintness, quick action, novelty!

Why, there's nothing unusual about these Cherokees. You teach them here at this school to be like Americans; and like us they are! The public wants a story of excitement. Where's anything exciting about these easy-going people? Or energy of action? They hardly have energy enough to open their mouths when they talk. Bah! Give me a Cherokee for laziness!"

"So you see nothing interesting or unusual about them, eh? Couldn't base a love story on Indian life at Yellow Hill, North Carolina, I suppose?"

"Love? Pshaw! I don't believe there's such a thing as love in existence among these mountains."

"Well, John Burke, you say there is nothing strange or unusual in the customs of these Indians—then tonight I shall prove your belief false. You say there's no possibility of love up here—I'll prove that's wrong! Tomorrow you yourself may be in love!"

"I! I fall in love? And here? Why man, I'm a confirmed bachelor—a woman hater, if you please."

"Very well, we'll see."

John sat on the top step and glared moodily at the Oconu Lufty until the call for supper came. As he and Daniels entered the dining room, he re-opened the previous conversation.

"Daniels, how do you think you are going to change my mind in one night?"

"I can't, unless you promise to do as I say. Will you?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, we go to the Indian dance in a few minutes. Tomorrow there is to be a game of Indian-ball, and tonight the players who are to represent Yellow Hill will hold a preliminary dance. I'll guarantee you something unusual, and something exciting. As for love—well, Travis and his niece from the Eastern part of the State are going with us. Will you go?"

"Certainly I'll go; but don't begin to think you'll win your bet about my falling in love, now Daniels. I don't

know Travis' niece; but I'm immune, I'm love-proof. Cupid might assault my heart all day long and never make the least impression."

"Ah! But you may be tricked by Cupid. He's a wily little personage, you know."

"Pshaw! I'm not afraid of his wiles," concluded John, as both men rose from the table to make ready for the coming trip.

## II.

The big government wagon from the school stopped before a little hut that faced the river. Phil Daniels called out lustily, and a man and a girl left the house and came towards the wagon. Cheery greetings rang out; the new arrivals boarded the wagon; the whip cracked; and again the lumbering, rolling wagon went on.

Of course Travis and his niece (they were the new arrivals) were at once introduced to John Burke; and from that very moment Burke began to undergo a subtle but certain change.

Travis shook hands in a bluff, hearty manner that made John feel good; and then came the introduction to Mildred. What a small, small hand she had! Involuntarily Burke held it rather longer and squeezed it rather harder than was absolutely necessary under such conditions; but then, surely it was excusable, in this land of Indians, for him to set high value upon the touch of such a hand as hers, even though he was a woman-hater and took no pleasure and delight from such proceedings.

Mildred had a pretty voice, too; unusually pretty, Burke thought; and he sat and listened to its tones in morbid silence, and began to wish most heartily that he liked women. But he didn't like them! That fact was settled, so let it pass!

For an hour they rode, enlivening the time with an occasional snatch of song or bright repartee. But Burke did not join in the gaiety. He sat silent and still and wished, in spite of himself, that he liked women.

“Well, we’ll have to walk from here,” said Daniels, jumping down and beginning to unhitch. “Help me take these horses out, you gentlemen, and we’ll be ready in a jiffy!”

Travis and the two professors from the Indian school who had come upon the trip went to his assistance. Mrs. Crost, wife of one of the professors, and Mildred jumped down, too, and watched operations from the roadside.

Now it so chanced that Burke knew nothing of harness and horses; and so, not being desirous of getting in the way, he persuaded himself that the best thing for him to do was to stand by the roadside and look on. This he proceeded to do; and lo! by some unforeseen concurrence of events, he stood by the side of Mildred! And how firmly and fixedly he turned his eyes upon her. Perhaps he contemplated murder, for he hated women. No woman ever attracted him. Yes, his dislike for them was undying!

And yet, he remained at Mildred’s side, and hid his hatred and dislike as best he could. Surely he plotted dire things within his heart! If not, why that straight, steady gaze?

At last the horses were unhitched and tied by the road; the blankets and all loose accessories of the government wagon were hidden in a clump of bushes; and all was ready to go on. Daniels, Travis, and one of the professors led the way, and Crost, with his wife, followed. Necessarily, then, the duty of escorting pretty Miss Mildred Travis fell to the lot of John Burke.

O fate so dread, O doom so dire:  
To help a lady through a mire!  
Unhappy lot: a maid to push  
Through much-entangled underbrush!

Those four lines express Burke’s feeling at the beginning of that walk; but later—

They walked on for about a mile together; and lo, when they at last approached their destination, John Burke found himself speaking in a manner that was strange to him. He was making all kinds of gallant remarks, was calling his

companion by her first name, and was praising her every sentiment and thought; and all in such a peculiar, low, soft tone! He was beginning to believe that he might possibly be persuaded to like women some day, after all; and he was just preparing to impress that fact on Mildred, when suddenly they came upon the dance-hall of the Indians.

In a space which had been cleared of under-brush and rubbish, two large fires were burning brightly, lighting up the surrounding woods with a soft, red glow, and casting flitting, phantastic, ghostly shadows here and there, which changed fitfully and strangely with the changing blaze.

About one fire crouched the squaws, one of them with a little papoose strapped to her back in its Indian cradle. They were silent, ominous, sternly stoical, and sat there staring mutely at the braves, who were gathered about the other fire.

And the braves, about the second fire, were no less silent and stern than the squaws. Those who were to play in the game next day stood, barely clothed, with their backs to the fire, looking vacantly before them and apparently oblivious to all that passed about them. Their well-distributed muscles showed plainly beneath the bronze skin, bespeaking their heritage of health and strength from an ancestry of vigorous manhood. How warlike, how like their fiery ancestors did they seem! One might almost expect them to seize bow and tomahawk and rush forth to battle, inflamed by love of blood and joy of predation.

John and Mildred were held spell-bound by all this. Both had been reared in North Carolina; but such a sight as this, neither had supposed might exist within its borders. They were as two fellow-countrymen in a foreign land; and naturally they drew closer together, and spoke in lower, more confidential tones.

Then, at last, the dance began. If the scene had been unusual and weird before, it was doubly so now. This was the scene: a dozen warriors, brandishing the ball-sticks and circling about the fire with a slow, silent cat-like tread; now and then breaking the monotony of a continued, lowly-mur-

mured chant, by a wild and reverberating shout, which rolled on and on across the hills, and was lost!

It was certainly a scene to shatter nerves and dishearten courage itself. At any rate, so Mildred considered it; and she did not hesitate to voice her feelings into the receptive ear of John Burke.

Now Burke was a gentleman; and, although no lady-lover, he was at least chivalrous. He could not bear to see anyone so frightened; and accordingly, deeming, perhaps, that his own body was highly charged with courage and that the human hand was a most excellent conductor, he took Mildred's hand within his own, and held it there. It was nothing but true gentlemanliness, of course, which prompted him to do this; for he hated all women, and Mildred, alas, was of the female persuasion.

It was, in all probability, this hatred of all women that caused Burke to squeeze the small hand that he held in his. Undoubtedly he was attempting to crush it in order to appease his hatred. But he did not succeed in his cruel designs, for an answering pressure came back—a light pressure, but firm; a tender pressure, but one that changed Burke's hatred for women into something very different.

How long did this continue? Let  $x$  equal the length of time. To what did it lead? Let  $y$  equal it. How much did they see of the Indian dance, afterwards? Let zero equal it.

And now for the most peculiar thing about the whole affair. When the party boarded the wagon and started for home, Burke and Mildred were seated side by side; and, most wonderful circumstance, he held her hand; and again, much more wonderful circumstance, she did not seem to know it!

All the way home they talked, very quietly; but their tones were louder than they thought. Once Mrs. Crost, up in front, distinctly heard the word "love" spoken in an undertone by a masculine voice. This alone was of no consequence, for Mrs. Crost knew Burke was a woman-hater; but when, a little later, she heard the same male voice engaged

in arguing vehemently against receiving an answer in the negative to some mysterious question, she began to have her own suspicions. These suspicions were by no means allayed when she heard a feminine voice murmur "y-yes!" and the long interval of absolute silence which followed did not, in the least, change the opinion of Mrs. Crost.

### III.

Burke and Daniels stood in the hall of the Indian school, each holding a lamp above his head.

"Well, good-night!" said John.

"Good-night," replied Daniels; and then added: "But wait a second. Have you found anything interesting among these Indians now? Have I won my first bet?"

"Yes; your first bet is safe."

"How about the second?"

"Er-er-well-er, the fact is-er-I've been tricked by Cupid!"

"Then I win. Good-night!"

## The Robber

MARY YEULA WESCOTT

One came, as flies a bird across  
A stormy, raging tide  
And bides a moment ere it tempts  
The waiting Other Side,

Who told of lands with tropic sun,  
And far off arctic snow,  
Strange tales of life and love and death  
By foreign water's flow,

And left, if e'er to come again  
I know nor when nor how—  
But O he took my heart with him,  
I would I had it now!

## Ye 'Prentice Turned Alchemist

N. I. WHITE

So you would have a story, ye great lusty lads, would ye? Nay, but I am no story teller, and ye can read—go read that wonderful romance writ by our great and good Sir Phillip Sidney, or get your grandmother, who is more scholarly than I, to tell you how the ships of our good Queene Bess so bravely routed the Spanish galleons. *My* romance? Your grandmother says—? Now out upon thee for a traitor, Ruth, after all our years of true and happy wedlock, thus to set these enemies upon me!

Would ye think, lads, that a graceless mercer's 'prentice could ever strike a shrewd blow for England? Well, thy grandfather did e'en do so, though in troth I must admit that 'twas not so much for the love of this England of ours (for I fear me I was too wild and harum-scarum an apprentice ever to care much for Bluff King Hal, or e'en for our beloved religion, which was then hardly begun in England) but 'twas done for a pair of merry, mischievous blue eyes, the brightest countenance, and the fairest golden-brown hair—ye are smiling, lads, at an old man's enthusiasm, and your grandmother is blushing, so why need I describe what you may now see before you, fully as beautiful as then, for all that the hair is now silver and the years have stolen some of the mischief from the eyes. But I am as long about my story as I fear ye think some of our worthy divines are with their discourses, and the night is waxing away towards bed-time.

The time of apprenticeship with Master Timewell, the mercer, had almost come to an end. I had served him well, though I make no doubt he thought me unbearably inquisitive, and full of mischief and pertness, as indeed most London 'prentices were; yet methinks I was his favorite, and I had resolved to ask a very great thing of him. Many a time, in the last two years, had I walked out on the London streets

with our master's daughter, Mistress Ruth, and when an East cheap 'prentice made some pert saying, I would stare him so fiercely that he must either desist or take a trouncing from me next day. And I had noticed her merry, happy ways about the house till I was fallen very deeply in love with her. So that one day after dinner, before beginning to cry our wares to the passers, I walked up to my master's counter, and very awkwardly, swinging my cap with one hand and playing with my doublet with the other, asked him for his daughter's hand. Ye see, lads, how bold we London 'prentices were.

My master was at first greatly astonished that I should think of such a thing, then he became both amused and angry. "Avaunt, you graceless scamp," he shouted, "before I have you flogged. Marry Ruth? Why she hath been betrothed since she was a child, to the son of our rich and worthy Alderman Hadley. Besides, Roger," he continued more kindly, seeing my hopeless look, "though I say not that thou might'st not make her a better husband, thou art too young and couldst not support a wife. Now if thou wert an alchemist and hadst found the philosopher's stone—" he continued humorously.

"Wilt give her to me if I find the philosoper's stone?" I asked foolishly, much dazed both at my own boldness and at my master's rebuke, and yet doggedly and stupidly resolved to attempt anything for the sake of the merry sparkle of Ruth's eyes.

"Why yes, sirrah," he cried, his face all a-grin with amusement, "and thou hast still two years in which to find it." And with that he left me.

That night I stole out and went to the house of a Spaniard who I had heard some of my fellow 'prentices whisper was practicing the black art. I see you start, and well ye may, for 'tis a bold thing for a man to meddle with the black art, but many a man is suspected of being in league with the Evil One when he is only seeking the philosopher's stone or the elixir of life, through the high science of alchemy. Yet had I been certain that this Spaniard was in league with

the Evil One, still methinks I would have consulted him, so reckless was I in the attaining of my object.

The Spaniard had an English companion, to whom I made my request. He smiled in a slow, cruel kind of way, and pretended to be considering. That smile, lads—ugh! I have seen wars since then, but even now I can feel that smile like the slow thrust of cold, silent steel. When he spoke he said in a sharp voice that it was plain love could e'en make fools out of sharp London 'prentices, since here was one who expected in two years to obtain what the great philosophers had vainly sought for many centuries. With that he roughly bade me begone.

But the other hastily interrupted him and led him aside, speaking much of "usefulness," and "hard work," as I could faintly make out from what I heard. So finally the Spaniard told me that I might learn from them the noble science of alchemy, would I but bear my share of the hard labor, which their work was now requiring. But it must be kept very secret, and I was only to come for two hours each night after dark.

I wished to be taught at once, so I was led down into a stone basement, where there were ranged on a shelf so many and such curious phials of liquids that I was, in troth, much amazed. The air was filled with heavy and penetrating fumes, which frightened me somewhat, but not nearly so much as some of the deeds which I saw the Spaniard perform. Indeed, lads, with mine own eyes I saw him boil copper and quicksilver together in a vile-smelling acid, and when the foul, reddish fumes had cleared away, the copper was all silvery!

There were many strange colored philters ranged about the shelves, and on the floor were boxes of fine charcoal, brimstone, and a white, salty looking powder. By this time I was not so frightened, and as I stood with my back to a box of black grainy powder I slyly stole a handful and hid it in my doublet.

They were enlarging their cellar, and showed me an ex-

cavation which had been begun behind a curtain, and which they said was under the courtyard. I wondered why they had lied to me, for I knew from the passing up above that we were right under the street. They told me that this must be finished in two days, as they were in great need of the room, and that I must return the next night and help them labor on it.

As I was leaving their noisome hole, I spied a monk's cowl in a corner, and the Spaniard told me with a dark look that it was sometimes safest to wear holy clothing while working with the Devil's instruments. So I quickened my pace towards the fresh air. They walked to the door with me in silence, but just as the door was closing methought I saw the Englishman turn quickly to the Spaniard and say something which sounded like, "Now, Father, shall we catch Boleyn the sooner," but 'twas very indistinct, and I was not at all sure.

When I reached home I found my master was awaiting me. "Where hast thou been sulking so late o' the night?" he demanded angrily. "Methinks 'twere good for thy ribs to cud—"

But while my master was threatening, I had been thinking that 'twere best for me to get rid of the stuff I had stolen, lest he should discover it. I had just dropped it in the ashes when there was a great flash, and the room filled with smoke. My master was greatly frightened, and sprang back so hastily that he fell over a table, and broke a costly pitcher of Mistress Timewell's. When he recovered he grasped me by the shoulder. "'Twas gunpowder," he cried, "Where dost get it, sirrah? Dost not know 'tis a deadly crime to steal?"

Thus was I forced to tell my master all I had done. As I was telling it he became more and more excited, and when I had told him about seeing the monk's cowl and hearing the name Bullen, he stopped me.

"Gunpowder—secret excavations—disguised priests—'tis a strange riddle. And Boleyn—? B'our Lady, 'tis the Lady Anne Boleyn, who doth pass that house every time she quits

the court to visit her mother, Lady Howard! Roger, thou scamp, thou hast made a great fool of thyself, and didst well deserve to have been seized by the Devil when thou wert so near him in that foul and ungodly cellar. A nineteen year old 'prentice to be seeking the philosopher's stone! Yet thou hast discovered a thing which might stand thee as well with King Hal."

I see ye seem to marvel much, my lads, that anyone should seek to do injury to so beautiful a lady as was Anne Bullen, and thereby ye do betray that these loose-boned, shanky tutors do bestow more pains upon thy backs than upon thy minds. Ye must know, then, that at this time our King Hal was seeking a divorce from Queen Catherine, that he might marry this same Anne Boleyn. But the pope would not grant it, and what with his love and stubbornness, (being a true, but violent Englishman, and not such a beast as one would make him out to be), the King, as I say, seemed likely to tear England away from the Pope, but what he would gain his end. So the church might well wish this Anne Boleyn removed, and in troth, when put to the torture, this Spaniard did later admit that he was striving for the Church (being himself a priest) under the direction of a certain zealous Loyola, who hath since founded that stern order which hath been such an enemy to our faith.

When my master reported this plot the next morning, the King sent a guard of his own halberdiers to arrest the murderers, and also had my master and myself summoned to his presence. First he heard my master's story, and then made me repeat my adventure.

When I had finished, he burst into a gusty fit of laughter, and his great bulky shoulders shook with mirth, "And so are our saucy London 'prentices turned philosophers, Ho! Ho! Methinks thou must stay with the court."

"Sire," ventured my master, going down on one knee, "I say it for the lad's good, but dost not think 'twould turn his head?"

"Methinks the executioner will turn thy head, sirrah,"

shouted the king; then, seeing my master's paleness, he added, "Nay, I was but jesting, Master Timewell. My stout Londoners are too much worth for the executioner. And perchance thou wert right—we will instead hand him over to one of our knights for squire."

"And now, Sir Alchemist," he said, turning to me, "whence this great desire for the philosopher's stone?"

Emboldened more than usual, I began to tell him my love for Ruth, but he interrupted me.

"And shalt have her, too, when thou art older," he cried. "How now, Master Timewell?"

"I would nothing better, Sire," answered my master, "but she hath been betrothed—"

"Break the troth!" roared the King.

And ye know, lads, that King Hal did always have his way.

## Viewpoints

E. L. JONES

A young man stood facing the West.  
Listless and lifeless he watched  
The changing splendors of a setting sun—  
Swiftly the day had sped its course,  
Too swift for work or gain—  
Blue changed to gold and gold to grey,  
“And after that the dark.”  
No morrow saw he, but only a night,  
Grotesque shadows and unreal shapes.  
No kindly star foretold a coming day—  
No hope stirred him to strive and wait.

An old man stood facing the East.  
Gladly and eagerly he watched  
The shadows breaking before a rising sun.  
Swiftly the night had sped its course  
Bringing its rest and sleep,—  
Black changed to grey and grey to gold,  
And after that the morn.  
No night saw he, but only a hope,  
And promise of another day,  
A song on his lips and joy in his heart  
For the tasks and work of to-day.

## The Passing of the Old

NETTIE SUE TILLET

It was not a pretentious church steeple. Indeed, I am sure you would never call it a steeple now. It did not tower nearly so high as the stately old oaks in the church yard,—the old oak that has stood there nobody knows just how long. Yet, it was the glory of the district, and more than one of the church members would have proudly told you that he attended “the church with the steeple” had you asked him where he worshipped. It was weather-beaten and gray. A solemn-toned bell hung within it. Everything about it was old and sacred.

While the night wind was rustling through the branches of the stately oaks, and while you were nodding before your fire, a little moonbeam was quickly stealing its way to the church steeple.

“I have come, dear steeple,” murmured the little moonbeam, lovingly embracing the old church, “I am alone tonight. My brothers have gone to other places. I left one to play with the little spring that ripples through the forest yonder. Several others have hurried away to the old school-house to gambol and frolic. Many, many others have gone into the city that lies beyond the silver-topped hills yonder. But I preferred to come to you, dear steeple, and spend my time quietly here. I always want to come to you.”

“I am glad that you have come to me, little moonbeam. We have passed many a peaceful night together and I am glad that we shall be together tonight. I watched in vain for you last week, and I was often of half a mind to quarrel with the dark and heavy clouds that concealed you. The sky has been very, very gloomy, and so have we. Many things have happened since you were here, little moonbeam, many, many things.”

“And sad things too,” whispered the night wind to the tall

oak that stood back of the church. The oak's wide branches shaded the graves in the church yard, and one rested about the church steeple, and was listening now to the moonbeam and the steeple.

"Yes! Yes!" sighed the tall oak in reply to the night wind.

"Sad, sad things," moaned the solemn-toned old bell that hung within the steeple.

"What sad things, pray?" asked the little moonbeam in alarm. "I have heard of nothing sad, nothing at all. Was it for this reason that the heavy clouds hid you from me? But everyone isn't sad. On my way here I peeped through a window and saw a happy fireside. The old folk were talking cheerily of better, richer times, and everyone was happy. Yet you say sad things have happened this very week."

"And so they have, little moonbeam; so they have," answered the church steeple. "Whose hearth did you visit? I could point out a sad, lonely one that would make your heart moan. I'll dare say you saw that one on the hill yonder which looks toward the city far beyond,—the city of which you often tell us."

"It was that very one, but why do you ask me?"

"Well, it is just this man who has brought in the trouble. The artist said he was to blame. He said this man was avaricious and wished to turn us all into money-making objects. He said he had no love for any of the things about here and wanted to change everything. I am sure the artist was right. This man loves none of us. Only a few Sundays ago he was complaining of me, and said we were weather-worn enough and out-of-date, and he was getting tired of looking at us. His mother was married right here, and his father, and grandfather rest in our churchyard! I have never taken to the man, and I am quite sure the artist is right. Any way it is he who brings this horrid, bustling monster through our home,—our home that has always been dignified and staid and quiet and old. Why even when young Cash brought his race horse here, I remember how offended I was whenever he rushed along the road out there, and many a good soul

was also. But to think of this huge monster that rushes along faster than the fastest race horse,—to think of this thing rushing along our road, the old road that is nobody knows how old.”

“Yes,” interrupted the night wind, “I know, At least I remember the big road was there. This was once a part of the forest.”

“So do I. I remember long before it was there,” said the little moonbeam.

“Well this thing goes down by this road and on out through the forest and on I know not where.”

“But what is this horrid, bustling monster you spoke of? In all my travels I have never seen one unless you mean a lion,” said the moonbeam.

“The artist called it a railroad,” said the tall oak tree.

“A railroad? Well a railroad isn’t a monster. Ha! ha! ha!” laughed the little moonbeam, “a railroad a monster, ha! ha! ha!”

“It isn’t a railroad anyway,” said the steeple, “and the artist called it a horrid, bustling monster that would spoil all the quiet and solitude of the place and upset everything.”

“Oh, you must mean a train. However, they are not monsters at all,” and the moonbeam laughed again until it was quite provoking. The night wind laughed a little too but very quietly. “Trains are not monsters. The artist did not mean they were really monsters. In the city out beyond the hills yonder many rush in every hour. They are friends to man, and man himself made them. Now he can’t get on without them. They are very, very useful. People must really have them. And was the artist sorry that you were to have one? Oh, it will be the making of the place. I remember many another little country seat that has become a flourishing city because of them. But perhaps the artist is right. I really believe there is more happiness in the poor little country seat.”

“The artist said just that. He said that soon strange people would be hurrying here and buying our land. Strangers care nothing about our ancestral forests, our rip-

pling brooks. They do not even care for the church where people have worshipped year in and year out before them, nor the old school house in which many a happy youth has sat. The artist said everything would soon change."

"When did this railroad get here? It could not have been built in a day nor a week, and yet you haven't told me anything about it before, and I haven't seen it yet. You used to tell me everything," complained the moonbeam.

"It was only a few days ago that we knew anything about it. The oak happened to be looking toward the storehouse, and soon she called to me that she was seeing strange things. Tell the moonbeam about it, please oak," begged the steeple.

"I saw many people riding up and was curious to know what was happening. The crowd gathered near the store. When I looked closely I saw a new road which lay near the old road. I was naturally shocked. I had never seen such a one before but now I know it is a railroad. The people for miles and miles around were there. There were the gray-headed, the crippled, pale, peaked-faced invalids, and all sorts of people. Many of the faces were strange. Suddenly they all began to shout and cheer, and then this horrid monster, for we thought it was a monster then—this train as you call it, came rushing in, and stopped; but soon it rushed out again, on through the forest and out of sight. My! how startled we were and how frightened! How we wished for the artist to come. I had not found him in the crowd. We wished for him still more late in the evening, for as the people passed along the road to their homes I heard some of them saying mean things about our good old artist. They laughed at him, and said he was impractical, out-of-date, and was a dreamer, some even said he was half crazy, and that he was opposed to everything that would improve the village."

"Why were they talking thus about our good old artist?" asked the moonbeam angrily. "And you did not stop them, as much as the artist loves us and honors us. We are on almost all of his pictures. I saw another one of them last month. There was the church with the steeple, and the tall oak, and all the churchyard. Snow was over everything. My

mother was looking down from above the trees, and many moonbeams were scattered around. We are on many of his pictures which I have seen."

"Yes," said the steeple, "I am sure he loves all of us. Often when you are not here, moonbeam, he brings his pencil here and sketches something about the churchyard. Only last Sunday he was sketching the grave of his wife out there. He has done it often before."

"I have seen him often peeping at us from his window. He loves the moon too. He loves us all or he would not stay with us so much and talk to us if he doesn't," said the night wind.

"The men said he was crazy because he didn't wish the train to thunder through the place, and I agree with him in not wanting it," said the steeple. "Ah! he was very sad when he came here last. He said he had attended the village's funeral that day, and ours especially, the village in which he had lived so quietly and peacefully. Ah! I remember well when he came from the city years ago, a weary, worn-out youth. How gladly I watched him brighten and become happy and young again. We were friends from the first and he has often told me how much more he loved me than his fine church that was far away. He passed many a quiet Sunday morning in my precincts, and often he has walked here in the twilight, and all of you have seen him at night. On Easter mornings he always greeted me early as he did on Christmas day. Little moonbeam, don't you remember how merry we were the night after he married the pastor's daughter?"

"It was indeed a merry night. My mother was just peeping over the hills when I left you!"

"It was a happy time, but when he came with his young wife into our presence, his face was radiant. Alas! that it must end so soon."

"Yes! we weren't very happy soon after when his wife had been buried near my feet. I will never forget the first night she rested there. The artist came and sat by her grave

until the parson came and took him home. How quiet he was! That was long ago," murmured the oak.

"I remember it well, and we all know that he has passed many another night here." The little moonbeam wanted to hear what he did not already know and was growing impatient. "Please finish your tale before my mother calls me."

"Well," began the night wind, "he had not been here for three days as the steeple and oak told me, and so the other night I went to his window, and there he lay on his bed with a feverish brow. How I longed to cool it, but I was shut out. Last night, little moonbeam, I went again, and he was dead."

"Yes, he is dead," said the steeple quietly, "and I am glad that he will not have to hear the noise of the trains and see the changes which he said would be, but can rest peacefully in the churchyard here. But as you leave, little moonbeam, steal into his room and kiss him goodnight for us all here in the churchyard, as you have often done. And now you must soon be leaving, for your mother is about to sink beneath the hills yonder."

"Think of his last words," sighed the oak, "He said the church would soon be torn down, and a great stone building stand here into which crowds would come,—crowds of irreverent people he said. I would fall and be moulded into part of a building. Our quiet old roadway yonder would soon be crowded with noisy throngs, he said; and the quiet summer evening spoiled with the blow of factory whistles, and many trains would come and go every hour in the city that was soon to be here. After all it can never be the same since our artist is gone."

This conversation ended when you were fast asleep in bed on a night that was long ago. The churchyard is changed and most of the artist's prophecies have been fulfilled, but you still carry in your soul a picture of the churchyard as it stood long ago; and sometimes, even now, when you are dreaming you think of the grey-haired old artist whom you met once at twilight as he was quietly going from the churchyard to his lonely home on the silver-topped hill.

## The Will-o'-the-Wisp

N. I. WHITE

In the swamps by a new-made river,  
When the virgin earth began,  
I danced, with a glow and a quiver,  
In the sight of a hairy man;  
I fled as he followed after,  
Hard-muscled, clean of limb,  
And I laughed at the raucous laughter  
That the far chase stirred in him.

Breasting the reeds by the river bank,  
Buffeting through the sedge,  
Bogged in the reaches vast and dank,  
Winning at length to the edge;  
Over the high, sun-blistered ground,  
Skirting the hot hillside,  
Laughing aloud in a joy new found,  
He followed, till he died.

But his son took up the chase anew  
And the son of his son's grandson,  
Striving in vain for the light I throw,  
Which never a man had won;  
And some I lost in the clinging mire,  
And some won through to the plain,  
But they all ran fleet, with a hot desire,  
And none of them thought it vain.

And so have I danced since the world began  
Through all the troublous years—  
I've seen the Egyptian faint as he ran,  
And his sob smote on my ears.  
I've led the chase for the Ninevite;  
I've lighted the Jew in the mist;

And I've seen the Greek, exhausted quite,  
Soul-weakened, fain desist.

I've led the Roman a perilous chase,  
And distanced him at the last;  
I've danced at the Frankish market-place,  
And rode at the Viking's mast;  
I've wearied the Arab, harried the Moor;  
And gleamed on the donjon keep;  
But ever they follow me on as before,  
And ever they fail, to weep.

But ever as long as the youthful men,  
Shall leap afresh to the chase,  
Shall brave the heat and the noisome fen,  
In the sheer, fierce joy of the race—  
So long shall Progress, un-forspent,  
Sweep onward, stride for stride,  
With a soothing hum of music, meant  
For the First who Sought, and died.

*For some have called me Happiness,  
And some have called me God,  
And some the High Ideals, that press  
God-beauty from the clod;  
But all were wrong, yet partly right,  
(So dim is the Truth ordained)  
For the flickering Light of the primal night  
Was the Soul of the Unattained.*

# Southern Industry and Educational Ideals

E. J. LONDOW

---

## I. THE OLD SOUTH

Henry Watterson has thus epitomized the story of the South since the Civil War: "She was poor and in bondage; she was set free, and she had to go to work; she went to work, and she is richer than ever before." That the South has prospered, that her wealth has increased, even such a sceptical historian as Professor Hart declares as unquestionable.<sup>1</sup> In 1880 fifteen Southern States produced \$660,131,452 in foreign products, in 1900 \$1,271,654,273; in 1880 they manufactured \$457,454,777 worth of products, in 1900 \$1,463,643,177; in 1880 the South was traversed by 20,612 miles of railway, in 1900 by 52,594. Figures alone can give no adequate notion of that new activity that has permeated the nervous structure of this section. A transforming spirit is felt in every nook and corner of the South. The rapid growth of mills and factories, a steady tendency toward town life, an impatient demand for transportation facilities, the application of improved methods to agriculture—all but indicate in a small way the economic process that may be justly called industrial revolution. Those who are familiar with early movements toward industrialism in the states south of the Mason and Dixon Line may reject the word revolution as applied to Southern development. Whatever, on the other hand, was begun by way of industrial activity in the Old South, and whatever might have been continued had not the Civil War intervened, the South economically prostrate had to start anew after Appomatox in the struggle for existence. Little short of revolution could have trans-

<sup>1</sup> Hart—"The Southern South," p. 232.

formed that poverty-stricken country of 1865 into that strenuous, teeming, rich, and hopeful empire of 1911.

Whether the new economic life of the South is the result of revolution or not, the fact remains unchanged that its character is not what it was before the War, nor even what it was two decades after Appomatox. The vast changes that have taken place must have, as all historical transformations, brought along with them new sets of problems, new public questions that concern the people. An era without problems, without ideas, is unknown. The old South stood for definite ideals, it is claimed, and those ideals, it is further argued, were the result of the peculiar system that made the South what it was. So it can be argued the new South has new ideals, new hopes, new problems, though just as her economic life cannot be called correctly a new phenomenon, cannot be completely detached from the older order, so the social life of the new South is colored with the spirit of the Ante-bellum civilization. In these papers I shall be concerned with attempting to show how the new economic order differs from the old, and how the industrialism that is becoming the character of our material activities is gradually affecting the educational ideals of the Southern people.

In 1900 the value of Southern manufactured products was \$1,463,643,177, while the value of farm products that same year was \$1,271,654,273. In 1860 the aggregate capital invested in factories was \$175,100,000, while the cotton exports alone that year amounted to \$202,741,351, in value.<sup>2</sup> If the South today is not a manufacturing section, it certainly was agricultural before the War.

Agriculture, it must be admitted, never absorbed all the attention of the Southern people. In domestic manufacture were made even in the early days of the settlers many of the articles necessary for home use. The family spinning wheels and looms were kept busy continually by the women, while the men made flails, presses, baskets, wagons, and tanned

---

<sup>2</sup> Edmonds—"Facts About the South."

hides. The iron industry in Virginia and the Carolinas seems to have commanded the attention of many enterprising men such as the father of Washington, whose iron works were located in King George County, Virginia,—a state that was said to have eighty-eight charcoal furnaces and twelve rolling mills. In 1810 Tenche Coxe, the shrewd observer, placed North Carolina in the second place as regards the number of “Bloomeries.”

The event that halted the continuation of this industrial tendency was the invention of the cotton gin by Eli Whitney in 1791. Every school boy now knows the immense advantage that this labor-saving machine gave to the Southern planter, before whom there now opened an unlimited field of agricultural enterprise. In 1790 4,000 bales of cotton were raised, in 1796 20,000, in 1800 80,000, in 1820 300,000 bales.<sup>3</sup> What a story is told in these figures. How feverish was the haste in which Southerners rushed to supply the world with cotton. The cultivation of the fibre had become profitable: this fact itself explains the economic life of the South for several decades. For cotton, manufacturing was neglected; for cotton, the plantation system making possible production on a large scale was introduced; for cotton, little attention was paid to the growing of other commodities; and for cotton, slavery became part of the organic structure of the South. That rapid development of the South West, that movement from the exhausted lands of the upper South, those eternally famous debates over slavery, the Constitution and the extension of slavery—what were all these but incidents in the life of King Cotton.

To cotton all other industries were subordinate. It is true that when several decades of that mad development in both cotton production in the South and manufacturing in New England had passed, the interests in manufactures began to reassert itself in the Southern States. Thus the census of 1840 showed that in North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Tennessee there were about 120,000

<sup>3</sup> In Edmonds' "Facts About the South," p. 44.

spindles in operation, and in nine Southern States about seventy thousand tons of pig iron were produced out of a total of almost 300,000 tons for the whole country.

But in vain such clear-headed thinkers as De Bow pointed out that the South was naturally adapted to the manufacture of her cottons, and that she was losing considerable wealth in paying transportation to and from European and New England mills. The remedy, earnestly pleaded one writer, for the South's dependence is "for the planters themselves to resolve that the cotton mills should be brought to the cotton fields." Knowing the Southerner's ideas in regard to sectional political balance, Senator James of Rhode Island wrote, "The relative political strength of the South must continually decline or rather that that of the North will increase in the greatest ratio until the South shall adopt some methods besides that of agriculture to remedy the difficulty."<sup>4</sup> The need of diversification of industry was felt by some to be equally as urgent in agriculture. Professor De Bow of the University of Louisiana, delivered a masterful oration in 1850, in which he tried to convince the Agricultural Society of Louisiana that the Southern people had committed a great crime in exhausting the soil of the Eastern States; that crops must be diversified; and that the people must be given education, and particularly scientific agricultural training.<sup>5</sup>

The voices that were raised in behalf of such progress were but few and the progress that was made was not radical. For awhile all energies were bent on improving methods of transportation. The state government spent lavishly on canals, roads, and railways, so that "by 1869," we read in "Transportation in the Eastern Cotton Belt," "every province of the South, east of the Mississippi had been put in railway communication with every other province and with the outside world\*\*\*\*\*And yet in the larger aspects that system was a source of weakness and a failure. Transportation is not an end in itself. In the South the greater purposes were

---

<sup>4</sup> De Bow—"The Resources of the South and West," Vol. 1, p. 233.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 71.

not accomplished. The building of railroads led to but little else but the extension and the intensifying of the plantation system, and the increase of the staple product. Specialization and commerce were extended when just the opposite development towards diversification of products and economic self-sufficiency was the real need."<sup>6</sup>

And so the South, we can conclude, was a staple producing agricultural section. Depending upon money crops, and ignorant unenterprising labor, the South developed with capitalistic methods the plantation system. The dominant type was the planter with a considerable number of slaves which was an outgrowth of a "need of meeting the world's demand for certain staple crops in the absence of a supply of free labor and which depended on a large extent of soil."<sup>7</sup> The successful, dominant type was the planter who had invested most of his capital in his slaves and who usually lived on the prospects of a successful crop. Though he represented a class which formed on an average but a fifth of the general population—less than 30,000 persons, for instance, out of a population of 750,000 in the Alabama of 1850 owned 335,000 slaves—he dominated not only economically, for the poor whites' productivity was of little moment, but also politically.

His system made him an efficient manager of large productive agencies. He was not an idler, but knew every detail of his business. His mind was employed and thus burdened by studying the world as the market for his goods, and those tremendous political problems that shook the nation to its very foundations. Any interference with the status at home he knew must come from a broadening of the interpretations of the American political system. Foreseeing the storm, he mastered the theories that lie at the source of government, and with all the impetuosity, the intensity, the fearlessness that marked his later career as a soldier, he threw himself into politics. Political power he sought in

---

<sup>6</sup> U. B. Phillips—"Transportation in the Eastern Cotton Belt,"—pp. 19, 20.

<sup>7</sup> W. M. Daniels—*The Atlantic Monthly*, for March, 1911.

order to prevent, to check the forces that were aiming at the Southern order. The planter thus became the defender of his section, the bold, combating exponent in the Halls of Congress, and the keen, strong moulder of public opinion at home.

Whether it was a question of profitably disposing the crop, or whether it was a question of debating national expansion and its influence on Southern institutions, the great demand was always for leaders. The West today with its agricultural commonwealths and its interest in politics is no less eager for leaders than was the Ante-bellum South. Even from the middle class, and it was large, young men of exceptional abilities arose, and became public leaders. We are not surprised, then, that public speaking was popular: The orator was the legislator, the educator, the defender.

It is not strange, therefore, that the educational ideal of the old South was training for leadership. The church, for instance, needed eloquent leaders, and the numerous colleges that were established all over the South by such churches as the Methodist Church were ably supported because they had accomplished this purpose. To provide for the boy whose ability marked him for an exceptional career, a proper schooling and training was deemed necessary. This does not mean that no common school existed, that no provision was made for the education of the masses, but it does mean that the main concern of the education—aside from teaching the elements of knowledge and religion—was to train the youth into strong cultivated, God-fearing, men who could become mouth-pieces of public opinion.

The idea in state education, again was to supply necessary political leaders of the nation. The higher state education that was so well begun in such universities as North Carolina busied itself with the instruction of the noble classics, philosophy, and golden oratory, by which their students could become polished, gentlemanly leaders.

When Governor Johnston in his address to the legislature of North Carolina in 1736 urged the need of an institution

to "polish the minds of young persons with some degree of learning\*\*\*\*\*to inspire youths with generous sentiments, worthy principles, or the least tincture of liberality,"<sup>8</sup> he was expressing the educational ideal of the South for almost one hundred and fifty years. It is not for us to criticise this standard. To the younger generation the scholar-planter, the scholar-statesman, the scholar-soldier, and always the scholar-gentleman will ever be held up as a model. What seems true, however, is not that the system was a failure but that it was not democratic, as we understand the term today. Whether that aristocracy was based on birth or not, education was for the aristocrat. And this means, further, the male aristocrat, for as one writer expresses it, as it was impossible for a woman to be a statesman or a churchman she was naturally overlooked in the educational scheme both of the church and the state.

Education in the South, it seems, was a matter of luxury. A trip abroad, a subscription to a leading journal were comparable to sending of the young son to college. Family pride, and even a desire for cultivation were no inconsiderable motives. But there was no pressing economic motive for any other system of education. The main principles of cotton cultivation were not very complicated: at least few felt the need of elaborating them. Cotton was the South's monopoly; and whether it was a paying institution or not, the Southerner felt it was profitable. The teaching of scientific farming, industrial arts could have no place in his education, for no particular need for them was recognized. The men who directed public affairs, the men who molded public opinion, were either planters themselves, or men whose interests it was to adopt the planters' views, and their ideals, we see, were but the reflection of that peculiar economic order that dominated the material life of the Old South.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

---

<sup>8</sup> "History of Education in North Carolina,"—p. 21.

## The Voice of the Night

NATALIE HUGHES TUCK

When the wind blows over the oceans of blue  
    Laden with fragrance—soon,  
And the world is white  
    With the softening light  
    Of the stars and the silent moon,  
Then it seems to me that they sing of you—  
    A message from you is blown  
    When the wild wind sings  
    Of unknown things  
    In a gentle, saddened tone.

When the wind comes over the oceans of blue  
    Laden with evening dew,  
When the tree-tops sway  
    In the twilight gray—  
    He sings to me of you.  
His song grows low—I long to go—  
    To go where my heart has flown,  
Where the night wind sings  
    Of ancient things,  
    A voice from the vast Unknown.

## Honor at Stake

WALTER GLASGOW SHEPPARD

### I.

"Well Everett, are you fellows ready?" cried Judson Kamon, as he entered the room of Dick Norton and John Everett.

"Yes, I believe so. Come in and have a seat," came the reply from Everett, who was sitting at the table reading *The Evening Picayune*. Norton was out of the room at this time.

"Well, let's go," said Kamon.

"It's a little early yet, isn't it?"

"No, it's about half past eight o'clock."

"O, well," said Everett, we are not to go around until 9:30. The crowd won't begin to get there before then. I told the carriage boy to be up at 9:15. Sit down and let's take a smoke. Have a cigar. I guess the coach won't object to that for to-night."

This conversation had a peculiar significance attached to it, for it was relative to a dance and reception to be given by Miss Elouise Briggs in honor of the Excelsior University baseball team.

Excelsior is reputed to be the leading university of the Southern States, its standing in the South being parallel to that of Oxford in England.

The Excelsior team had won almost an unparalleled record in baseball that year, and had easily won the championship of the South in college baseball. There was only one more game to be played, and that was to decide the championship in inter-collegiate baseball of the whole country. This game was to be played with Hammond University. Hammond had won the Northern championship and had a record equally as good as Excelsior's. The national championship in inter-collegiate baseball was to be decided, and so Hammond and Excelsior were to play the annual great game. This

was scheduled to be played on Wednesday, May 26th, and at Yorkville where Excelsior is situated.

Miss Briggs was very closely connected with the affairs of the Excelsior team, being an acquaintance of Charlton DeLaney, the manager. She thus became very fond of the whole team. And so it was in their honor, and to "boost the boys to victory," as she said, that she had planned to give the reception. This was to take place Monday night before the game.

Kamon and Everett sat down and soon Charles Whitehurst, Edgar Bowen and Jack Garrett came in.

"Have you fellows heard the latest?" said Bowen as he came in.

"No. What is it?" asked Kamon.

"Hammond is going to run an excursion from Hayden and bring one thousand students. What do you think of that?"

"O, let them come on. We had much rather beat the whole bunch than just the team," retorted Everett.

"You are right." These words came from Jack Garrett, the catcher. Jack was not a man of many words, but unlike most college boys when he spoke he always said something.

"Bowen," said Everett, "have you seen anything of Dick lately? He hasn't got ready yet."

"I saw him down street about an hour ago, but I don't know where he is now. He'll get back in time I reckon. You know he is one of those fellows who is slow to move when he gets anywhere. He always has to talk it over with everybody he sees."

Dick Norton, as the reader has doubtless surmised, held a place of very great prominence in the eyes of the students of Excelsior, and justly so, for he was the greatest baseball pitcher the South had ever produced in college baseball. It was he who had made such a wonderful record for Excelsior that year, and in him were based the hopes of the whole South of winning the game over the northern University, and besides being a great pitcher he was a genuinely fine fellow,

and was held in esteem by every student in the University. The crowd of boys felt that if he were absent from the reception their pleasure would be marred. But they were all sure he would turn up directly; so they proceeded with their conversation, while the other fellows came in. Dick's room was headquarters for the team, and all had agreed to meet there to go to the reception.

"What is that you are reading there, Everett?" asked Whitehurst.

*"The Evening Picayune."*

"Is there anything in there about the game. Gus Make-love told me there was a long item about it."

"I don't know," came the reply. "I just picked the paper up a few minutes before you fellows came. I'll look and see."

"Yes here it is on the front page," said Everett.

"Read it then," shouted the crowd.

#### "CHAMPIONSHIP GAME TO BE PLAYED WEDNESDAY

---

"Excelsior vs. Hammond. Biggest Collegiate Baseball Match in the United States. Game to Be Played on Home Grounds. Excursion Will Be Run, Bringing 1000 Hammond Students.

"The eyes of the whole country, especially the college world, will be turned to Yorkville Wednesday when Excelsior plays Hammond University for the championship of the United States in baseball.

"Excelsior has had a wonderful year in baseball. Out of twenty games played she has failed to win only three, and two of these were ties. Dick Norton has got a world-wide reputation for his great pitching, and the Excelsior men feel safe with the ball in his hands. He is unquestionably the best pitcher ever seen on this diamond, and it is to be doubted whether he has ever been excelled in the South. The odds would easily be two to one on Excelsior with him in

the box against any other team than Hammond's. Hammond has also had a very successful season. She has lost only four out of twenty-one games. Thomas, Hammond's pitcher, has startled that whole section of the country with his pitching. Each team has strong men in every position and seem to be evenly matched. The outcome is awaited with great anxiety. Each University is wild to win, and a delegation of one thousand or more students is coming with the Hammond team. Excelsior is exerting every effort possible to win the game. The whole community is aroused, and banded together to use all legitimate means possible to pull off the game for Excelsior and the South. The game will be called at 4 p. m. Wednesday, May 26th, at Winthrop Athletic Field. Admission 50 cents."

"What is that you are reading John?" asked DeLaney, who had come in the room while the item was being read.

"The write-up Bryant gave the game in *The Evening Picayune*."

"That's a darn good write-up, too," remarked Howie.

"He certainly boosts old Dick, doesn't he?" said Garrett.

"Yes," said Howie, "but Dick is a dog-gone swell pitcher and deserves every line of it. Didn't Bryant say that one thousand students were coming with the team?"

"Yes," replied Jeff Harlan, who got in just in time to hear a part of it. "Yes, let 'em come. Let the whole blamed Yankee crowd come. We'll beat the whole push with Dick Norton in the box."

But just at this moment the door bell rang.

"Wasn't that some one at the door?" asked Makelove.

"Yes," replied Garrett.

"Slide under," sang out Everett in his general good natured brogue.

The door opened, and in came two men, apparently strangers.

"Is this where Mr. Norton, the famous pitcher, rooms?" they inquired.

"Yes Sir," replied Everett, "but he is not in now. Won't

you gentlemen come in and have a seat? He will be back in a few minutes I guess."

"No. We thank you," came the reply. "We just wanted to see Mr. Norton a few minutes. Will you tell him when he returns to please call down at number 1067 National Bank Building. We want to see him on some important business to-night. I guess you fellows are looking forward to a great victory Wednesday. Hope you will win. Well, we will be greatly obliged to you to deliver that message to Mr. Norton. Good night."

With this they left the room and went back to the city.

"What did those fellows want," said another member of the team, who came rushing in from an adjoining bed-room where he was dressing.

"They wanted to see Dick," answered Everett. "I expect they wanted to see something about the game—how to put their money up perhaps."

"Well, I can tell them that," said Jeff Harlan. "Put it up on Excelsior like Charlton DeLaney and myself are going to do."

But at this instant Dick Norton entered the room, and the boys hailed him with vociferous greetings. Soon, however, Everett told him that two strange gentlemen from the city came up to see him, and requested that he call down to room number 1067, National Bank Building to-night. "They said they would wait for you to to-night," said he.

"Do you know who it was?" asked Norton.

"No. I do not," said Everett. "They were some men from the city. I have seen them out to the games several times, betting generally on the visiting teams."

"I can't imagine what they want with me," said Norton. "Well, I'll get ready and go down and see what they want. I'll dress now and go from there to Miss Briggs' home."

Dick Norton went in his room to dress and in a few minutes the whole crowd of fellows came in. And as the carriage had arrived the boys decided they would go, but left

an urgent request that Norton should come on as soon as he could possibly see those fellows.

When they reached the house of Miss Briggs they found everything decorated in Excelsior colors. The girls were all there, having been invited to come in the afternoon. They soon were taken into the dancing hall where the orchestra was playing, but all of the girls wanted to know where Mr. Norton was. They were told of his being called down street just before they left. The evening was spent in dancing, singing, playing games and such things, and in the mirth of the occasion the crowd all overlooked the fact that Dick had not come. Time went by so hurriedly that the clock struck eleven before anyone was aware. Then it was discovered that Norton had not shown up.

"Where on earth is Mr. Norton?" said Miss Briggs, and she was joined in the inquiry by Miss Andrews, Norton's girl friend, as well as by all the crowd.

"O, yes, Miss Andrews," said Jeff Harlan, "you are getting tired of me. That's all right. Dick told me I might have you until he got here, and so here's hoping he won't come. See?"

"O no Jeff," said Miss Andrews, "I'm not tired of you. Never anything like that. I am just about to get crazy about you. Dick can pick out such fine substitutes."

"O, I see," said Jeff, "you are just the girl for me then."

"Jeff, I believe you have about got Dick stood anyway," remarked DeLaney.

"I'm of the same opinion," said Miss Briggs, "especially so if Mr. Norton doesn't come. O well, surely he will be here directly."

The crowd soon dispersed and went back to their merriment, all looking for Dick any moment. But twelve o'clock came, and then twelve-thirty, and still Dick Norton had not come. And so the reception ended, the guests departed and still Dick Norton had not shown up.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## She Walks in Sadness

FLORENCE FREEDLANDER

She walks in sadness—the Lady. Her smiles are rare but of such piercing sweetness as to bring compassionate tears to the eyes of the beholder. Her face, pale, delicately formed, Madonna-like, is of surpassing beauty. In its repose it is as if a veil of mystery were drawn across it. About the tender mouth, lovely as a perfect bud and in the deep, dark-lashed eyes, fathomless as pools of limpid, blue waters lying in the shadow, is an expression of celestial sweetness. She walks the Way with bowed head and alone. The winds rustle her clinging, gray garments and blow sere brown leaves in fluttering circles about her.

\* \* \* \* \*

The day had been one of perfect, azure cloudlessness and the sun had long since disappeared leaving in its wake a delicate sea of intermingled ribbons of pink and blue and gold. And now the harvest moon was a yellow disc in the sky. The star that is old was following as it sailed in the silver fleece. The drowsy noises of the night were broken only by the far-away, wailing notes of a master's violin and low murmur of voices.

By the slender trail of white near the vines about my window I knew that my little sister was there with the Boy. They were often there and their friendship was good to see. I had hoped that some day she might come into her own for I cherished her love as one guards over the fragile petals of a delicate plant. So—I listened by the window.

“Little Lady,” said the man, “I came to-night to—to tell you of my happiness. I love a dear little girl and I am going to marry her.”

“Oh,” said the girl with a sharp intake of her breath. It was a mere whisper as it came to me.

"I came to tell you first that I love your sister," he said softly.

"But," moaned his companion, "I-I am sure she only regards you as a friend and I—"

"I will find her and tell her," he broke in eagerly.

I could not love him. I had always thought him destined for her, the little flower-girl. A feeling of vague, uncomprehending honor filled my breast. How could he know the pain which was enveloping the very soul of his confidante? Of the shattered hopes and the crushed out bloom of life?

He found me and poured forth from his lips and eyes the story of love long pent up. But I did not love him—it was the girl who would have died for him. She was gone from the shelter of the vines and he stumbled out into the living, breathing, solemn, stillness of the late night.

We follow the different ways. They run far, far apart, and are as old as the tale of love itself.

The girl has grown to the Lady—she still walks in sadness and alone.

---

---

# Editorial

---

---

## A CAMPAIGN FOR HONOR

The Student Life Committee has started a discussion of the advisability of instituting the Honor System, and President Few has asked for the co-operation of the Senior Class in creating an atmosphere here where dishonesty cannot grow. It is the belief of many who have been connected with this college for some years that we have been more fortunate in this respect than many other schools. That may be true, but cannot be taken to mean that intellectual dishonesty is impossible on the campus. There is no advantage to be gained by closing one's eyes and saying "All is well." As a matter of fact all is not well, as one who has come in elbow touch with hundreds of students can testify. We need not here point out any cases of ungentlemanly conduct on examinations. Everyone can decide for himself how much cheating is carried on.

The determination of the exact quantity of dishonorable conduct is no important question as compared with the need of some action that will make this misconduct less possible, and properly punish the offender when it does occur. The situation up to now has been brought about by a general indifference. There has been no clarified moral sentiment against these disgusting practices. A few men who have found it easy to cheat in the high schools profit by this indifference here. What do we have here in college to remind the young Freshman that the popular opinion of the community will not brook such conduct which it ranks with other breaches of honorableness? Have we had such a popular opinion? Has not a weak man who could succeed to escape the notice of the instructors felt that he could freely tell of his action without incurring the displeasure of his fellows?"

As for the Faculty, the entire burden of searching out and punishing the offenders falls upon them. Moreover they are handicapped by one impregnable characteristic in youthful nature that revolts at the suggesting of reporting a fellow to the authorities, and Trinity professors have not and do not intend to act the part of policemen. They take it for granted that we are gentlemen. For the students to leave the entire matter in the hands of the faculty is unfortunate, indeed. Indifference is no method at all, particularly in a community of four hundred men, each of whom has his own ideals of what is right and has a different power to resist temptation. What we do need is some improvement that will make it easy for the sense of honor that prevails in the majority of students to become a vital force.

To bring this improvement we should remember that the Faculty cannot be shorn of all power in this matter, and that any scheme of reform will bring with it some unpleasant responsibilities. The authorities must have the final power to say what shall be done to the guilty student. The reasonable and normal precautions against cheating are to be looked upon not as insulting to the honest man but as a necessary and wise safeguard against flagrant violations of the honor code. Again it stands to reason that they should be at least on a par with the students in their power to report. Those who argue against the Honor System as applied to local conditions because it proposes a continuation of the Faculty's power in this particular, fail to consider that they have not acted as spies, and have not persecuted the students in their precautions.

In the second place it will be difficult to obviate the unpleasantness of calling attention to an offense. It seems to us that those who are willing to better conditions should be willing to make a little sacrifice. There is no need of demanding that a student be honor bound to report every case to the Faculty. There is no need of sending a man away for his first offence. If the idea of a committee for each class is adopted, it would be best perhaps to ask that each student

who has clear testimony against another should hand that testimony over to that committee which shall privately give the accused the facts and warn him. If he in the face of this admonishment is caught again, he must be ready to incur the punishments decided upon by the Faculty. This committee should be not so much a judicial body as a counsel which acts as a representative body of the class. The men that compose these committees should be such as enjoy the respect and esteem of the students, men who can handle delicate matters with tact. The organization of such machinery is not radical but will go far to clearly establish the fact that the students intend to protect themselves and their college from dishonor.

---

### ANOTHER COMMISSION WANTED

We read in an advertisement of a well known publishing house that makes a specialty of handy literal translations, "To one who is reading the classics, a literal translation is a convenient and legitimate help: every well informed person will read the classics either in the original or in a translation." Without going into the deep question of how legitimate is a slavish use of a "Jack" by one who is not only reading a classic but is expected to get mental improvement by working out for himself the meaning of intricate passages and construction of their grammatical perplexities, we should say that this is a problem which the pedagogical societies can discuss profitably when they are concerned with the disciplinary utility of Latin and Greek. Certainly that great classic writer deserves some attention from his devotees when he advises in his Aeneid "*Ne Credite equo.*" Moreover, it is not too much to ask that the ministerial student who is a strict constructionist in biblical interpretation should remember with the Psalmist that "An horse is a vain thing for safety." And woe to the nation that puts its trust in the bastard line of the equine race!

Seriously however, why should we not philosophically set-

tle down to the fact that literal translations are used? The war against them has been a glorious one even though it has turned out no more successfully than old Kasper's. Indeed without having any desire to startle those who are unaware of the real situation we can at last inform our readers through the trustworthy investigations of one of our agents that the "Jack" can be found in a goodly number of rooms where the lamp of knowledge burns late in the night, and the facility with which it can be obtained has aided materially in the extension of its use. We suggest that, such being the case, it is time for the authorities, who have shown great skill in adapting themselves to new conditions and new times, to devise a way of regulating the manner in which this up-to-date machinery may best be employed. This is the day of commissions: our social activity is manifested in uncountable investigating committees and regulative commissions. Why should not the classical faculties appoint a commission vested with complete power to inquire into the quality of the "Jacks," the modern means of intellectual transportation? Why should the publishers be permitted to flood the market with translations that do such gross injustice to the classics (*requiescant in pace*) and thereby fill the minds of the young with inaccurate conceptions and what is worse, from the school marm's standpoint, with bad English? Some of the translations found in college communities are an insult to truth loving men, and an abomination in the sight of those who love the beautiful art of book making. Let this commission, we urge, be immediately set to work to standardize the "Jack," prevent monopoly prices in its sale, and agreements among the publishers to fix the quality of this book. The public has too long been exposed to injustices in this field. Liberty loving Americans will see to it that this institution which has so many potentialities for good should be rid of its dangerous tendencies, and thereby enjoy a proper place in our twentieth century life.

---

---

# Wayside Wares

---

---

## MY MOTHER

First there was pain, and then there was care; and after a while, there came a time when the one for whom she had suffered, and over whom she had watched during the long years, grew strong enough to walk without her guiding hand, and left the home. Then there was the sorrow of parting. Maybe since then he hasn't reached the pinnacle of fame, perhaps he hitched his wagon to a star; but struck a lantern-post. Even he may have left the path in which he started with her farewell kiss still warm upon his lips, and lost his way. Maybe you say he's ruined, and call his life a failure; but there's one who does not agree with you. There is one who knows that some day he will succeed, and who, with his very failures hopes with a stronger hope, and every night kneels by the little bed to pray, just as she used to pray when he was there.

A little woman. Maybe her hair is entirely gray now, and her skin may be rough and wrinkled. Her eyes may have lost their laughter long ago, and perhaps the softened glow of sadness that was left, is now a little softer and more sad. But look closer. There is something more in those eyes; her soul itself is in them now, and while you look you hear it singing; a soft, low, crooning song—the same she used to sing at evening to the sleepy lad—and this song of her soul is of hope and love. Back at the little home, still singing, hoping, and loving her boy—she's his mother.

She hopes that some day he will come back to her,—return a strong and noble man, and she awaits the kiss that he will place upon the lips whose constant prayer has been “God bless my boy.” Then there'll be sunshine and laughter in

those eyes again. The pain and sorrow of the years will be forgotten in one long thrill of heavenly joy.

But maybe she can't wait until he comes. Maybe the days grow shorter, and the day and night meet in a last twilight. Yet though the last gleam of the daylight of life fade away, not a ray of hope will be lacking to those eyes, and there will be never a regret for the pain and sorrow, for that was all she could hope for from the first.

Her name may not go down through the ages with the names of queens; the world may not read a glorious epitaph over the little mound where the rose-petals fall when the wind blows: but on his heart will be written in burning letters the only epitaph which she would care to have—"She was my mother."

---

### LA COCCINELLE

FROM VICTOR HUGO

"Something bothers me," she said  
 And I saw as I bent low  
 O'er her neck—white as the snow—  
 Move a tiny spot of red.

Of course I ought; but at sixteen,  
 Wise or foolish, one is shy.  
 Tho' the tempting lips were nigh  
 Still the bug was seen.

Speckled wings of black and red,  
 The insect was a dainty thing.  
 —Just to see us a redwing  
 Peeped down thro' the leaves o'erhead.

Pretty mouth was waiting now  
 And I bent low o'er her neck;  
 Carefully removed the speck:  
 But the kiss—escaped, somehow.

“My son, when the world began,”  
Said the little insect soaring,  
“God, a lack of minds deploring,  
Gave some insect brains to man.”

---

## THE UNDERTAKER

J. N. COLE, JR.

The undertaker lit his cigar, drew his feet to the top of the mahogany desk, and smiled out at the old world, out through plate glass windows which looked in on rows of caskets of dull plush and copper, set among palms and other growing things.

As he succeeded in making this display attractive, in as far as caskets are able to attract, and as people died now and again, business was good. He was engaged to bury them, which he did dispassionately, mechanically, making at each death a new entry on his bank account.

The undertaker found a girl. He had been waiting a long time for this girl, in fact, he thought of her each time he lowered a body under the sod, for the service brought him the bank entry. And he hoped some day to be ready to give the girl all she might think of wanting.

People continued to die as people do.

The Girl and the Man were married. They built a home; then the stork came bringing a boy,—a shiny-eyed rascal who laughed and shouted when his father came home he forgot all about coffins.

After a time the undertaker erected a more magnificent home, and bought a new hearse, resplendent in jet and nickel trimmings, and a pair of dappled black horses. He turned the business over to his secretary; then he and his wife and son began to cast about to find how they might spend their days more pleasantly.

But the one thing for which the undertaker had not prepared, happened. In just two days after he retired he had

the honor of being the first to ride in the new hearse and his Secretary was forced to draw on the widow's bank account in order to start one for himself.

(Mr. Cole was manager of the Wayside Wares Department 1908-1909 and is now connected with the Woodberry Forest High School, Orange, Va.)

---

---

## Editor's Table

---

---

And then by the waters of Babylon, we sat ourselves down and wept. Yea, we did hang our harp upon a persimmon tree and wept bitterly. In this case the rivers of Babylon were represented by the various college magazines through which huge volumes of thought fretted their way against the unaccustomed channels. And upon this tree and that did we look with sorrow and longing. We had seen them all before in a greener and fresher garb.

First there came the *Brenau Journal*, usually so attractive and interesting with its large assortment of fiction, this time vitiated by the too frequent recurrence of the old theme of the mixed-up chauffeurs, and the time honored story of the automobile courtship. Sometimes I have thought that all plots might be labeled and filed away for future use in the reading of stories so that when one had read the opening paragraphs of any story he might take down from his file the outline of the plot foreshadowed and get the gist of the story without having to expend the energy necessary to read it.

Anyway I have heard it said that all stories should be interesting. And I must say it took a tremendous amount of energy to read the majority of those which I found in the December exchanges. As plot number two—taking the automobile case as number one—I should take the summer vacation theory recurrent so often in the magazines I have read. Sometimes a real attractive story is vitiated by being set in summer vacation days. For plot number three I should take the second generation idea which seems to have pervaded the minds of writers in such widely separated localities as Brenau in Gainesville, and Catawba College in Newton. Truly "genius is not local," as a writer in the Davidson College magazine says in beginning a six page exposition of

the fame of Longfellow; no, my friend, and if you take the trouble to read college magazines long you will find that it does not often take up its abode except in the seats of the mighty, and I have not been able to locate the seats of the mighty in southern colleges.

For plot number four I should take the returning lover episode which seems to be more popular among college authors than is its distinguished prototype, the story of the prodigal son. There are numerous others, but space does not permit the publication of the complete catalogue; not that it is very extensive, if it were I should have nothing to say about it, but then it is possibly twice as long as what I have just gone through.

There is no reason, that I can see, for making every hero in a college story a genius, or a beggar. I sometimes think that when one sits down to write a story he goes over the old saying, "rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief," and on which ever one the writer's count falls, on that one does it devolve to take up the wearisome burden of carrying the action of the story along. As for the heroines—for, you know, there must always be a heroine as well as a hero (if all stories did not end with a marriage either actual or left to the reader's imagination in the future, there would be no such thing as a story) as for the heroines, I say, we always know that their eyes are blue and their hearts are true, etc., etc., *ad libitum*.

After my optimistic outburst in regard to the improvement in quality which most of the verse being published in the magazines was undergoing, it was a little disappointing to see the reaction in the poems of last month. I suppose the reaction was inevitable, however, and there was at least one tendency in evidence that should be hailed with joy on the part of all lovers of poetry. This is, namely, the increasing frequency with which writers are breaking away from the lyric form and employing some garb not so common for clothing the burning sentences of their thought. Now, it is, no doubt, true that a lyric poem is the one which most

appeals to the ear on first reading and likewise it is the form which most spontaneously rises to the lips of the aspiring poet. Lyric poetry is the natural form for expressing a deeply felt emotion, and I suppose I am not far from right in saying that college men are more likely to be afflicted with emotions than with thought. But notwithstanding these facts, when one sees the appearance of such pieces as "Ho Christos" in the Davidson College Magazine and "The Call of the Soul," in the University of Virginia Magazine, one cannot help but feel that there is a broadening of a field likely to become too narrow, and such a broadening is a hopeful sign. In regard to the latter poem, however, let me say that while the author shows remarkable perception in both the conception and execution of his poem, his command over even the smallest mechanical details is somewhat limited. It may be deemed beneath the dignity of such a department as this to allude to such trivial matters as the placing of a comma, but a reader of "The Call of the Soul" as published cannot but be puzzled as to the author's meaning, such is the frequent obscurity that rises from the omission of the aforesaid appendages.

At one time in my reading, however, I was fain to lean and loaf at my ease, and, like Whitman, to lean and loaf and invite my soul. This was when I took up the first copy of the *Southern Collegian* that it has ever been my privilege and pleasure to read. Now the *Southern Collegian* does not claim for itself that it is a rival of the *Atlantic*. It is published by college men, and it is as a college man's magazine pure and simple that it poses. I think the problems that confront the business managers of some of our periodicals would not take on such a sombre hue if the editors of their respective magazines followed more closely the policy adhered to by the editors of the *Southern Collegian*. If I know anything about it, students and alumni would run over each other to subscribe to a magazine that printed every month such stories as "The Sobering of Cupid." I read it twice, and thereafter each visitor to my *sanctum sanctorum* that eve-

ning was compelled to sit down and peruse this same story. I felt like I had made a find, and judging from the hearty laughs that accompanied the reading on the part of every gentleman who had the pleasure, I had. And it is fair to say the "Doc and Stub" and "The Night Before Christmas" are likewise good.

And hereby hangs a moral. These stories deal with affairs that concern college men. They are couched in the phraseology that college men use. They are clever. What is the reason, then for going outside of our own world for subjects for stories when we have such a productive field at our hand? All authors whose work has counted for anything have dealt with those things that they were most familiar with. In so doing I believe the authors of those stories in the *Southern Collegian* have solved a problem that has long puzzled exchange editors of southern college magazines.

# The Trinity Archive

---

---

Volume XXV

Number Five

---

---

## MANAGER'S NOTICE

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the college.

Changes may be made in advertisements by notifying the Business Manager.

This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students who we hope will see fit to subscribe, and thus continue their loyalty to their *Alma Mater*. If you do not wish to become subscribers, please notify us at once, or the magazine will be sent to you during the year. The names of the old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

Subscription: One year, \$1.25; single copies, 15 cents.

---

---

## EDITORIAL STAFF

E. J. LONDOW	- - - - -	Editor-in-Chief
W. G. SHEPPARD	- - - - -	Associate Editor-in-Chief
MARY LOOMIS SMITH	} - - - - -	Literary Editors
W. E. ELLER		
F. S. BENNETT	- - - - -	Wayside Wares
J. N. AIKEN	-- - - -	Editor's Table
R. G. CHERRY	- - - - -	Business Manager

---



---

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

---

### LITERARY DEPARTMENT

The Sons of Adam (Verse) .....	<i>N. I. White</i>	213
Hermann Sudermann .....		215
Ein Fichtenbaum Steht Einsam (Translation) .....		
.....	<i>Mary Yeula Wescott</i>	224
On Unalaska .....	<i>James W. Bain</i>	225
The Lady of the Pink Frame .....	<i>Polly Heitman</i>	231
Surmise and Reality (Verse) .....	<i>H. E. Spence</i>	236
Southern Industry and Educational Ideals. II	<i>E. J. London</i>	238
The Heart's Song (Verse) .....	<i>H. E. Spence</i>	247
Honor at Stake. II. ....	<i>Walter G. Sheppard</i>	249
EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT .....		256
WAYSIDE WARES .....		260
EDITOR'S TABLE .....		263

# The Trinity Archive

---

---

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., March, 1912

---

---

## The Sons of Adam

N. I. WHITE

Our father Adam in Eden, as the distant legends go,  
Was damned in a search for knowledge of things he could  
never know;  
But still, in the outer darkness, through the blinding flow of  
sweat,  
He strove (we are glad!) for Knowledge, and we, his sons,  
strive yet.

Aye, we are the sons of Adam: we follow the naked Thought  
Through the uttermost convolutions that the great I Am hath  
wrought;  
And whether we strive in Heaven, or the blistered mouth of  
Hell,  
Great God, we *pay* for our Knowledge, but the Knowledge  
repays us well.

Forever the lift of elation, the glorious thrill of strife  
Forever the power of Knowing, forever the zest of life.  
We have mastered a portion of Knowledge—we joy in our  
strength thereby,  
And—we'll follow the fleeting Remainder till the last lone  
Man shall die!

Forever the shattered vision, forever the broken heart,  
The wrench of the disillusion—till the last lone Man depart.  
We never can end the striving, nor would we, if we could,  
Tho the charm of the weird be broken, the sacred understood.

O the lusty joy of the striving, through fire and sleet and rain,  
And O through the glamour of Knowledge, the vague, un-  
uttered pain!

But still we must seek the Remainder, for joy or bitter woe,  
Till we learn, through the utmost travail, the *worth* of the  
things we know.

## Hermann Sudermann and His Play, Heimat

SS. Alderman

There is little doubt, that the cream of German literature has in the main been in the form of the drama. The greatest masterpieces of racial inheritance have been mostly dramas.

For the last two hundred years in the literature of the English language, the novel, the modern creation, has taken precedence over the world-old drama. This may be one reason for our seeming literary lethargy. The drama will always be one of the best methods of artistic expression because of its simultaneous appeal to the sight and the hearing. We have no really great modern dramatists and our stage has descended from its high position as a mirror of living human nature for the delight and edification of mankind, till it is little more than a place of amusement.

This is one reason why Americans should know something about contemporary German literature. The Germans have a drama which is a vital and active force in their intellectual life. It turns the spot light on real life, giving an intimate inside view of it. It pictures real people as no other national drama of today does. And the Germans are fond of the dramatic art. The mass of the people know their Goethe, their Schiller, and Lessing intimately and love to see their plays repeated. They know Shakspeare too, probably better than do his own countrymen.

Among modern German dramatists the name of Sudermann sounds across the water to us most frequently. His epic "Realismus" find a sympathetic chord in the American spirit. Meyer says of him, "Sudermann is in reality modern from top to toe. He is nervous, full of restless haste in speaking as in writing." This may help explain why he is interesting to Americans whose nervous tension and rush have become proverbial. Meyer continues, "The modern

realist has so much to do with the packing up of all impressions as a whole that he has no time to quietly live through them singly. Sudermann is not in nature of such genialty, as for example Fontaine, that he could continually ponder over momentary impressions. Single impressions do not come to their full right at least in psychological perfection."

The chief characteristic of Sudermann is protest, and protest is the key note of his work. His unfinished education, his name without a degree are in direct defiance to all German literary convention. He protests without spoken disgust against many features of university education. His works in general are widely social, picture great universal conflict between different elements in society, antagonisms or discords between home and the outside world, the old generations and the new, individualism and conventionalism, personality and society, faith and new ideas, art and every day life. These universal conflicts he enlivens by picturing intimate, interesting phases of them in colors of real life.

Sudermann is essentially realistic. He concerns himself little with the ideal, does not give brilliant impressionistic paintings of life as it should be, but gives photographs of life as it really is. It may be that the Zeitgeist is breaking out simultaneously in different parts of the world with a tendency toward realism. At any rate in reading Sudermann we cannot help being reminded here and there of Ibsen and Tolstoi. There is no doubt that he has been influenced by them, especially by Ibsen, which, however, by no means accuses him of plagiarism. So much for Sudermann and his works in general.

Let us consider most specifically his play "(Heimat)" or Home. This is undoubtedly his most successful drama. Published in 1893, it has run through over fifty editions, has been translated in Italian, and into English under the title of Magda, the name of the heroine, a character who has attracted the greatest of modern actresses, Bernhardt, Duse,

Mrs. Campbell, and Mrs. Fiske. The play deals with the fundamental, universal conflict of the intense individualistic spirit struggling against the restrictions of conventional society, and as the immediate phase of this general conflict, deals with the new woman, the woman seeking a career.

Briefly the plot is as follows: Living in a small provincial town is the gruff, autocratic Colonel Schwarze, who tries to bring up his children under rigorous discipline according to his stiff military ideas of pride and honor. The two daughters, Magda and Marie, of his first wife, bear a somewhat strained relation toward their stepmother, a woman whose highest ideal is to shine in society. Especially is this so of Magda, the elder. She has inborn the artistic temperament and besides has inherited her father's iron will and determination, qualities which inevitably bring on conflict. She chafes under the strict parental restriction and can find no room to develop her talents in the narrow, circumscribed atmosphere into which she has been born. When she refuses to marry the pastor Heffterdingk, who loves her devotedly, her relations with her father become unbearable and she goes to Berlin. The news that she has gone on the stage causes the colonel a paralytic stroke, the effect of which necessitates his retirement from service. He disowns Magda and leaves her to her fate. He is only saved from insanity by the unceasing efforts of the noble self-sacrificing pastor Heffterdingk to interest him in works of charity, and thus turn his mind from his trouble. Magda, in a hard struggle for a career in Berlin, is seduced and then abandoned by Keller, a young lawyer from her native town. After years of painful striving she becomes a great operatic singer. Fate in the shape of a music festival brings her to her native town. Filial instinct forces her to visit her home in spite of the fact that she has been disowned, but her antiquated father with his strict moral code cannot take her into his arms after hearing about her life unless she will show absolute submissiveness and contrition. Heffterdingk works hard to per-

suade her to return to her people but he alone of all is broadminded enough to see her side of the question. She makes what sacrifices she can; agrees to marry the hypocritical Keller who is now posing as an ardent defender of the church, and agrees to give up her great artistic career for the sake of her father. When, however, Keller demands the suppression of her child, the child for which he is responsible, her individuality bursts forth in wild protest. Mother-love and self respect mean more to her than the artificial convention which demands that to become honorable she must marry her deserter. The father, insane with rage at her refusal attempts to shoot her but is checked by a fatal recurrence of the paralytic apoplexy. Magda stakes her whole being upon her individuality, determines to live her own life, tears from her heart the roots of all former affections, and goes back to her brilliant career.

Magda, of course, is the principal character of the play. A study of the play must concern itself chiefly with her, for all the other characters are important only as they come into relation with her. She embodies qualities which inevitably make her a tragic character. Her resolute will and free spirit is bound to come into conflict with the narrow, prejudiced, conventions in which she has been reared, and her intense soul-yearning for cultural development is such as has led to tragedy from the time when man first aspired.

Magda, like other woman characters of Sudermann, is essentially modern. She is brought face to face with modern problems and she faces them in a modern manner. Individuality is the keynote of her character. She determines to think for herself, to act for herself and will let no restrictions of custom or prejudice abridge this right. Her life is given her for her own use and she will so use it. This breaks somewhat with the Christian idea of social service, but it is true to the individualism which produced the great characters of the eighteenth and nineteenth century. And remember that Sudermann is realistic. Magda is the type of the new wo-

man, the woman who will enter the fight of life, independent of any and against all, the woman who will break away from the conventional idea of a woman's place in the world and follow the promptings of her own genius wherever they may lead her. She is the personification of new ideas as contrasted with conservatism or conventionalism, however you may call it. These motives are everywhere indicated in speeches of the different characters.

In one of the earliest talks of the play the Colonel asked Magda how she can go around on her tours without chaperonage. She replies, "I can, don't worry, I can. In my world they do not care for such things."

Schwarze: "What kind of a world must that be?"

Magda: "The world in which I rule, dear father. I cannot use another. What I do, is seemingly in that world because I do it. No one has the right to advise me."

In a singularly pathetic scene, the pastor Heffterdingk, who still feels a strong affection for her though he knows it is vain, is trying to influence her to stay at home for her father's sake. "Here is no yoke and no trap-net," he says, "Here's nothing but wide open arms, which are merely waiting to draw the lost daughter to the breast."

Magda replied, "O no more of that I beg you. I will not run around a pendant to the prodigal son. If I should come again as daughter, as a lost daughter, then I would not stand here thus with raised head; then in the full consciousness of all my sins I would have to grovel in the dust before you. And that I will not do, cannot do . . . for I am I and dare not lose my individuality."

Here she strikes the dominant chord of her character in response to which, later on, vibrate the overtones of self-respect and mother-love.

The impossibility of adjusting herself so as to fit in with her old life is shown in another scene with the pastor. She has grown, developed, and evolved in becoming a great world-artist, but her father with his world has stood still.

She is talking to the pastor about her father. "I'd like most of all to take his old gray head in my lap and say, 'You dear old child you.' And instead I have to humble myself. I humble myself! I am not accustomed to that. For in me there is a bent for killing, for singing down opposition. I so sing, or I so live, for both are one and the same with me, that every man must will as I will. I force him, compel him to love and suffer, to rejoice and sob as I. And woe to him who will defend himself against it. Sing down—sing to the very floor and earth, till he becomes a slave, a plaything in my hands. I know it sounds stupid but I suppose you understand what I mean."

"You mean the impressing of your own personality," Heffterdingk replies. Then he tells her how he himself has been impressed by her originality, her naive strength, her greatness. He thinks that some of this greatness might have come into his life if only joy had come to him. Magda replies in a whisper, "And one thing more, my friend: guilt. We must be guilty if we will grow. To become greater than our sins, that is worth more than the purity which you preach."

As to the truth of this striking statement of Magda's, it is not for us to judge. We are forced to see though, that, from an artistic standpoint, Magda's sin, the transgression of impulsive, generous, passionate youth placed in adverse circumstances, came to be a great factor in her development.

The finest characterization comes out in the scene between Magda and the scoundrel Keller who has deserted her and the child for which he is responsible. With quiet sarcasm and inward contempt, she talks to him with a show of friendliness: "I do not reproach you—indeed I will tell you how I am indebted to you. I was a silly unsophisticated thing enjoying my new-found freedom like a liberated monkey. By you I was made a woman. Whatever I have obtained in my art, whatever powers of personality I have, I owe to you. My soul had been like an Aeolian harp

allowed to mould in this cellar because my father could not endure it. But through you this harp was given free to the storm wind. And it has nearly torn it to pieces playing upon it. The whole scale of emotions which are needed to make us women perfect human beings, love and hate, thirst for revenge and ambition, and sorrow, sorrow, sorrow, three-fold sorrow, and the highest of all, the hottest, the holiest of all, mother-love,—for all these I am indebted to you.”

Without the intimate knowledge of all these fundamental human emotions which she attained through this early experience, Magda could never have become a great artist for the interpretation of such emotions.

Later, Keller has been forced through fear of the Colonel to agree to marry Magda and she consents with ironical submissiveness to save her father. Keller tries to draw a roseate picture of their future, and of the cultural life they will lead. She reminds him that he has not mentioned their child. With all his coward heart he demands its suppression. Then Magda breaks out almost deliriously. The Colonel rushes in, sees how matters stand, and declares that either Magda will swear by the head of her child to become the honorable wife of its father or none of them will leave the room alive. Magda replies, “You reproach me because I gave myself away without asking permission of the entire family. And why not then? Was I not without family? Had you not sent me out into the world, to earn my own bread, and later also disowned me, because Art, in the form in which I attained it, was not according to your taste? Whom did I belie? Against whom did I sin? . . . Just look at me, I was a free cat. I belonged for a long time to that category of creatures who, unprotected as a man, and cast upon their own resources, beat about in the world . . . If you give us the right to hunger—and I have hungered—, why do you deny us the right to love, as we may, and the right to happiness, as we understand it?”

“I guess you think, my child,” says, Schwarze, “because

you are independent and a great artist, that you may disregard yourself."

"Leave the artist out of the matter," cried Magda, "I will be nothing more than a seamstress or a serving maid, who in poverty seeks her bit of bread and bit of love among strange people. O yes it is known what the family, with its morals desires of us . . . They have left us in the lurch, given us no protection or joy and in spite of that we must, in our solitude, live according to laws which only have a mind for them . . . We shall sit still in the corner and there wait nice and modest till some brave liberator or other comes up . . . Yes till then, and meanwhile the battle for the existence of soul and body eats at our heart. Before us lies nothing but withering away and becoming embittered, and we shall not be allowed to attempt to use whatever of youth and strength there is left to us. Bind us if you will, lock us in cloisters—that will perhaps be the best—but if you give us freedom then do not be astonished if we use it."

"Ah," the Colonel groaned "that is it, that is the spirit of revolt which now is going through the whole world!" And with a cry of rage he seizes his pistol, but fate intervenes. Magda is left accused by all but safe in her own self respect. The play leaves some room for doubt but the feeling is certainly that she returns to her brilliant life.

What has been said ought to give some idea of the character of Magda. It would be a mistake, however, to leave the impression that Magda was Sudermann's only effort. The star system of acting whereby the only attention of a great actress is centered on the presentation of the principal role has somewhat marred the effect of this play in English. Sudermann was probably just as much interested in picturing the noble pastor with his self sacrificing spirit and broad-minded human sympathy and understanding. Then, too, the old Colonel is a thoroughly German character. The tendency is for German fathers to be lord of their households and to furnish the ideas as well as the living for their

family. In reading such a thing as Goethe's "Dichtung und Wahrheit" we feel little of the sentiment of filial love. Goethe seems to regard his father with a cold kind of respect and we see how the will of the father for a long time tried to cast the personality of his genius son in an unsuitable mould. So our Colonel Schwarze says, "See, in this house the paternal authority rules quite old fashionedly, and will so long as I live. Am I, therefore, a tyrant? And such things the spirit of the times attacks, plants disobedience in the hearts of children, sows mistrust between man and wife, and will not rest until the last home sinks in ruin and we wander about the streets like loose dogs." Thus does he interpret the nineteenth century spirit of individualism. Probably every German youth who wishes to develop along the lines of his choice, who would voice this slogan of "Live and let live," has come against parental authority in a more or less degree. This is one thing that makes the play of such interest to Germans, while the more fundamental conflict of the individual against society gives it its universal interest.

The permanency of Sudermann's position in German literature is a matter of doubt. Like "Heimat," practically all his plays are problem plays, and since they deal with temporary problems, problems of the age, it would seem that in their very nature they are doomed to be comparatively temporary. But at any rate it is certain that he is the most popular of the moderns in Germany and is beginning to gain quite an international fame.

## Ein Fichtenbaum Steht Einsam

TRANSLATED FROM GOETHE BY MARY YEULA WESCOTT

A pine tree stood in the Northland  
Where chilling breezes blow,  
And slumbered upon a hilltop  
Encased in ice and snow.

It dreamed of the far off Southland—  
Long dreams of a palm tree tall  
Waiting, forever waiting  
Upon its burning wall.

## On Unalaska

JAMES W. BAIN

The night that we spent on Unalaska was a night that I shall never forget. We were a party of five, Dr. James Andrews, Julius Holt, Alexander Truewell, William Vreeland, and myself. We were out for a summer's tramp, and had camped on this mountain for the night, in order to get a good view of the glorious sunrise which these mornings afforded.

We had all heard the strange story that the Indians tell about this mountain. This story was, in short, that at times on this mountain could be heard a wild and despairing cry. "The Cry of Death," they called it. Any one hearing this cry and venturing on this mountain within three days afterwards would be killed. If a body of men heard it and ventured on the mountain one of the number would be taken. We, all of us scientists, gave little heed to this strange tale. Moreover, we were used to hearing such things from the Indians, and so we considered this to be another of their innumerable yarns.

We began the ascent of the mountain about seven o'clock in the morning, and it was an all day's climb. I have climbed many mountains in my day but none like that. The whole mountain seemed to be thickly wooded, except here and there where an area of solid rock interposed. Here and there, too, were great precipices jutting into the steep mountain side, and falling sheer for a hundred feet or more on to solid rock. Now and then in our climb we would come face to face with one of these precipices and would have to make a detour of several miles to get around it.

We ate our dinner on one of these rocky areas which was studded into the mountain side. About three o'clock we continued our climb. Higher up the mountain, the woods grew thinner, but a thick underbrush and vines added to the difficulty of climbing. We were all utterly wearied long before the last half of our journey was completed.

About six o'clock, while we were yet three or four miles from the summit, it began to grow dark, as the sun was low in the west, and we were on the eastern side of the mountain. A thunderstorm, too, came up in the valley below us, and we could hear the thunder reverberating from cliff to cliff. Here and there, where we could get a good view of the valley, we could see the lightning dance and play from cloud to cloud. These two things together made a weird feeling permeate the party.

Suddenly Andrews, who was leading, stopped and held up his hands. Even in the gloom that was now upon the mountain I could see that he was pale. Then I heard the cause of his sudden halt, from somewhere off there in the woods could be heard a low, sobbing wail. It could be distinctly heard above the angry rumbles of the distant thunder. Then, all at once, it shrilled out into a wild, despairing wail, as if it were a damned soul suffering the torments of hell. I can not describe that cry, if you have ever heard a panther shriek you can form a faint conception of what this was like, except this was ten times worse. There was not a man in that crowd, but whose face paled when that terrible cry cut the dark gloom of the mountain side.

"The Cry of Death," Andrews said in a low voice.

This incident depressed us all, and the rest of our march was made in almost utter silence.

We reached the summit while it was still light enough to see, and soon had a fire crackling away to ward off the chill which sets in just after sunset. But nothing could ward off the feeling of gloom which had settled on the party. Jokes were told half heartedly and the laughter that greeted them was ghastly. There was not a man in the crowd who would not have given a year's salary to have been safely off and away from the gloom cursed mountain. After awhile, wrapping our blankets around us, and furtively putting our revolvers within easy reach, we lay down. A presentment of impending danger hung over us all.

I fell into an uneasy sleep, but after what seemed to be but a few minutes I awoke. The fire was out and the blackness of hell hung over the mountain. Reaching in my coat pocket I drew out my watch, and striking a match, I found that it was almost half past two. Replacing my watch I laid back down on my left side. I must have lain in that position fifteen minutes, when I rolled over, and there, not twenty yards away, out of the Stygian blackness shone two evil eyes. An animal's you say. If God ever made an animal with eyes like that it is yet to be discovered. They were far too large and too far apart to be an animal's. And there was an awful fascination and horror in them. My blood seemed to literally freeze in my veins. I could not have moved nor said a word if my life had depended on it. The eyes burned in the darkness like two coals of hell-fire, then, after centuries it seemed, they slowly receded down the mountain. If it was an animal why did it keep its eyes toward me as he receded? After those eyes had faded from sight I lay trying to collect my thoughts. Then I shouted, why, I don't know, it was natural reaction I suppose. At my shout those about me sprang to their feet, matches were struck, and finally the lantern lighted.

"What's the trouble?" demanded Vreeland.

"Great God man," I gasped, "I believe I saw the devil's own eyes out there in the darkness just now."

"Where?" asked Truwell.

"Down the mountain there a little way," I replied, and then recounted all the circumstances.

"You must have seen something very unusual," said Andrews, who was standing by my side. "Your hair is as wet as water."

I put my hand to my head and it was wet with perspiration. All at once I bounded to my feet, an utter horror at my heart.

"Where's Holt!" I screamed.

"Great Lord," gasped Andrews. "He's gone!"

Holt was indeed gone!

“What’s to be done?” Vreeland asked helplessly.

That was indeed a question. To venture far on the mountain with only the dim light of a lantern was dangerous in the extreme. And it was tenfold worse than hunting for the proverbial needle in the haystack to try to find a man on that mountain at any time, much less at the blackest hours of the night.

We finally decided to follow the direction in which the eyes had receded to see if any trace of him could be found in that direction. The party was inclined to believe that it was some animal which had dragged him off; this would account for his eyes being kept toward me as they receded. We searched for hours in that direction and found absolutely no trace of any heavy body having been dragged.

The memory of that lonely night hunt on the mountain is still fresh in my mind. We struggled along through the underbrush and the woods, made horribly weird by the dim light of a lantern. Hundreds of forms seemed to be lurking out in the edges of the light,—devils, monsters, ghouls,—anything that a horror-filled mind will conjure up to torment itself with. With the horror of the tragedy fresh upon us we searched till the ghostly, gray light of dawn slowly dissolved the horrible blackness of the mountain, but we still had found no trace of Holt.

We resolved to go back to the Indian village just below the mountain and organize a searching party. It was almost four o’clock when we reached the settlement. We soon found that it was useless to try to tempt an Indian to stir on that mountain until the next day. So as patiently as we could we waited.

In the early light of the next day we started again with ten lithe Indians as an escort. We had not told the Indians the story as it had really occurred. We told them that Holt had wandered away from the party in search of water and

had gotten lost. Even with this story, we had to pay them highly for venturing on the mountain.

The searching party was divided into two parts. Vreeland, Truewell, and five Indians constituted the first; while Andrews, myself, and the five other Indians constituted the second. If Holt were found alive three shots were to be fired, if found dead, five. We searched all the morning and part of the afternoon without finding any trace and were getting discouraged. When the afternoon was about half up, however, we heard, away in the distance, five shots. As fast as we could we hurried to the spot guided by the shots which the other party fired at regular intervals.

As we came up I saw Holt, lying flat on his back at the foot of a precipice which was, I suppose, about ninety or one hundred feet high.

"Come here and look at his eyes," Vreeland said in a low voice.

I went and looked; they were wide and staring, set in a terrified expression. In fact, his whole face was set in an expression of horror. Andrews bound his handkerchief over the eyes, which he afterwards explained.

Leaving five of the Indians with the body, the rest of us made a detour of several miles and came to the top of the precipice. Here, in a soft spot of ground near the top, we found three of the footprints, and they were heels toward the precipice! Holt had evidently walked backwards off the precipice! We were unable to find any other trace of him at all.

"Holt wasn't the kind of a man to walk backwards down a mountain side at three in the morning without good reason," Truewell grimly observed.

We got the corpse in the village long after dark that night. The next day we had it taken to Lakeville, a town of about ten thousand inhabitants. Andrews had it taken to an undertaker's establishment and prepared for shipment to the East.

Before it was prepared for shipment, however, and while

it was still lying at the undertaker's, Andrews asked me to go to the undertaker's with him. When we were inside the room, where the body was, he asked:

"Have you ever read Dixon's 'The Clansman'?"

"Yes," I replied, wondering what he was coming to.

"I do not remember the names of the characters," he continued; "but do you remember that the doctor in that story, by examining the eye of the dead girl with a microscope, was able to detect the criminal? His theory being that the last thing which she saw, and which impressed her most deeply, would still remain photographed, you might say, on the retina of the eye."

"I remember," I replied.

"Well, I'm going to apply that test to Holt, and want you to verify me in my discoveries, should I make any."

Unbinding the handkerchief which he had bound around Holt's eyes, he picked up a powerful microscope, which he had evidently placed there beforehand, and examined them through this for probably five minutes. Then he handed the glass to me. I noticed that his hand trembled as he handed me the glass, and that he was pale. I saw that he had discovered something but did not want to say what, so that I would be unbiased in my examination.

I took the glass and applied it over the wide, staring eye of the dead man. I studied the eye for three or four minutes and could see nothing but the glassy surface. Then, as I was about to turn away in despair, I noticed, deep in the eye, what seemed to be two little round discs. I looked again, closely, and there, clearly photographed in the depth of the eye, was the image of two staring, hellish eyes.

## The Lady of the Pink Frame

POLLY HEITMAN

It was a little picture with its frame of pink ribbon that hung on the wall close by the grate. The wall itself was of a snowy whiteness, with pink rosebuds and full blown roses clambering over it that seemed to lend of their pinkness and their delicateness to the frame and face within.

In the evening, coming from our work and resting there from the busy world we had met that day—perhaps too tired for anything but thoughts—it was always the little picture with its pink frame that smiled down upon us, and our memories involuntarily strayed to the original of that picture, and we felt again the charm of her presence.

In the little school nestled among the mountains, we knew her—this lady of the pink frame—and learning to know, we had learned to love her—more perhaps than I could tell you.

We were a band of jolly, carefree schoolgirls who knew only the joy and happiness of living, and who, through this very buoyancy of life, caused many a sorrow, even to those for whom we cared most. Among these was our lady—one whose very being would have forced tougher natures than ours to obedience, but—schoolgirls will be schoolgirls, and so it was with that band.

Two there were, Patty and I, who were the ring leaders in all the mischief abroad, yet, in spite of our incorrigibility, were generally considered the favorites of our lady. She it was, who, when we had been unusually mischievous, and when she alone knew who had been the perpetrators of some deed against all laws and regulations of the school, would call us into her room to read us a lecture. But the lecture invariably turned into a feast of the good things kept within her closet and utterly unknown to the dining table.

And so we two learned to love devotedly this woman who

befriended us, and we learned, too, to know her worth. She was a tiny mite of womanhood whose strength of character seemed to be overbalancing. Indeed she was of the dainty fragile type who *might* remind one of lavender and old lace, and one who has hidden within her heart something of sorrow, of desires unattained, of love unfulfilled. Yet, if such were in the life of our lady, during the two years of our acquaintance, not a breath of it escaped her lips—not a word of a fate that had been too harsh. Then one night, the last night after our graduation, before we left our friends known and loved there, all the joys, all the pains experienced there—before giving up the carefree, happy days of school life, we found the secret of a life that had been so lovable, so sacrificing, and so exemplary.

The last gay festivity of the commencement season had ended, and in the wee small hours, after we had been with our friends laughing and weeping over the coming parting, we went for a final talk with our dearest lady. We burst unceremoniously into her room to find her sitting by the window, through which the moon was streaming, and we knew she had been dreaming as we had often found her. This time she seemed a bit startled, and I saw her hastily close the tiny locket she always wore around her throat. Patty, ever irrepressible, saw nothing of this, yet her keen eye did see, stretched upon the bed, something that to her was absorbing and interesting—a filmy mass of chiffon and satin that suggested to her immediately the thing that lay nearest her heart.

“Oh, Miss Dosier, what is this?” she cried. “A lovely dress you’ve never worn?”

For an instant Miss Dosier looked at her with a world of tenderness fraught with meaning, and the saddest of smiles came over her face.

“Yes, Girlie, a dress I’ve never worn,” she said.

Instantly, Patty, realizing all that was unspoken in those

few words, was at her feet. Softly she pleaded "Dear, please do tell us."

I too came quite near and joined my entreaties to Patty's. The lady looked into our eyes and saw there the honest desire to see into *her* holy of holies and sympathize with her over what lay there in secret—nothing of vulgar curiosity for something to talk over with "the girls," but a longing for that something which was so strongly a part of her.

For many seconds the lady looked thus deep into our hearts and then away out through the window, she gazed, out across the fields back into the dim yesterdays, and was silent. Minute after minute we sat thus in the little room, while without, the young May moon flooded the whole earth with a silvery radiance, and in the trees close by, the breezes were crooning their lullaby to tired Nature. Out from the wood across the silvery fields through the stillness of the night came the lonely cry of the whippoorwill—a cry that was answered. Perhaps it was this that recalled her to the present.

In a soft, tender voice she began, "It was so many years ago it seems, dears, and yet only three summers have come and gone, but the winters, I couldn't count them."

Again she was silent, but soon began in a voice filled with a worldless sadness.

"We had known and loved each other for so many happy years. Then he went away to sea with the promise that he would come again soon. And many times he came, with our love growing stronger all the while, and the air castles we had long been building seemed very near their completion. Once he came just for a day to tell me that soon he was to have a long leave of absence, and that then we were to be married. I think that was the happiest day of my life. In the evening when he must go I went with him to the landing place, for we lived quite near the river. A long, long time we tarried there, and when he was gone the sun went out and I was left alone."

The lady seemed to have forgotten entirely our presence,

and was living over again those scenes long past. Again she was sitting by the river's side with the sun setting behind the hills, crowning them with a splendor of gold and leaving in the sky the afterglow of its majestic glory. Then came the twilight hour, and still she lingered, lingered until the moon had come to make the world brighter and happier—alone with her thoughts. Yet of this she told us nothing, for it was her own secret.

"Afterwards all the preparations were hurried through," she continued, "for it would be only a month until he came again. During all that short month my life was filled with a joy unspeakable, and I could not make you know how happy I was. Perhaps you will some day.

"Only a week more until his coming. Everything without and within my heart was awaiting him. Then one day came. Oh, may it never come to you, for, girlies, 'twill take the sun from you, 'twill drain your life of happiness, leaving only an empty, useless thing."

"It was just such an evening as this when Dick left me—the evening the messenger came. A large kindly man he was, who had been a close, close friend to him who had been so near to me. Gently he told me, how out on the ocean a dreadful storm had arisen and their ship had been wrecked. Only these two had their lives spared to them. Then came the time when one must give his life for the other, for the means of escape from death was open to only one. This man who had come to me told me how brave Dick had been—how he had forced him to save himself to come again to his waiting wife and children. And though Dick realized what it must mean to me, he could not do otherwise. But he sent me a mesage—that it was I who made him brave enough for that, and *he* was now awaiting *me*."

She had ceased talking now and was living over only in thought the scenes she had been telling to us. Patty, at her knee was softly crying, and though my heart was flooded with tears they would not come. Involuntarily I murmured half

aloud, "Greater love hath no man than this that he lay down his life for his friend."

Then all was still once more, and from the wood across the white fields came again the sad love cry of the solitary night bird. Almost immediately, from the tree just without the window, went back the answer, the clearest of clear whistles, "*whip-poor-will.*"

## Surmise and Reality

H. E. SPENCE

It may be in the years long gone when life was young and gay  
 When you romped among the daisies and the clover,  
 And mid the apple-blossoms in a fairy world you'd play,  
 That in dreams I walked with you and was your lover:  
 Mayhap you were a peasant maid and I your shepherd swain,  
 Or I a knight and you my lovely lady;  
 That for you the heart's best story did I sing in plaintive  
 strain,  
 Wooing where the love-nymphs basked in bowers shady:

I do not know if long ago  
 When youth's skies glowed above you,  
 I sang love's song the glad day long;  
 But I know that today I love you.

It may be in the ages past 'mid glories long since fled  
 That with grace you ruled your throne with queenly  
 splendor,  
 While, I, the Fool, amused you with the silly words I said  
 Tho' my heart would fain have uttered thoughts more  
 tender,  
 It may be He was monarch, I but just a hopeless slave,  
 His the right (much to be envied) to possess you,  
 Painted smiles must hide my anguish as I struggled to be  
 brave,  
 Happy spite of pain, if serving I might bless you:

I can not say if in that day  
 A slave I knelt before you,  
 But this I ween, today you're queen  
 And I worship and adore you.

Mayhap amid the eternities before the world's gray dawn  
That we formed a love so strong 'twould last forever,  
And through all the weary ages as Time's chariot has rolled  
on,  
That to find each other we have made endeavour;  
Perhaps God told me "Go make worlds" and one I made a  
hell,  
For I despaired since darkness was around you,  
But one I made a paradise with glories none can tell—  
For while making it I dreamed that I had found you.

I can not tell if heaven or hell  
Had aught to do with you, dear;  
But the skies are gray when you're away  
And with you they are blue, dear.

# Southern Industry and Educational Ideals

E. J. LONDOW

## II. THE NEW SOUTH

With the end of the Civil War the South unlike the North had to start completely anew. The old order had passed away: slavery had been abolished, many of the healthy producers had been killed or maimed with wounds; old fields were overgrown with weeds; roads and railways were torn up; industry was prostrate. In 1860 the value of Southern property was seven times as great as that of Massachusetts, in 1870 less than twice as great. In 1860 South Carolina stood third in wealth; ten years later she stood in the thirtieth place.

But the South, in spite of that calamitous mistake made by Congress in its Reconstruction program, in spite of the fact that political and radical warfare was kept by external forces at the boiling point, rolled up its sleeves and went to work.

And the South was bound to show perceptible prosperity after a Titanic struggle of 15 years. The South's greatest need in the past had been sufficient capital. After a long study of the economics of slavery Professor Callender comes to this conclusion: "The most important injury which the South sustained from slavery is to be found in the fact that it prevented the accumulation of capital, and therefore deprived Southern society to a large extent of what has always been the chief means of economic and social progress."<sup>1</sup> Freed from such an oppressive system, the business men and the farmers after several successful crops, and after some of the wounds of the war had been healed came into the possession of a capital with which they could expand their industrial efforts. To their own was added the surplus wealth of Northern capitalists who sought a new and inviting field for the

---

(1) Callender—"The Economic History of the United States," p. 74.

investment. The Civil War alone had made possible the Nationalization of industry: capital was now unhampered by sectional lines.

A more important factor in the industrial growth of this new-old part of the country is men themselves. The Civil War freed more than the negro—it freed the poor white man. “The real thing in the unfolding of the later South is the arrival of the common man. Southern development is in its essence but an approach to democracy, to democracy not merely as a theory of administration but as an expression of society itself.”<sup>2</sup> The new industrial leaders have come up from the masses. In every community can be seen the thrifty mechanic, the alert farmer, the shrewd merchant, whose fathers were not large planters. They are transforming the land because they are bringing a fresh vitality and energy. With the end of the war all had an equal start, and the common man, seeing that his work can count, is making his efforts rapidly tell.

Besides, the New South believes in herself. The Southerner today in his papers, his lectures, at meetings of commercial congresses, at school commencements enthusiastically tells of the South’s vast resources, the rapidity of their development, the pleasantness of her climate, the sweetness of her social life. The Southerner reads with glowing pride:—“that the wealth of the South is five billions more than the entire wealth of the United States in 1861; that the cotton crop of the last twelve months was worth twice the whole gold output of the world; that the South has three times as much bituminous coal lands as Great Britain, Germany, France and Austria; that her agricultural products were worth 900 million dollars more than the agricultural products of the United States in 1861; that forty per cent. of the standing timber of the United States is in the South; that the South has more unmined iron than all Europe.”<sup>3</sup>

This capital, this native strength, this healthy mental atti-

---

(2) E. G. Murphy,—“The Present South,” p. 12.

(3) Leslie’s Weekly, March 16, 1911.

tude are making the South a great industrial empire. The South is no longer merely agricultural. The tendency toward manufacturing is of a mighty force. The capital invested in manufacturing has increased from \$257,244,564, in 1880 to \$1,153,000,368, in 1900; the value of products from \$457,454,777, to \$1,463,643,177, within the same period. In 1880 the South had 800 cotton mills as contrasted with forty-five in 1880; their capital has increased ten fold in that period. Alabama in iron industry is rivaling Pittsburg: the fact that 3,467,000 tons of pig iron were produced in 1906 as compared with 397,000 in 1880 tells a remarkable story. New mills are being erected in every state, railroads are being extended in every locality to meet the new demands. In lumber, timber, flour mills, tobacco, cotton seed, sugar, railroad car shops, in iron and steel, in foundries, in turpentine and rosin, in knit, cotton and woolen goods, and in over three hundred forms of industry, the South is forging ahead.

Even in farming the industrial note is heard. Educational demands for diversification of crops, intensive farming, and the application of new methods are beginning to show results. As over eighty per cent. of the people live in the country, the progressiveness of the agricultural classes is a vital factor in Southern development. The farmer is joining hands with the mechanic in making the South one huge workshop. the motto of which is that adopted by the more highly developed sections of the United States. The utilization of all resources, the proper direction of material forces and efficient large scale production—in both agricultural and manufacturing—such are the tendencies of the new industrial order in the new South.

That this fundamental alteration in the character of the material structure should have been accompanied by a new set of social ideals is but natural. In accommodating themselves to a different environment, men usually take on a different mental attitude. As the South is coming to a com-

pler economic arrangement and feels at home, so to speak in her material civilization, she is seeing a picture of her new ideals much more complete in its detail. Her thinking on the problems of society are becoming more and more clarified.

And in that thinking education has the greatest part. For thirty years or more education has been the dominant subject of discussion; educational plans have entered into all political platforms and debates; in education the idealism of her noble thinkers and intellectual leaders is being expressed.

The immensity of the problem was such that it required for its intelligent solution all the brains and energy of the South's most brilliant leaders. To develop an educational system from the beginning, and to make it serve two races different in abilities and character—this has been the greatest task confronting Southern statesmanship. The hardest battle was to be with illiteracy, for as late as 1900 a third of all the white illiterates resided in the South, where there were close to a million illiterates over ten years of age, and twelve and two tenths per cent. of men of voting age could neither read nor write. For the negro the record was still worse.<sup>4</sup>

Setting before themselves Thomas Jefferson's ideal "a system of general instruction which shall reach every district or part of our citizens from the richest to the poorest," the educational leaders of the South, such as Curry, McIver, Alderman, with encouragement of the best men of the nation labored indefatigably and successfully for universal public education.

With a realization of the new order in the South and its possibilities this education is being considered not only as a natural right of the child, but also a tool for increasing his efficiency, productiveness, and material happiness. "In my opinion," said Superintendent Whitfield, of Mississippi, be-

---

(4) Biennial Report, Superintendent of Public Instruction, N. C., (1909-10)

fore the 1907 Conference for Education in the South, "What the South most needs to fully realize is that what is best in her material life can be reached only as a result of the proper training of her people." If in the new civilization of the South Southerners themselves shall be the leaders, they must prepare themselves, it is believed, for leadership. The South is beginning to feel the truth of the words of Ex-President Dabney, of the University of Tennessee, "If we do not educate our own people to use these resources intelligently the skilled men of other states will come in and do so, and make our native population hewers of wood and the drawers of water in their industries."

Education in the South, then, as in other parts of America is taking on a new meaning. Education must be correlated to life; "its ideal must conform to the social ideal." The training of the child, "should connect the life and instruction of the school more closely with the life they must lead, which will prepare them for usefulness and happiness in the varied spheres in which they must move."<sup>5</sup>

The child must be given knowledge relating to his environments and the processes that are employed in acting upon that environment, and he must gain some skill in such knowledge.<sup>6</sup> The educationist believes, "that the masses can be gradually trained to the intelligence needful in meeting the new conditions of labor, and the leaders of industry can only be found among those in whom large original faculties have been developed by the thorough training of the expert."<sup>7</sup> In short Southern educational leaders are demanding industrial education.

The agitation for practical education, for the education that will be close to the life of the people has attained such a force, "that the general acceptance and fruition in practical results have been more rapid and marked among the states "of the South than any other section of the world."<sup>8</sup>

---

(5) Report of State Sup. Pub. Ins. N. C., (1909-10), p. 29.

(6) Twelfth Conf. Educ. South, by Supt. Cook, of Ark.

(7) Rev. A. D. Mayo—"Industrial Education in the South."

(8) Twelfth Conf. Educ. South, by Supt. Cook, of Ark.

The spirit of the twentieth century ideal of training is being felt everywhere. The farmers are coming to realize the need of industrial education. "The agricultural revolution," writes the brilliant agricultural leader, Clarence H. Poe, "can be brought about only by better scheme of rural education \* \* \* with a curriculum adapted to the needs of the country children." Educators in their meetings never fail to discuss the new education; in their reports to the legislatures is almost always found a recommendation for introducing manual training and elementary agriculture in the public schools and such reports meet with the support of the newspapers and journals, commercial organizations, and professional societies.

Striking results have been secured. Every Southern State is making appropriations for farmers' institutes, and is liberally supporting the Agricultural and Mechanical Colleges that were made possible partly by the Federal grant of 1862. Mississippi, again, has established an agricultural high school in each county; Virginia beginning in 1908 appropriated \$20,000 annually for the support of an agricultural and industrial department in each congressional district; North Carolina set aside in 1911 \$25,000 for assisting counties in establishing agricultural high schools. In Columbus, Ga., the first practical trade school in America has been in successful operation for several years. The importance of giving practical training to girls also has been recognized in the establishment of such schools as the Winthrop Normal College of South Carolina in 1893, where each girl is required to take one industrial art. The report of the United States Commissioner of Education for 1909 shows that in the South Atlantic and South Central States there were eighty-six manual arts institutes with 664 instructors, and 8906 students who worked in plants worth \$4,615,496. In the Agricultural and Mechanical Colleges of the Southern States there were enrolled in 1908 five thousand men who were taking regular courses. The ambition, it can be seen, of many of

the brightest boys is not to become lawyers and politicians, but to be engineers, chemists, machinists. Chemistry, physics, electricity, and not Latin and forensics are absorbing the attention of healthy boys. "Twenty-five years ago," President Lyman Hall of the Georgia School of Technology declared, "a young man could not wear overalls and dress suits too." Today the study of mastering the material forces about man and making them subservient to society's welfare has become as noble a profession as the gentlemanly arts of the Old South.

The advocates of practical education speak with greatest emphasis and positiveness when they seek to make that education the basis for the training of the negro race. From that warm debate whether the negro ought to be educated and whether he is improving by education one idea seems to stand out as one upon which the thinking element of the South is decided, and that is: the improvement of the negro depends upon industrial training. "The industrial development of the South demands that the negro be either improved or gotten rid of," is but a paraphrase of the words of General S. E. Armstrong that "the only hope for the future of the South is in a vigorous effort to elevate the colored race by practical education that shall fit them for life." Unless the colored man is prepared to struggle with his physical environment, Frederick Douglas as far back as 1853 writing to Harriet Beecher Stowe said, "they will decay under the pressing wants to which their condition is rapidly bringing them."

Actuated by this belief General Samuel Chapman Armstrong at Hampton, Virginia, and his pupil Booker T. Washington, at Tuskegee, Alabama, have labored to free the negro from the notion that "freedom from slavery brought with it freedom from hard work, and that education of the head would bring even more sweeping emancipation from work with the hands," and to train him for the fundamentals of life by a love of work and a pride in excellence.<sup>9</sup> With these

---

(9) Washington, "Working With the Hands."

idealists industrial training is not only an education in brick laying, forgery, electricity, which will bring the negro back to that mechanical efficiency he exercised on the Ante-bellum plantations, but one of the greatest known agencies for building the character of the negro upon honesty and truthfulness.

Out of the Hampton and Tuskegee schools have grown numerous institutions in almost every Southern State, and each of these labors with the hand and head together. In all educational schemes for the negro industrial education will play a great part, for the result of these schools have proved that if the negro is to work out his salvation at all he can do so only by increasing his efficiency, and by dint of character, skill, and energy make his efforts tell in the upbuilding of a material civilization.

A half a century ago the cotton states withdrew from the Union because they felt that the national spirit so strong in the land and so impatient of diversity would not only hem in but also sweep away the peculiar order that obtained South of the Mason and Dixon line. Proud, strong, and fanciful, the South chafed under any restriction upon preserving or even expanding that order. Her whole material life was agricultural; her best mental activity was spent in fostering that system and preserving the legal recognition of her right to grow, to live, to expand as her individuality sought. In such a condition intellectual aristocracy found a strong hold. Education for leadership, education for the sake of culture and ideals, stamped the educational progress of the Old South.

Today the South is not only in the American Union but in the American nation as well. Like other sections of the country she has developed into strong healthy democracies. The energies of all her people are united in harnessing the forces of nature and putting them to the use of man. They are busied in creating new industries, developing in a con-

servative way all her resources, and increasing the comforts of her inhabitants.

And the South, like other sections of the country, feeling the impulses of democracy that has never been given so free a hand as in America is determined that the end of all this striving, this ceaseless work shall be to make this a land where every man, be he high or low, can express his individuality and where the race can grow in mental and moral strength. The new educator believes that the happiness and the strength of the nation depends upon the ability of every man to react upon his environment as a master builder.

## The Heart's Song

H. E. SPENCE

When first we met, Dear Heart, that June long-gone—  
 You with your hazel eyes and ruby lips,  
 Face fresh and beauteous as the rose-flushed dawn,  
 Fair as the flowers where the wild-bee sips;  
 I loved to linger in your genial smile,  
 List to your kindly words of hopeful cheer;  
 Your friendly handclasp made the day worth while,  
 Made summer linger all the livelong year.

“My dearest friend,” I whispered, “friend to abide for aye,  
 True and enduring as the skies above you;”  
 Such were the words of reason but all my heart would say:  
 “Friends doubtless, but I love you, oh, I love you!”

Dreaming as birds of springtime lovely bowers  
 While fiercely shrieks December's chilling blasts,  
 Dreaming of heart's springtime and love's fair flowers  
 Affection's skies with never a cloud o'ercast;  
 Dreaming of joys like these my heart made bold  
 To utter with the birds their glad sweet song,  
 To tell you love's story never old,  
 To sing tho' falt'ringly the glad day long:

“Friendship is fair,” I whispered, “fair as the glad spring  
 day,  
 Fair and enduring as the skies above you,  
 But the song my lips must utter since 'tis all my heart will  
 say  
 Is the birds' glad song ‘I love you, oh, I love you!’”

Dreaming, Dear Heart, still dreaming, tho' the dream  
 Must aye remain a dream, the winter's chill

Affords no springtime, though no day-star beam  
To scatter darkness and the birds are still ;  
Dreaming of one sweet face whose mem'ry burns  
Within my vision all the sad hours long,  
Dreaming of you, Dear Heart, and loyal turns  
My soul to thee and sings love's hopeless song :

"Gone are the birds and flowers, past is the summer day,  
Life's dreary as the murky skies above you,  
But I sing the song of springtime for 'tis all my heart will say  
In despair or hope "I love you still I love you."

## Honor at Stake

WALTER GLASGOW SHEPPARD

### II.

Wednesday, May the 26th, dawned a beautiful day. The sun was shining brightly, the air was balmy and pleasant and the sky clear and blue. Everything around Excelsior seemed gay and happy. The students were jubilant over their prospective nation-wide championship, the citizens of Yorktown were excited over seeing the game—everything seemed hopeful—even the birds chirped of victory.

Everybody on the campus was mirthful save one, and that person was Dick Norton. For some unaccountable reason he was disconsolate and unlike himself. He had not seemed like Dick since the night of the reception. There was something of the mysterious about his conduct, for even his most intimate friends could learn nothing of his troubles, if he had any, neither could they console him nor cheer him. He gave as his reason for not attending the reception that he was detained until very late down street, and he disliked to go calling at that time of night. His girl friends, Miss Andrews and Miss Briggs, seemed to be hurt because he did not come up, even at that late hour, since the reception was given particularly in his honor. It was thought that this made him blue, as no other cause for his down-hearted mood could be imagined.

Dick Norton was not a coward. Never a more manly and nervy fellow had been seen on the campus until that day. But now he had reached the point of despondency, he even shrank from pitching the game against Hammond. He even went so far as to call in Gus Makelove, the second pitcher, and ask him to pitch the game. Makelove refused this offer, asserting that he would not think of such a thing.

“Why Dick,” said he, “the students here would mob me if I went on that diamond this afternoon. Don’t you know that

everybody is looking to you to win that game? Haven't you seen what the papers have said about you? Why boy, you are a fool to say you don't want to pitch the championship game between the South and the North. If I were in your place I wouldn't take five thousand dollars for the opportunity. You have already made yourself famous pitching ball, but you will win a world-wide reputation this afternoon. For, believe me, Dick, we are going to take that game."

"Gus I declare you are certainly consoling, and if anybody can flatter, you surely have that faculty. I thank you for these words, old boy, but I have been feeling sick,—I've had a kind of headache all the morning, and it seems to me somehow that some one else—you, yourself ought to pitch that game. I feel like we will win, but if we should lose—if we should lose—" here he faltered and remained silent a moment—then he concluded by saying, "O well, I'll pitch it. I will do my best."

"Good for you Dick. That's all we want you to do. That's all you need to do. My gracious man, what is the matter with you anyway. You haven't seemed like yourself since Monday night. Don't let a little matter like the girls teasing you for missing their reception phase you. We had a good time and missed you, but you could not be there; so let it go at that. Brace up."

At this instant their conversation was interrupted by a call from DeLaney and Jeff Harlan from the outside. They wanted Norton and Makelove to walk up street with them to see the Hammond students come in. All the rest of the team and a large crowd of students had gone on sometime before this, and Dick was in his room alone when he called Makelove in. Norton and Makelove joined DeLaney and Harlan and walked up to the city. They found the Hammond team and a number of Excelsior boys on the streets. The Hammond team had come down the night before in order to enjoy a rest before the game. They were a strong hefty looking bunch of men, and were confident of winning

the game. They had been staking money on the game ever since they reached Yorktown, having been commissioned by the bunch of students who were to come on the following day to put their money up for them. And in the Excelsior bunch they found men to cover every cent they put up. But strange to note neither DeLaney nor Dick Norton would stake anything on the game at that time. The other Excelsior boys pretended that it was a spirit of the Southern moral enthusiast which kept them from betting on the game. But this was said to bluff the Hammond men. DeLaney and Norton told their friends that they were going to put their money up in the afternoon. The rest of the crowd, however, wagered all they had on their home team, and all except DeLaney went on down to the Union Station to see the excursion come in. DeLaney wanted to see the manager of the visiting team, and so went around to the hotel where he was stopping.

The excursion train came in with a tremendous crowd of Yankee students. It was about half an hour late, as it arrived at half past twelve. There came a large number of people from various parts of the country with the Hayden excursion. The game had truly received a nation-wide advertisement. Not only was there a number on that train, but the trains from all directions that day brought scores of people to see the game.

After the excursion came in all of the Excelsior fellows went back out to the University to get dinner and get ready for the game. The Hammond men strolled about going all over Yorktown to see the historic Southern city. But at half-past three o'clock the crowd began to gather on the Winthrop Athletic Field, and by four there were many thousand people there. The grand stand, bleachers, and all of the ground space in front of these were occupied. No such crowd had ever been seen on Excelsior grounds before.

All of the Excelsior men were apparently in fine shape now. Norton had promised to abandon his troubles, making

Makelove swear that morning that he would say nothing of the conversation between them. Consequently the rest of the team knew nothing of this affair. Everybody was merry, and the boisterous rooting and yelling from the rival universities lent great impetus for success to the game.

Hammond had first practice. Then Excelsior went in for a few moments practice. It was seen that the regular men would play. Dick Norton in the box, Jack Garrett behind the bat, Ned Bowen on first, John Everett on second, Bob Kamon at short-stop, Tom Swarrigan on third, Baker Howie in right, Jake Easton in center and Luke Lambe in left—this was the Excelsior line-up. Jeff Harlan, Gus Makelove and William Dudley had reserved seats on the players' bench. As the umpire announced the batteries the Excelsior rooters rose with a yell. This was echoed with long applause from the grand stand, and the game began.

Olmstead, the big Hammond catcher was first to the bat. He knocked a fly to first and was out, Bowen making a pretty catch. Snowdon fanned out, and Bowling hit a fly to Norton. A loud outburst of shouting came from the Excelsior ranks as the Hammond team retired. "Batter up," cried the umpire, and Jack Garrett walked boldly forth. He hit a foul into the third baseman's territory, and was out. Next came John Everett to whom everybody was yelling "hit it for a home run John." Two strikes came over in quick succession. The next one that came he drove far into the corner of left field. Everett made two bases on this. Swarrigan struck out, and Bowen got out at first. The first inning was over and neither side had scored.

The second inning added nothing to the score for either side. But in the third it seemed that there was something doing for Hammond. Dick Norton appeared to be getting weak, else they were getting on to his pitching. Marlowe got a three base hit and was the second man up. Then came Hinson and got on first. Davis hit a foul to Bowen, but Ralph walked. At this instant the Hammond men went wild

in shouting, almost coming over into the diamond. DeLaney, who was sitting on the visiting team's bench, yelled to Norton to take his time and steady up. But just then he threw the ball and Washburn got a clean single, letting Marlowe in home, and one score was registered for Hammond.

Loud and long were the yells and exclamations which went up from the left bleachers where Hammond was seated when Marlowe reached the home plate. Hats were thrown in the air, coats torn off and a general state of pandemonium reigned. The game went on however, and Washburn was caught stealing second.

The third inning was not so favorable to Excelsior. Norton came to the bat and everybody was confident that he would get a hit. But instead he was struck out. Howie got on first base, and Garrett got a clean hit to right field, which put Howie on second. Kamon was up, and he hit a hot fly to short-stop. Everett struck out and retired the side.

It was certain that something must be done or the game would surely be lost. The Excelsior men stood up and began to boost their team. They gave a continuous "hack," "hack," "hack," to the visiting team. As a result of this Hammond did not even reach first base in the fourth inning. Then came a renewed outburst of rooting as Excelsior went to the bat. Swarrigan got a long drive over the center-fielder's head. He reached second base on this and pretty soon Bowen got on first. By this time Swarrigan had reached third base and the whole crowd of Excelsior enthusiasts went crazy. Bowen was caught sleeping at first, and was out. But just then Norton got a single and in came Swarrigan home. Hammond thought she had done herself proud in rooting when Marlowe scored, but this was not to be compared to the noise which resulted from Swarrigan's coming in home. Norton was caught stealing second and Easton was out on a foul ball, which was caught by Olmstead, the star catcher for

Hammond. The score was tied now, and excitement was intense.

The fifth inning passed and the sixth, and neither side had scored. The seventh and still no additional score. The eighth inning came and Hammond could not get any further than second base. But when Excelsior came to bat Baker Howie hit the ball over the fence and made one home run. Just here there was a squabble between the umpire and one of the spectators, and during the interval a bunch of students grabbed Howie, lifted him on their shoulders and raced over the field. Nothing more was gained in that innng however, and the score stood 2 to 1 in favor of Excelsior.

Everyone of the Yorktown citizens were loyal to, and hearty supporters of the Excelsior team except the two gentlemen who called at Dick Norton's room on the night of the reception. They were discovered in the midst of the Hammond students with an awful despondent and disgusted look on their faces. It was evident that they had money up on the game. The Excelsior students saw them there and began to guy them for they were among the first to rejoice over Hammond's first run.

Then came the ninth. It was thought by all that the championship game would not be won in the ninth, everybody believing it had already been won. But alas, Dick Norton got sick. He swore he could not pitch the last inning, begging them to put Makelove in. The Doctor came up and examined him, but said there was nothing the matter with him except a little excitement. At this moment the grandstand and bleachers were yelling "Put Dick Norton back in! Put Dick Norton Back in!" He was finally persuaded against his will to pitch out the last inning, and he reluctantly went in the box. A great outburst of applause came from the concourse of people as he walked back into the diamond.

"Batter up," cried the umpire, and Marlowe came to the bat. He had previously got on to Norton's pitching, and knowing what was coming he drew back and waded into the

ball for a two base hit. The first man up—and a two bagger—and Washburn followed with a single. Thomas then walked. Norton was getting in the air and there were cries “take him out,” “take him out.” But all thought Dick would certainly get out of the hole, and so he was left in the pitcher’s box. Olmstead came to the bat next. He got another two base hit, letting in both Marlowe and Washburn. The Hammond fellows took things into their hands and were satisfied that the game was won for the Northern University—that they would go back to Hayden champions of the country in baseball. Norton began to get a little steadier and struck out the next two batters in succession. Snowdon was out at first, and the side retired.

The Excelsior boys, although dumfounded, were hopeful to the last. But their weak end was to the bat, and they felt that their chances were few. Kamon led off and got on first. Lambe came next to the bat, but fanned out. Easton sent a long fly to rear of center field, but it was caught by Bowling. Kamon reached second however. Jack Garrett came up and got a single which put him on first and Kamon on third. Excelsior’s chances looked a little bright again. The students forgot themselves and came over into the field, so overjoyed were they. But just then John Everett who was expected to get a home run, hit a foul to the catcher and was out. The game was up, the score 4 to 2, and Hammond, the Northern University had won the championship of the country.

Never a more disappointed and despondent set of people emerged from a ball game than the crowd which followed the victorious bunch of Hammond fellows from Winthrop field that day. The honor of Excelsior had fallen, her team had been defeated; moreover there were rumors of foul play.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

---

---

# Editorial

---

---

## PUBLIC SPEAKING

We are now in the season of debating and oratory. Beside the debates and the orations that are usually delivered in the societies, we shall have this spring two inter-collegiate debates, one with the University of South Carolina and the other with Swarthmore College, the annual Wiley Gray contest, and a contest for the selection of Trinity's representative at the State meeting of the North Carolina Inter-collegiate Peace Association. Here then is a wide field in which Trinity men can test their strength and bring credit to their *Alma Mater*. How many men will avail themselves of these opportunities?

It seems that there should be no need of pointing out the value of public speaking to-day. It has been asserted that interest in oratory on the part of the public has declined. The age of the orator has passed away. Managers in political parties often bar the joint debate from the sphere of legitimate political education which the press now occupies. We are no longer susceptible to the mellifluous yet meaningless phrases of the silver-tongued orator, or the ranting, villifying outbursts of the stump debater. Yet, after all that has been said of the wane in the influence of the speaker, it still is true that never in the history of society have ideas played so influential a role, and never before has the man with the power to think clearly and express himself logically and persuasively had greater freedom and opportunity in making these ideas effective. The great movements that to-day bring about such fundamental changes in human institutions draw their strength from the vitality of public opinion moulded by men of convictions which they do not hesitate

to convey to their fellows. Take the prohibition movement, the missionary movement, or the Socialist movement—to discover what part of their strength is due to the power of the speaker.

In smaller affairs the activity of the speaker is as wide. In the lecture hall, in the court room, at a meeting of stockholders, or at the Farmers' Institute, go where you will where men gather for the exchange of ideas, or for council, or protection, and the dominating personality there is the man who can say effectively what he thinks and believes in what he says. We are all called on sooner or later to give our opinions. The world will grade our education by our efficiency in opinion expression. But the world also demands that the opinion be based on fact, on truth, that it can stand up in mental conflict with the opinion of an opponent, and vanquish its enemy. It is not mere expression that is wanted, it is the truth that clarifies, that can drive out falsehood, that is based on realities—this is what is sought.

We have here a sufficient reason for the decline in public speaking mentioned above. The public has rightly wearied of the old methods of the orator. The stump speaker proves nothing by mere denunciation, the intelligent man must seek all day in the bushel of the honey-tongued orator's chaff to find one wheat-grain of common sense. It is bombast and rhetoric, "gas," as the college world says, which has proved to be disgusting. It is bad to give the hungry hot-air as it is to give him a stone. Let something worth while be said and the ear pricks up, the facial features assume an intense expression; we are listening.

Should not training in debate and oratory occupy a large space in one's education? Consider how valuable is the training that the debater gets by wading through a sea of material, selecting the most powerful arguments, arranging them in such a way that those of his opponents will be shattered, and that the audience will feel that he has proved his case. Ar-

guments are placed in the scale and weighed, human weaknesses are calculated, the spirit of co-operation that is the heart of team work is developed. The real orator, too, learns to talk to the heart and mind of the listener, that he may convince him of a truth or persuade to engage in a desired activity. These men know the difference between an argumentative combat and a mere declamation contest, between an oration and oration. And these men demand a hearing when they speak.

---

### **OUR COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM**

Any interesting addition to our commencement program ought be welcomed by students as well as alumni. Many have felt that we as hosts have not provided sufficiently for the entertainment of our many guests during commencement week. Addresses alone do not fill the need. If the college authorities expect all the students to remain for the exercises we should fill in the long summer hours with activities that will appeal to them and the younger alumni. Such affairs as a field meet in which a large number of undergraduates take part, games between old classes, and a farce pulled off by the Junior class, would not be difficult or expensive to arrange. Let us get to work on devising further suitable entertainment.

---

### **A NEW MANAGEMENT**

The college community is to be congratulated on the election of Mr. N. I. White, of the Junior class, to the editorship of the ARCHIVE for the year beginning September, 1912. As a frequent contributor to this magazine in verse, essay and fiction of a quality far above the ordinary, Mr. White occupies an eminent position among the Southern college journalists of our generation. The present staff has found in him

an untiring and always interested sharer in its tasks and it welcomes him now as an official member of the ARCHIVE's management. Mr. S. W. Marr will devote the energy of which he has made evidence in college affairs to the financial management of this monthly.

---

---

# Wayside Wares

---

---

## A GLIMPSE OF SPRING

It is raining, a dreary, bitter-cold rain to-day. Sometimes one can enjoy rain, even a cold rain; but there has been so much of it, and it is just such a day as this that makes one think of spring.

When the days of spring have come at last, my! it's good to be alive; good to see the grass growing and the trees sprouting leaves, and the little blue-birds flitting here and there along the orchard fence. Then come the days when in the early morning haze one can catch the fragrant, fresh, and wholesome vapor that rises from the budding earth—the sweetness of apple blossoms, odors from the fresh-turned soil, a soft scent of violets, and the balminess which comes with April days, all mingling to form the breath of spring.

With the first warm days of rain and sunshine comes that most-loved of all the flowers of spring—the trailing-arbutus—boldly coming so near the winter's snow; yet timidly blooming on its mossy bed under the dead dry leaves, and sending up its faint, sweet, musky fragrance, a kind of incense rising from the earth to make a fitting welcome to the sunbeams. Then the days grow warm, and there are great stretches of dazzling sunshine, with here and there long depths of shadow. The farmers have been sowing seed. The children are beginning to go barefooted, and the boys feel like "laying out" of school and layin' in the swimming hole. Sometimes there is a warm rain followed by a brighter sunshine and the chattering of birds. And then, when the glossy, pale pink, deep pink, and white blossoms of the arbutus—spring prelude—have faded, myriads of budding, flowering plants throughout the world take up the chorus. From the sacred cherry bloom

of Japan's fairy islands, from the orange groves of California, and the Maine woods, from the bonnie nodding Scotch blue-bells, and the blooming shrubs around "Killarney's breaks and fells"—from all the world warmed by the sun's soft rays rises a balmy vapor of infinite sweetness in answer to the kiss of spring.

---

## THE STRADIVARIUS

S. S. A.

Centuries ago a wonderful, dark tree reared its head above the summit of a sunny slope in Italy. Its roots drew sweet sustenance from the mother earth which, pulsating with life-throb through its fibres bade it hum to the wind a song of nature's harmony. One day the gray-haired craftmaster saw the tree, and joyfully called it good. After months of curing, he began with loving care to shape the heart of the wood. Carving and planning with infinite delicacy he added his artist's soul to the soul of nature. Finally the violin was finished with lines of airy grace. It was young, inexperienced, untouched by the fiery emotions of life; but its untrained voice had a vague ring of truth.

By and by a musician bought the violin. Zealously, unweariedly he played it ever with tones of scientific precision, so that the hidden inner parts learned to thrill in unison, to vibrate again with sympathy. The voice of the violin became round, bold, and true. Still it revealed no warmth of heart; was but a perfect machine.

The musician died and the violin was lonely. When jarred it breathed a fairy sigh. A lover took it up and played it passionately. In dreamy, moon-bathed gardens he sang his love to his lady. His hot breath flushed the cheek of the violin and waked in its mysterious heart a poignant joy. It was depressed and elated, melancholy and gay with him.

An artist heard its song and would not give it up. He played with ambition, fury, determination. The voice of the violin gained a note of elation and victory. It became master-

ful; forced its hearers from joy to tears, from hopes to fears. Within its spirit was awakened the passion of the world conqueror.

When two centuries old it had rounded the depths and heights of human experience; could cry out in sympathy to any mortal emotion. One thing it lacked. A saint took it to his hermit cell. He gradually called from it music of a new, vague, supernatural power; of love broader and richer than human comprehension; suggestions of a divine compassion.

\*                     \*                     \*                     \*

So here's to the old "Strad!" In its frail, rich, burnt-brown shell it hides centuries of human experience. Nature, craftsman, musician, lover artist, and saint all made it the passage-way of their soul expression, and it has taken from them all a toll. Lightly touched by a skilled hand it will breathe forth world-wisdom beyond the ken of man.

---

## EVOLUTION

J. C., JR.

A country lassie, young Moll by name,  
At ten shakes hands, and in accents lame,  
But with heart sincere, says to Neighbor Bill:  
"If it's ten o'clock,—Well, good-bye Bill."

A bright college co-ed, she's Mollie now,  
(It's not my doing, don't ask me how)  
At twelve addresses our student Bill:  
"Why, it's only eleven; Well, ta, ta, Will."

At one of a night in moonlight steeped,  
From the depths of a chair with cushions heaped,  
Miss Martha Society chirps to Bill:  
"Must you go, Sweet William? *Au revoir*, if you will."

---

---

## Editor's Table

---

---

Perhaps no genus among the variety of contributions to our college magazines receives less attention at the hands of exchange editors than that of the so-called "special articles." In the case of college magazines this term is probably a misnomer, but it is the one applied to articles of a corresponding nature in national magazines. With this thought in mind, I have gone over a number of the more serious articles in this month's issues with more or less care and endeavored to get at some idea of the status to which this class of contributions might be assigned.

In a previous criticism in this department I called attention to the improved quality of the verse being published in the magazines that come to the ARCHIVE table. Later I endeavored to show how the outlook in fiction was not so hopeful. Now, if I might rank the three principal classes of contributions in the order of their merit, I should place poetry first, fiction second, and "special articles" last.

The reason for this is not far to seek. In the very titles of a number of these pieces is foreshadowed the mediocrity which characterizes them. And by mediocrity I do not intend to reflect in a manner positively derogatory on the contributions in question. The thoughts expressed in this class of articles are those which come to all of us and which no thinking college student can be without. Hence to a reader they may appear insipid and flat. I do not believe that there are very many philosophers with particularly keen insight into human life in its various phases among our college men. Hence it would be too much to expect a discriminating discussion on topics like "The Relations between Poetry and

Life," "Shakespeare's Breadth of Sympathy," and "What Am I and for What Do I Stand?" in college magazines.

I have not read all of the "special articles" in all of the magazines received. The opening paragraphs of some furnished me with sufficient edification on the subjects dealt with, and I could not muster energy to proceed further into their depths. Take, for instance, the opening sentence of one of the articles referred to above: "One of the things that has impressed me most profoundly in my study of Shakespeare has been his breadth of sympathy." After such a pronouncement who would have the heart to proceed further?

The trouble seems to be not in the inability of the writers to think. I doubt not but that a majority of those whose contributions smack most of assumed pedantry, are in reality capable of producing work of a really creditable nature. The quality of their contributions is the result of misdirected effort. The subjects chosen are too difficult for any really definite pronouncement, or for any really noteworthy discoveries in the realm of philosophy on the part of amateurs. It may be said in defense of this practice, that a beginning must be made. Admitting the truth of such an argument, the fact still remains that beginnings should be modest rather than presumptuous; they should attempt to apply the principle governing big things to phases of life not so complex, rather than attempt at first effort to solve some of the fundamental questions of philosophy and literature.

Since I have raised the question of subjects for such efforts, I may add that it seems to me that the field of southern literature is too much neglected among our contributors to southern college magazines. Each locality, or state, has numerous lesser lights of literature whose remembrance in the minds of posterity rests largely upon the prominence given them by our college magazines. Southern problems of industry and of social conditions deserve a larger treatment than they receive. I notice with pleasure that the question of immigration

to the South is discussed by a writer in the *Red and White*. Another subject that might be treated is the standard that prevails in our academic life. The opinion of the undergraduate on problems of college administration and teaching is one that should be given more prominence. The undergraduate is entitled to an opinion on these matters for it is he who is affected by any changes that may be made in college policy, and it is, *ostensibly* and *presumably*, for his benefit that such policies are put into operation. Numerous other topics for discussion in the pages of our college magazines might be mentioned, but space does not permit, and after all the selection of a particular subject is one that ought to be left to the individual writer. I only hope that I have made plain my idea as to the lines along which our thinkers and writers in college magazines might direct their work with better results.

Under this head of "special articles" the editorial might be ranked. Like the Exchange Department, Editorials hold a place in college periodical literature without counterpart in the literary magazines of the day. I shall not attempt any justification of the practice of including such pieces in our magazines. Suffice it to say, editorials constitute a noticeable feature in college magazines and no evidence of their discontinuance has been shown. This being the case, I may say that it appears that editorials suffer in the same degree as do "special articles," if from different causes. They are too prone to degenerate into platitudinous utterances on college spirit or on study and various other matters on which all students have surface opinions. This business of getting below the surface of things is one that should attract college men and not repel them. Contributions of any nature to our periodicals will remain uninteresting and without power so long as they deal only with the surface aspects of any question.

It may not be out of place to cite a few examples of the plaintive note so present in the editorials I have read.

After propounding a list of rhetorical questions to his readers the editor of the *Southwestern University Magazine* concludes a paragraph with the following sentence:

“Have we reached the period in the world’s history when there is a let down among the students and when the right and the fair thing cannot be expected of them? O tragedy!”

The editor of the *Clemson Chronicle* seems to have been chosen to pilot a forlorn hope from the tone of his editorial on contributions. He says:

“Fellows, why don’t you write for the *Chronicle*? Is it because you think you can’t write a story that the staff will accept? Don’t hesitate for that reason; let us have the story and we will publish it if we possibly can. We are trying to develop writers, and so we are willing to publish a first effort, though it be a little below the standard; but of course it must have sufficient merit not to reflect discredit on our magazine.”

In all justice to the editor, however, it may be said that he does not seem to be in such a plight as he imagines and that one of his contributions in the January issue, entitled “Rat Smith,” is an extremely readable and interesting story. In the same magazine I would like to express my agreement with the exchange editor when he says, in reference to a story: “‘A Real Fortune’ is a little unusual in plot, which adds much to it.” What a momentous discovery!

The editor of the *Wofford College Journal* seems to have let his personal admiration for the “Peerless” leader run away with his better judgment when he states that Mr. Bryan is, of all Americans, best qualified for holding the presidential office.

In all justice to the editors, however, it must be said that as a rule the expression of their own personal views is executed in a worthy style and without undue accentuation of the amateurish side of their work. The editor of the *University of Tennessee Magazine* seems to have hit the nail on the head in the matter of college spirit, and the editors of numerous other magazines exhibit considerable keenness in their comments on various phases of college life.

# The Trinity Archive

---

---

Volume XXV

Number Six

---

---

## MANAGER'S NOTICE

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the college.

Changes may be made in advertisements by notifying the Business Manager.

This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students who we hope will see fit to subscribe, and thus continue their loyalty to their *Alma Mater*. If you do not wish to become subscribers, please notify us at once, or the magazine will be sent to you during the year. The names of the old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

Subscription: One year, \$1.25; single copies, 15 cents.

---

---

## EDITORIAL STAFF

E. J. LONDOW	- - - - -	Editor-in-Chief
W. G. SHEPPARD	- - - - -	Associate Editor-in-Chief
MARY LOOMIS SMITH	} - - - - -	Literary Editors
W. E. ELLER		
F. S. BENNETT	- - - - -	Wayside Wares
J. N. AIKEN	-- - - - -	Editor's Table
R. G. CHERRY	- - - - -	Business Manager

---



---

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

---

### LITERARY DEPARTMENT

The Illusionist (Verse).....	<i>N. I. White</i>	269
William Vaughn Moody.....	<i>Lizzie T. Wrenn</i>	270
To M— (Verse).....	<i>James Cannon Jr.</i>	277
The Philosophy of a College Student.....	<i>W. M. Marr</i>	278
Scalps at a Belt.....	<i>Florence Freedlander</i>	283
Conquerors (Verse).....	<i>Mary Yeula Westcott</i>	286
How They said Goodnight.....	<i>W. T. Surratt</i>	287
“Durch Ewigkeit”.....	<i>Polly Heitman</i>	290
Lying.....	<i>Top C. Turvey</i>	295
Minutes (Verse).....	<i>N. I. White</i>	299
Honor at Stake.....	<i>W. G. Sheppard</i>	300
Two Leap-Year Letters.....	<i>M. B. Andrews</i>	306
EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT .....		309
WAYSIDE WARES .....		312
EDITOR'S TABLE .....		316

# *The Trinity Archive*

---

---

*Trinity College, Durham, N. C., April, 1912*

---

---

## **The Illusionist**

N. I. WHITE

The Present fades unnoticed, far away;  
With all the zeal an ardent soul can borrow  
He's burnishing the dust of yesterday  
From off the golden sandals of Tomorrow.

## William Vaughn Moody

LIZZIE T. WRENN

The tendency in all English speaking countries is to hail every new poet as a true successor of Milton, Shakespeare or Tennyson, to deafen the ears of readers with acclaiming trumpets. This is especially true in England where every young writer of prominence falls into the hands of friends who are more anxious to wrest prompt recognition from the public than to give their young writer an opportunity of proving, by the quality of his own works, the right to gain recognition. In this country, however, critics are wiser; consequently poets of promise have come into a wholesome atmosphere. This country, especially, longs for some one who can give voice to its ethical enthusiasm, its deepening feeling for beauty, the vein of idealism which pervades it, its growing conviction that however vast and beneficent the work of its hands may be, that work can never convey what is deepest in its heart, and constitute the permanent contribution to the spiritual capital of the race. No young poet of recent years has given more conclusive evidence of the possession of unusual gifts, and of the spirit of sincerity and scrupulous regard for the high demands of his art, and no American poet was ever hailed with more enthusiasm than William Vaughn Moody.

This American poet and educator was born at Spencer, Indiana, July 8, 1869. He took his Bachelor's degree in 1893, and his Master's in 1894, at Harvard, where he was an assistant in English during 1894-5. In 1895-1901 he was instructor in English and rhetoric at the University of Chicago, and in 1901-7 he was assistant and full professor of English literature there. He early gained a reputation for scholarship and was entrusted with the editing of the "Cambridge" edition of Milton in 1899. He was happily married in 1909, but was soon thereafter attacked by the insidious

malady that was to prove fatal, and the closing chapter of his life was a record of efforts and wanderings in the vain pursuit of health. It was a desperate fight for life, and when it ended in Colorado, October 17, 1910, the feeling dominant in our land was that the poet born in (him) had died a decade too early, and the loss to American letters was great.

Unlike Walt Whitman, Moody avoided personal pathos, and in all his works there is not the slightest suggestion of the unquiet and indestructable Me. "Beauty is truth, truth beauty," that is all he ever knew or that he cared to know. His faults were the faults of youth, as his strength was the strength of manhood. His sweetness was crystal, never luscious or impure. He was a poet of reaction and revolt—of reaction against the tendencies of his time, of revolt against the dominion of material immensities. He was also a poet of reconciliation and reconstruction. He looked for the day when nature and spirit, divided now in torment through their separation, shall be one. Perhaps no country but America could have produced him. America is a continent of unredeemed, material immensities.

It is an interesting question how far such a poet is a national product. The poet is born, not made, but he is not always spiritually born in his own country. America, in producing William Vaughn Moody, has not simply produced a wayside poet, for he traveled, read and thought much. In all his works there is a breath of cultivation. He had qualities which enabled him to conquer even the prejudice aroused by lavish praise. His political poems show him to have had that essential gift of the true poet, the capacity to feel with his native land, and to be one with his kind. How fine was the equipment of his spirit for patriotic verse we see from the fact that he had a "strain of rareness" which prompted him to convey rebuke under the guise of moving appeal for a return to temporarily abandoned ideals, and to be a pleading lover rather than a scourging prophet. And the high idealism, the pathos and aspiration of these poems of his, which take up large and agitated questions of the day, and

which come, with the refreshing sense of "making their meaning clear in verse," unite to produce, with their distinction of workmanship, an effect for which we should not know to what other to look. Moody followed a sure instinct in giving place of honor to "Gloucester Moore," which affords a fairer because broader test of his powers. It shows him by so much, to have—in addition to his technical mastery of his craft—imagination, sympathy, ability to see the large in the little, and the universal in the particular, and originality combined with fidelity to the great poetical tradition.

Moody had been a thorough student before he became a writer, and the work of the scholar is on all of his early work. The qualities of scholar's mind, ripeness, balance, and maturity, gave that work unusual substance. While quite young he wrote "Ode in Time of Hesitation," which attracted much attention because of its dignity of thought, restrained feeling, and certain eloquence of conviction. Also, it reveals him as the austere lover of his country, passionately critical of her behavior and her mood. Much of his early work suggested the study rather than the open field, and there seemed to be danger that a poet of genuine gift might fall under the academic spell, attain perfection of form without freedom of spirit. Of such a writer may be said that, however rare and striking his achievement, its supreme quality was its promise. He seems the hero of his own "Jetsam." His ballad "The Ride Back" is of the Old World in color and in form, it has the "gorgeous glamour of mediaeval legend."

In the powerful dramatic poem "The Troubling of the Water" Moody sees all things, all persons, suffused with his own imagination. The psychology of this poem is audacious, and, on the whole, it is overdrawn.

William Vaughn Moody was a charming lyric singer. Had he been content to develop an innate gift to sing exquisitely for such few as would listen, he might have been more than a minor poet. Of the twenty-three poems which make up his single volume of lyrics, which appeared in 1901, ten are beautiful and lasting.

“Daguerreotype” is a poem any singer might turn to with pride, even if it is long and irregularly rhymed. This poet had a romantic and metaphysical endowment. Not the outward show and trappings of life caught his vision, but he was intent upon the inward stirrings, the half shadowed glimpses of truth, the broken fragments of beautiful words and beautiful thoughts that the stream of life floated his way. The lyrical cry was his in keen power; the very song he describes in “Song-flower” and “Poppy.”

The world judged Moody, it would seem, instead of listening to his judgments. The light lyrics which he was fitted to sing gained small audience; dramatic poems were valuable only for fine lines and lyrical reality, and to win the world’s ear he began to write plays.

For Moody the common old words were good enough. In his works he shows only a slight fondness for Swinburnian archaisms. His quality is a certain gorgeousness that is never barbaric, owing to his power of classic restraint. He had, indeed, a most appealing endowment, keen sense of beauty, a deep and yet serene feeling for the sadness in all life, a very pleasing singing voice, and a mastery of the most buoyant of English lines, the four footed iambic and anapestic line. It is clear that Euripides was Moody’s most honored master. He has Euripidean color, nobility, sweetness, and pathos. Also, he has some of the defects of his master’s qualities, the Euripidean reiteration, effective enough until it becomes a trick, the Euripidean weakness born of too great facility, the Euripidean over-emphasis. If the master could have seen the works of this young poet, no doubt he would have said that he had a worthy follower. At the publication of his volume entitled “Poems,” in 1901, *The North American Review* said:

“It is difficult to say by what magic we know the born poet when he speaks. The sudden indrawn breath, the shivering thrill when we hear his song, the sea proclaim him. Of all the recent poets, it is Mr. Moody who gives us this thrill. Try as we will, we cannot say wherein his whole excellence

lies, although there is much, doubtless, in his wide-roving, quickly fired imagination, that moves easily amongst 'heirlooms of dynasties of buried kings.' "

The "Mosque of Judgment" seems to be one of the greatest poems ever produced in America, but it is not one to tickle the ears of the groundlings. It belongs to the high company of Milton's "Paradise Lost" and Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound," dealing with supernal things in a sublime and passionate way, with the large utterance of the great poets. This play is a work of unusual courage, an ambitious and very able performance, and is full of insight and beauty. It is original but not irreverent. Not a defiance of the Almighty, but a reverent, tremendous protest against the doctrine of eternal punishment; and, as a work of constructive imagination, it ranks with the great masterpieces. There is nothing trivial or commonplace about it. Yet such books rarely appeal to the generation in which they are written. Their author is admired by a few, and neglected by the many, and it is only after his death that his works are received as classics. In "Mosque of Judgment" it is not merely the sublimity of the subjects treated that precludes popularity; it is the bold questioning of existing canons of faith.

"The Fire Bringer," another poem on the Promethean theme, has in it fine lines and lovely thoughts. It, also, is a powerful and original work. Dealing with an ancient mythology, it has not the passionate intensity, the keen earnestness of the "Mosque of Judgment," but it is more serene. It was the power to build a harmonious structure, to concentrate upon a plan, which Moody lacked. Still he gained fine effects by the introduction of foreign names and polysyllabic words. These are lovely pictures containing that sense of the interpretation of nature, and human nature,—“a running together in revery” of outer and inner forces which is very distinctive of Moody's gift.

"The Great Divide," published in 1907, and "The Faith Healer," in 1910, are plays written in prose, whereby Moody seems to give up his most wonderful power—poetry.

But these changes are necessary, and we should not quarrel with them. If a man is going to write for our stage to-day, it seems useless for him to try to write the kind of play that was successful three hundred years ago. It takes a great deal of force to create poetry on the stage, at least on the American stage. As a rule, our dramatists cannot ever do the things in prose. However that may be, Moody has written these two plays in prose.

We have these two prose plays, one of an Eastern girl gone West, the other of a religious enthusiast. Perhaps poetry would not do for such subjects. Moody wanted to deal with the life which had impressed him most, with the life of our people and country. Probably it seemed to him that verse was out of the question. These things, he may have felt, demanded simplicity and the realism of prose.

Moody, then, is severely realistic in his form. Nor does he seize every advantage that he might; there was perhaps elaborate scenery of mountains and canyon in the second act of "The Great Divide," but "The Faith Healer" is set entirely in the main room of a "farm-house near a small town in the Middle West." Still the plays are the work of a poet; and that constitutes their great interest to the reader to-day. Soon after the appearance of "The Great Divide," a literary critic in commenting on it said he considered it the best play written in America.

There seems only just enough of dramatic construction in Moody's plays, although I know too little of the stage technique to judge. In "The Great Divide" there is only enough construction, because at the theatre one does not always demand explanation, if the action and dialogue are good. However, in reading, we find many questions to ask. Moody, of course, provides answers to these questions; his characters are by no means without motives, but many have little conception what those motives were.

In "The Faith Healer" this criticism is yet more applicable, yet I would not suggest that Moody is not definite in his own mind in each play. The reason of the vagueness comes

from the nature of the means that he has chosen. In "The Great Divide" the means lie in the particular spiritual nature of Ruth; in "The Faith Healer," in the particular spiritual nature of Michaelis. Unless we study the plays carefully we lose sight of such matters which the poet understood sufficiently for his purpose.

The loss of such a man is well-nigh intolerable. He had given us only two years of creative work, and he should have been good for twenty or thirty in addition. Moreover, his work was of such quality that it had already made him the foremost figure among our younger poets, the most remarkable appearance in American literature of the twentieth century. He alone, or almost alone, spoke in our time with the authentic accent of the great elder singers, and brought back into poetry the high seriousness and lofty utterance of the masters. That such a force should cease, that such an inspiration should thus entirely fail, is cause for most keen regret. It is hard to become reconciled to an ordering of human affairs that frustrates such endeavors as were his, and dashes such hopes as were ours in the presence of so fair a promise.

It is idle for us to wonder just how far Moody would have gone had the long life he deserved been vouchsafed him. This we do know: he was a man pure of heart, unsullied by contact with the world, with the best feelings and highest aspirations of an artist.

## To M\_\_\_\_\_

JAMES CANNON, JR.

The brightest of tints on your lips so red  
 Each day speaks more saucy to me,  
 As ever I come with increasing dread  
 To hear, to be lost,—when I see:  
 “ ’Twas not for you that I’ve lived alone,  
 Nor for you that I’ve turned them away;  
 ’Twas not for some broken heart to atone  
 That I am a maiden, to stay.  
 My own free will was the teacher,  
 I wanted to frolic, and play,  
 And you,—Oh, you masculine creature! . . . ”  
 And that’s why you’ve waited,—you say.

But the beautiful clear of your eyes so blue  
 Speaks soft to my eyes of gray,  
 And over the years that are slighting you,  
 To me they will always say:  
 “ ’Twas only for you that I’ve waited so long;  
 ’Tis for you that I am waiting today,  
 Because we can struggle and laugh and pray  
 In a union of hearts that is strong.  
 We are one, when we meet, let us soften  
 The bonds that have chafed us, and so  
 Come back, come soon, and come often,—”  
 Well,—that’s why you love me,—I know. .

# The Philosophy of a College Student

(Being a chapter taken out of the Diary of Joel Lovin)

W. M. MARR

---

*Saturday Night, March 3, 1912.*

Since *Sol* has condescended to go to bed behind the western horizon *Diana* slowly ventures to creep out of her eastern slumbering place and show her beaming countenance to the world and all couplet stragglers by night. With her brilliant rays streaming into my holy of holies as an incentive to muse and meditate I at once rush to moralize on the ups and downs, the ins and outs, and the whole business of college life. Thoughts on thoughts crowd over each other in my mind until everything appears as a dark labyrinth of personal imagination. To catch the sway of the general run of things seems, just now, to be a foolish attempt. For on the merry-go-round swing of college activities I can discern as specks in the kaleidoscope, as it were, in rapid succession, a relay race with white pants, a basketball game with intervals of attempts at whistle-blowing, the bulletin board dotted with political announcements and gym tardies, an ice-cream cart pushed by a dago, and, at times, a class can be seen reciting in uncertain tones of negation, until, at last, the maze expanding and widening, soon slacks its speed because Clubdom has checked its progress.

The manner in which clubs and societies scramble for recognition in this spectrum analysis of mine may be likened to the exit of twelve bullfrogs permitted to escape from a small, overcrowded bucket. They do each make their dignified and pompous exhibition and become recognized, but ere the second-hand ticks its steady way over the watch dial a short period of time they cool down and precipitate as calmly as glowing embers hasten into darkness. Before I am fully aware of the fact these societies are sleeping the

sleep of the just. No stir greets my feeble and troubled soul save the nightmare tread of a new-born club, or the restless heaving sigh of a semi-conscious organization which seems to be rapidly shuffling off its mortal constitution and dying by jerks and bounds in great sorrow.

Such is the panoramic vista I get of college activities in the maze of a disorganized soul. And after a sojourn among men and books, and what not, for some four and more years I ask myself these very pertinent questions: What is the status of societies and clubs at present in college? What is their influence? How can their large numbers be accounted for? It would be a difficult and arduous undertaking to attempt to answer these questions with anything like exactness in just a word.

But in my musings there looms up before my mind's eye on the field of knowledge a sturdy, puissant being which is supposed to represent *Education*. For a head she has Reason and Philosophy. For hands she has Literature, while Science comprises her legs and feet. Religion is the heart, the harp of a thousand strings that seems to play in tune always. Each of these organs is maintained by its respective organization. The Lanier Club and the literary societies are the arteries through which flow the life-giving principles of literature. In the organs of Science are the Science and Flora<sup>1</sup> arteries which carry in their courses the elixirs of life and sound judgment. About the heart of Religion are placed the Ministerial Band and the Young Men's Prayer Meeting which stand guard to the purity of the life-giving quality itself. Fraternal organs here and there dot the being of *Education* to enhance her beauty and promote the general well-being of the whole.

As time gradually passes I notice to my chagrin the fact that *Education* is beginning to look sick, tired and sore. Her arm of Literature is thrown into a sling. Science takes on a sort of lameness as if possibly brought on by poor circulation. Her body begins to stoop and sway as if old age were present. Reason begins to totter and tremble on the brink of

insanity. In fact, the whole body is out of harmony with itself. Each part and organ of its entire mechanism overlaps one another's territory and duties, and in so doing accomplish little if any good in furthering the welfare of the body. Being divided within itself *Education* tends to sway and finally dies.

It is strange that the heart of Religion, with its harp of many thousands of strings should get out of tune so suddenly. 'Tis strange that the arm of Literature should grow weak and useless so soon in youth. Indeed, it is very strange that the feet of Science should become slow of step in mere infancy. But since the strangeness has become a reality, it is no wonder that Reason and Philosophy totter and become mere tinkling symbols.

Since these things are so, why not send for the physician and seek out the cause of all this trouble? If the root of the evil can be found, where is the balm that will heal the malady? Under the scrutinizing eye of the doctor we find these results: The activities of Literature have in themselves been attacked by a parasitic disease which is sapping at the pure arterial blood and weakening the Arm itself. In addition to this the spreading and intertwining capillaries have spread and bursted their little walls, and by so doing stopped circulation so far as Literature is concerned. The feet of Science are staggering because of diminished arterial flow due to spasmodic withdrawal of blood from them to all other parts of the body. The heart's action is getting feeble because her guards are sleeping at their post of duty, and permitting deadly germs to creep in under the names of Virtue and Purity. All these troubles affect the throne of Reason. Reason forgets all things, because memory is no longer cultivated. Such sluggishness naturally gives license to any and every deadly foe to come into the body of *Education* and help to sap out the very purpose and soul of knowledge.

This diagnosis of the case shows the entire trouble to be Intellectual Rivalry in absentia, and the misappropriation

of energy. Out of the infinite storehouse of knowledge of this wonderful magician I see these lines in plainly written words:

“Let *Education* take sixty minutes of concentration twelve times a day. Treat the arm of Literature with sufficient specialization to work off all growths in the way of parasitic organizations. Let the feet of Science concentrate and specialize every tissue and club to the building up of strong muscles. The heart of Religion must work off the filth of hypocrisy and wash and be clean once more. When this is done acidify all unnecessary fraternal bumps on the surface. This may cause a little irritation and inflammation to arise, but pain will not last long. If these directions are followed, religiously much good will come out of them.”

\* \* \* \* \*

The vision now changes. The midnight hour is almost upon me, for I hear the crow of the cock. Morpheus, with his tender hands gently strokes my head and transforms me into the enviable, entrancing fields of Dreamland. Here I find all to be well. Even the desire of my heart has come to be a realized fact. As a warrior prepared for battle I see in all her splendor *Education* marching steadily onward to a tune from the infinite. Reason and Philosophy bare their noble temples to the blasts of Time. Literature, with its arteries of matchless workings, carries the quill of inspiration. Science, with its arteries of productive and constructive powers, treads upon the clouds of substantial knowledge and everlasting truth. While Religion, with her guards on their job, stands dressed in spotless robes of purity and virtue. Before such a phenomenal transformation and resurrection I am struck dumb.

The ideal for which I like to know the students earnestly strive in club and society life is like unto the one mentioned. If fewer clubs existed, if more students would concentrate their efforts on some one organization and work instead of dabbling in a dozen, if we would realize that our aim in col-

lege is an intellectual one rather than social and athletic, if the monotonous expressions "I killed him dead today;" "I burnt him;" "I am unprepared;" "I didn't read that far;" "I forgot;" "I don't know;" etc., could be placed under the ban, college life would be an earthly Utopia possible of being achieved.

## Scalps at a Belt

FLORENCE FREEDLANDER

From the club house seductive strains of dreamy dance music floated with the low murmur of voices out into the night air. A million stars twinkled in the skies and the odor of honeysuckle was of such sweetness as to make the night remembered ever after by the perfume alone. I sat, a wall-flower, in the alcove with Mrs. Jamison. Mrs. Jamison was fat, forty and the most desirable of chaperones. You see she stayed in the alcove. Through the palms we could see the dances, the blushes, the smiles, the dimples, the understanding glances. As I watched I sighed for my lost girlhood, for now only an occasional youth of charitable disposition, whose lady was probably dancing with the other man, asked me for a dance. I thought with just a trace of irony—among the men, “a maiden withering on the stalk,” among the girls, a woman too old to play a part in their most serious jealousies and therefore a most fit confidante.

“How well Anna Daley looks to-night!” said Mrs. Jamison. Anna always looked well. She was tall and slender and as she glided and swayed to the strains of music she looked like a bright flower, her golden hair almost alive under the soft, warm lights.

“It seems to me,” continued the chaperone, “that I heard that Rance Carter was infatuated with her last summer at the Beach—but then you hear his name coupled with that of a different girl every month or so.”

I was about to reply when Ruth Langley came up. She was just a slip of a girl, a tiny thing with dark curls and a wistful expression in her big, wondering eyes. I drew aside my skirts to make room for her on the settee, but she whispered that she wanted to talk with me outside. We went out and sat on the steps in the shadow. I put my arm around her sympathetically and she told me. It was at the Beach in

the summer, she had been writing to him a long while and she had been loving him—oh, for ages, and he loved her—really he did, but I mustn't tell, and now—well, this morning the ring had come and she was so happy. She chatted on of Rance Carter and I smiled at her faith in man and in love.

"Star gazing?" called a merry voice softly, and there was Anna on the steps beside us. Ruth soon flitted away like a gay butterfly. For a time Anna and I were silent and then in her rich, mature voice she told of the love that had come to her. She talked on earnestly of her life plans and I thought how different was her attitude towards men and love and life from that of Ruth. She spoke of the ring whose jewel was as pure as their love—her's and Rance's.

"Rance's?" I tried to suppress the note of dread in my voice. I grew chill with horror. What did it mean? Within the half hour I had received the confidences of two women who loved the same man. Anna spoke on quietly, the light breeze blowing the wisps of hair about her face as she gazed into a realm not mine. How could I tell her? Ruth was a child in love with love, but Anna was a woman in love with a man. I steeled myself to tell them that they had been played with, duped by an artful imitation of love by one who in the measuring of the man would be found lacking.

"Bring Ruth to me," I said at last, "I should like to tell you both something."

When they came, we walked under the trees, and holding their hands like little children, I told them. Ruth laughed hysterically, cried a little and murmured something about being "just scalps at his belt," but Anna held her head up bravely and defiantly. From the club house we went to the bungalow and there I watched the girls compare the letters, the passionate avowals of undying love, which they had received from Rance Carter. Ruth's letters were identically the same as Anna's and the rings were exactly alike. With pale faces they packed the letters and the rings to be returned the

next day. A week later Rance Carter eloped with an old school mate.

Ruth smiled—Ruth had loved love. Anna sighed—Anna had loved the man.

## Conquerors

MARY YEULA WESTCOTT

Man built a ship with large and mighty prow,  
And towering masts, and funnels, decks of white,  
And as it plunged, a monster, through the deep,  
It seemed a city, full of moving light.  
And man cried out above the gleaming foam—  
“ I’ve calmed the mighty sea; I rule the tide!”

Man fashioned him a ship with airy wings,  
And light, frail cordage, and he rose on high,  
And sailed where only birds and phantom ships  
Before had cleaved—the blue ’twixt sea and sky.  
And man cried out above the gleaming foam—  
“ The air is mine; I’ve won the angels’ home!”

But after boastful years had passed away  
That great light-city sank beneath the main,  
And down into the cold, blue depths below  
Man fell with crumpled wings and boastings vain.  
But still the gales rush onward, bold and free,  
And sing their songs of triumph with the sea!

## How They Said Goodnight

W. T. SURREATT

They have had a long evening together (three whole hours) but it doesn't seem more than five minutes to them. Still, the inexorable clock is announcing the hour of eleven in the most forcible and uncompromising manner. He knows that he ought to go, because he must be at the store at eight in the morning without fail; she fully realizes that his immediate departure is necessary, for has not her father threatened that he will come down and "give that young Brown a piece of his mind if he doesn't leave before eleven o'clock in the future?" They both understand that the fatal hour has come, yet how they hate to part!

"Well, I suppose I must be going," he says, with a long, regretful sigh.

"Yes, I suppose you must," she rejoins. Then they gaze into each other's eyes; she then pillows her head upon his bosom; then their lips meet, and he mentally swears that if he can get his salary raised to eighteen dollars a week he will make her Mrs. G. W. Brown without further agonizing delay.

The clock looks on with a cynical expression on its face. It is doing its duty, and if old man Smith comes down stairs and destroys the peace of mind of this loving couple, it will not be its fault.

He asks her if she will not be happy when the time comes that they will never, never have to part, and she murmurs an affirmative response. Then follows more kissing and embracing. If G. W. Brown were told now that he would ever come home to her at 2 a. m. with fabulous tales of accidents by flood and field and on the cars, would he believe it? No; a smile of incredulity and scorn would wreath his lips, and he would forthwith clasp her to his breast.

He knows that other men do those things, but he is not that

sort of a man. Besides, he will have the immense advantage over all others of his sex in possessing the only absolutely perfect specimen of femininity extant. He thinks that he will never be happy anywhere away from her side, and he tells her so, and she believes him.

The clock does not announce the quarter-hour because it is not built that way, but, nevertheless, it is now 11:15. They do not imagine it is later than 11:02. He asks her if she ever loved any one else, and she says "No"; and then he reminds her of a certain Tom Johnson with whom she used to go to the theatre, at which she becomes angry and says that he (G. W. Brown) is a "real mean thing." Then G. W. B. arises with an air of dignity, and says that he is much obliged to her for her flattering opinion; and she says that he is quite welcome.

Just then a heavy foot-fall is heard upstairs. She glances at the clock, and perceives to her dismay that it is 11:20. She had expected to have a nice little quarrel, followed by the usual reconciliation, but there is no time for that now. She throws her arms around his neck, and whispers in great agitation that she believes papa is coming. G. W. B. quakes inwardly, for her papa is about four sizes larger than himself, and of a cruel, vindictive nature. But he assumes an air of bravado, and darkly hints at the extreme probability that the room in which they stand will be the scene of a sanguinary conflict in the immediate future should any one venture to cross his path. Then she begs him to remember that papa, notwithstanding his faults, is still her father. At this he magnanimously promises to spare the old man.

But the footstep is heard no more; papa does not appear. G. W. B. puts on his overcoat. Then the couple stand by the door and settle the Tom Johnson matter. She says she never cared for Tom Johnson, and he says he knows it and that he (G. W. B., you understand,) is a brute, and she is an angel, and that he will never again refer to the aforesaid Tom Johnson. He will, though, the very next time they meet,

just as he has every time they have met for the last two months.

While they are talking the clock strikes the half hour, but they don't hear it. The Johnson business disposed of, they discuss their future prospects, vow eternal fidelity, compare themselves to all the famous lovers of history, make an appointment for Wednesday evening (on which occasion G. W. B. will have the extreme felicity of spending two-thirds of his week's salary for theatre tickets and a taxi), and indulge in the usual osculation.

Suddenly the clock begins to strike twelve, and at the same moment a hoarse masculine cough is heard in the room overhead. The fatal moment has really and truly arrived this time. One more kiss, one more embrace, and they part—he to go home and oversleep in the morning, and be docked fifty cents at the store; she to receive the reproaches of an irate parent who hasn't been young for such a long time himself that he has forgotten all about it. "Next time," he said, "you have some dandy hanging around here at twelve o'clock, I'll be coming down stairs to take a hand myself. You hear, Mary?"

Mary was listening.

## “Durch Ewigkeit”

POLLY HEITMAN

The sweet peacefulness of the sunset hour was settling down upon the world as the girl was going over once again to visit the old couple in the little cottage at the foot of the hill. Slowly she walked down the mountain path, drinking in the beauty and grandeur of the world about her. The last fading rays of the dying sun were touching with a golden light the tops of the mountains, leaving the valley below shrouded in a cool dark shadow that seemed to glide over the spirit of the girl, bringing with it a perfect feeling of peace and contentment. She stopped, and leaning on the trunk of an old dead tree, gazed down upon the green valley beneath her, and away across the mountains which guarded on every side this valley with the tiny village lying so quietly upon its bosom.

The soul of the girl was the soul of a poet, and this lovely Acadian scene touched her deeply. As she gazed she began to muse dreamily upon the lives and fates of those whose homes lay below her. She knew the history of almost every family there, and almost every one had a history to know. Her thoughts finally drifted to the old couple whom she was on her way to visit.

All her life she had known and loved them—loved them as her own father and mother whom she had never known. She had been to them a daughter in lieu of the one they had laid in an early grave, and they loved her devotedly.

The girl herself lived up the mountain in the large rambling house with her uncle and his maiden sister. They loved the girl in their passive way and she cared for them in return, but the passionate nature she had inherited from her mother cried out for something more than this simple affection they gave her.

The old couple at the foot of the hill were of the stolid Ger-

man race, yet deep within them was a vein of calm, profound feeling that answered in a measure to the girl's emotional nature. They had experienced the joy of parenthood, and they gave to the girl the affection they would have given their own.

Yes, she had loved and lived with this old couple all her life, had shared their joys and sorrows, and yet there was a part of their life in which she had had no share, a part that she could not live over with them even in thought. She knew they had come from the land across the seas to make their home in America, but just why she never knew. They never alluded to the home of their youth and never spoke the language they had learned from their forefathers. She often wondered if in their hearts all was bitterness toward their "Vaterland," but because they never spoke of it she never asked.

One son remained to them, one of the nestful which had come and now was gone. Yet in their hearts there was no bitterness for their loss—only a sorrow that Time had not healed, a sorrow which the love of the girl had in a measure softened.

And so they lived, the old couple and the young girl, there among the hills, while the thoughts of each were often away across the mountains with the son of the home who had gone into the world to seek his fortune. Many years had passed since he had gone, but soon he was coming again to the home in the valley and to those awaiting him there.

Why did the girl think of him? She asked herself this question over and over again, and never did the answer come. Perhaps it was because they had been playmates all their lives and had grown into the way of thinking of each other first of all. Perhaps it was because the old mother talked always so fondly of him and kept alive his memory in the mind of the girl. At his going from the valley something had gone from the girl's life, and a longing for something, she knew not what, had come to make her restless. How well she remembered the morning of his going. And

that evening, there upon the mountain side, the whole scene came back to her so strongly that she lost all consciousness of the world about her, and lived only in the Land of the Past. Again she was walking with him, as she had done that morning, down the mountain path to the little station three miles away, and at the turning he left her. Through all the years the words he had said to her at parting had lived in her memory, words she could not forget, and yet she knew not a shade of their meaning. When she was happy they sang themselves over in her heart and would not let her forget. When she was sad they whispered themselves to her and made her remember. Again she felt the pressure of his hand and heard the whisper, "*Ich liebe dich zur Ewigkeit*"—and then it was gone.

She came to herself with a start to find that the sun was set and the twilight hour near. She hurried down to the valley and the old couple, trying to shake the dream from her. Soon she saw the quaint little cottage in the quaint little garden where, among the vines and flowers, it nestled, the home of peace and contentment. When the girl came nearer, the old mother's voice called to her,

"Come, Felicia, there's someone here waitin' to see you."

"All right, mother," she answered as she entered and closed the tiny white gate. She looked toward the house, and there, on the little vine covered porch, with his arm about his mother, stood the boy, who, a few minutes before, up on the mountain side, had left her to go out into the world.

For a moment Felicia stopped, for the heart within her bosom seemed to have lost all power of movement. Then she ran forward, and only the one word, "Johann," escaped her. He came quickly down the steps and out upon the path to meet her, and took her two small hands within his large ones, crushing them fiercely. Yet, she knew it not then, but only afterwards when the pain remained to remind her of that pressure.

They went together into the cottage, and there over the tea table they talked, the old man and woman, the young man

and maid—talked of his life abroad and theirs at home, all that had come to them of joy and happiness. Many times the girl felt the gaze of the boy upon her, and she raised her eyes to his, answering him with her smile.

Then, upon the little porch over which the rose vines clambered, adding their fragrance to the sweet perfume of the summer night, they sat, sometimes in silence, sometimes talking in their quiet way, and the heart of each was filled with a gladness and a happiness inexpressible. The moon rose over the tops of the mountains bathing the valley in its silvery light and changing the whole world into a fairy land.

The girl at last bade them good night to return to her home on the mountain.

“Johann will see you home, Felicia,” the mother told her.

“Mother, I can go alone as I always do,” she answered, but she knew in her heart he would go.

“Not when I am here,” he said, as he took her hand as in days of long ago. They walked along in silence, each one’s heart too full for speech. At the foot of the mountain they turned to gaze on the lovely scene stretched out before them, over which, it seemed, some fairy had waved her magic wand.

At last he turned to her and said, “Felicia, did you want me to come?”

“Why, yes, Johann; though I wasn’t afraid to come alone.”

“I didn’t mean that, Felicia. Did you want me to come back from the world yonder across the mountains, back to my own little home and—and you?”

She looked long out upon the sea of silvery light, and could not answer for the tumult within her bosom. She could not tell him how much she did want him; she could not tell him how much she had thought of him, and how she remembered the day he had left her. Then, suddenly there came to her a full realization of the meaning of the words he had spoken to her that morning, and turning, she laid

both her hands in his and looking into his eyes she said, "*Ich liebe dich zur Ewigkeit.*"

A long, long instant he looked deeply through her eyes into her soul, then crushing her to him, he whispered, "*Und ich, mädchen, ich liebe dich durch Ewigkeit.*"

## Lying

BY TOP C. TURVEY

*"Here's to the light, that lies in woman's eyes,  
And lies, and lies and lies."*

—*Bibulus.*

If I were commanded on pain of death to point out that one of the seven talks (lying, bluffing, booting, saving-off, spieling, gassing, and gossiping) which is most grossly misrepresented and which is most distorted by popular misconception, I should risk my fate on lying.

Discrimination is the soul of justice. No more vicious injustice could be dealt to lying than to collect all the different kinds of lies under the general term and relegate them together to the moral junk-pile. It places those cunning lies, which are worthy to be extolled, under the ban of contempt; it wastes contumely on mediocrity, and dissipates all that reproach which should justly be concentrated on the vampire of the seven talks—the malicious lie.

Analysis and classification are, then, my first duty. Lest I should wantonly misplace it, I had better dispose of the malicious lie first. This lie is primarily useless, and having no virtue to do penance for its depravity, it is placed at the bottom of the list. Malicious liars can boast neither of worthy motive in their conception nor art in their execution.

But there are lies which can be made to serve the interests of humanity. Without sub-classifying, which is unnecessary in an elementary study, I may say that there are two kinds of human-interest lies, the direct and ironical lie. It is these two lies and the principle which underlies their execution which concerns us particularly.

These lies are valuable as an aid in getting out of difficulty without seriously interfering with the rights of others. They thus justify their own existence. Cut some class beyond

the limit; the dean calls you into consultation. You lie to him successfully and are excused. You have drawn yourself out of a dilemma and the dean is still a dean. At court, a lie, if established, will save a criminal's life. But if the lie is launched and fails, it is perjury, and the witness is punished, not for having lied, but for crudeness in the execution of his lie. The law thus encourages skillful lying, but, as it should do, it punishes those crude attempts which fall below the standard.

In conception and execution is where the poetry of lying is found, and many who are born liars fail because they neglect to make an exhaustive study of them. There is a paradoxical relation between conception and execution.

But before discussing this I must distinguish between direct and ironical lies. The direct lie involves lying both in the words and facial expression, while the ironical lie involves the truth in words but a face so adapted that the words are taken as a lie. While the latter is both more difficult of operation and effective in service, it is less generally applicable.

*The direct lie must be illogically conceived but logically executed, i. e.,* it must be conceived to replace the less desirable truth which is logical. It is therefore illogical, since it cannot correspond with the fact.

*It must be logically executed, i. e.,* told as though it were the truth. The necessity of this is apparent, but proper and successful execution only comes by experience. It is a well known fact that the liar often unconsciously divulges his lie by his facial expression. Old maid school teachers are often heard to remark, "I can read a lie in a boy's face" and flatter themselves that their discernment is phenomenally acute! He, then, who has perfect control of his face is the liar, for excellence. To gain this control it is necessary to practice incessantly both looking not guilty and vice versa. This introduces the ironical lie.

The ironical lie is eminently successful for certain occasions, but can only be successfully delivered by a skillful

face manipulation. It is exactly the reverse of the direct lie, or the truth, as far as words are concerned, but the face is so adjusted as to cause the victim to believe it false. The ironical lie is, then, *logical in conception*, but *illogical in execution*. Thus it is the cleverest of all lies, since it leaves a convenient means of escape, for literally, it is not a lie at all.

The successful lie must be adhered to consistently. Non-adherence is responsible for the majority of failures. Most of these failures are those in which the liar is suspected and tested, but often a liar will wantonly demolish the most beautiful lies merely because he fails to keep his lie in mind, and contradicts himself unthinkingly.

The only remedy I can suggest for failures of this kind is to create a new mind on the subject. The liar must be so impressed with his lie that he believes it himself. There is then little danger of inconsistency. But if this course is not followed the prolific liar will find himself so entangled in a net of lies so contradictory and self-destructive that his whole system fails and he is openly branded a liar.

From all this we arrive at certain conclusions and rules which may be stated in condensed form: direct lies should be logically executed—delivered with a face corresponding with the words; ironical lies should be accompanied by a converse face—a fact which accounts for its difficulty of execution. The mind should be carefully trained to avoid inconsistencies. Never lose sight of a lie once told, and beware of those persons cursed with freakish memories. Strive especially to establish a reputation for truthfulness by always telling the truth unless compelled to resort to the lie, even making small sacrifices occasionally—taking care that the sacrifice is made known. Conserve lies for emergencies. Remember that popular opinion makes no distinction between your lie and the malicious lie.

The best of liars are occasionally caught. Some advice as to the proper course in such a dilemma may be timely. First look carefully (and quickly!) into the nature of the lie. The examination will often reveal, in case of a well conceived but

poorly executed lie, a way of dextrously modifying it or explaining it so as to meet the exigency. Where possible this course should invariably be followed. But in some lies, especially those of unsound conception this is impossible. In such cases the only course open is to profit by the experience. The true test of a lie is partial detection, when, however dexterous the execution, if the conception is at fault, failure is certain.

I cannot impress too thoroughly on beginners the importance of mastering the principles. Liars who have grown faint and discouraged may, by beginning anew, become vigorous liars if they are careful to obey these inflexible laws of lying. After mastering the principles and acquiring a little skill in execution, the beginner is ready to pursue some special branch of fancy lying or attacking some of the more occult problems. He will then begin to feel and appreciate the beauty and sublimity that before he never knew. It is a broad subject, full of poetry and grandeur, which few reach who little esteem principle.

## Minutes

N. I. WHITE

“A minute, Dear ;” you say, and passing on,  
As flits a zephyr on the breath of May ;  
“A minute—what’s a minute in a day ?”  
And like a minute’s vision you have gone.

A minute—why, the minutes you’ve withdrawn  
Were hours with Grecian Helen—snatched away,  
And given, ’neath some seething Devil’s sway,  
To watching countless ages—for the Dawn.

But minutes of an Angelo’s pure art  
Were worth the vastest commerce laden sea ;  
Worth cycles of a jangling money mart,  
A minute of Orphean melody :  
So worth a lone Elysium, Dear Heart,  
A minute of your presence here with me.

## Honor at Stake

WALTER GLASGOW SHEPPARD

### III.

Charlton De Laney sat in his room reading the account of the game. He was alone, and deeply conscious of the defeat. The game had been a success from every standpoint save one. He had found that the gate receipts would put the Athletic Association about five hundred dollars ahead of former years. The game had also given Excelsior a world-wide notoriety, and the town of Yorktown a great advertisement, but after all it had caused his University to go down in defeat. He pondered over all these things as he sat reading his paper, but little did he suspect that he would be suspected of being the cause of Excelsior's losing that game.

He sat there reading and thinking as he leaned back in his chair. He could see in the midst of the clouds of smoke which he drew from a merschaum pipe, given him by Elouise Briggs, a picture of the ball field, the many students gathered there and the spectators who had come miles to see the game. He thought of the loyal support his fellow students had given their team, and reflected upon his sitting with Excelsior players, wondering if the boys thought he was not showing the proper support, for they all felt the defeat keenly. He ran over each event that occurred in his mind, wondering whether or not he could have in any way prevented the loss his team and university had sustained. He thought of everything, and finally his mind, as he gazed at the pipe which he held in his hand, turned to the girl who had given it to him and whom he had loved ever since he had entered the university. He wondered if she really loved him. She had told him she did, and had always been just as nice to him as he could wish her to be, until last night when he called. There seemed to be a cold wave about her person, and she unceasingly dwelt upon the defeat of the team. She

seemed to intimate that he could have prevented the loss. Did she actually think that he had given the game away? How could he have prevented the game being lost? These were questions which puzzled him. He thought on and finally concluded that the honor of the team had not fallen. "Success does not depend upon victory alone," he said; "they succeed who have done their best"—this was his only consolation.

But while he sat there musing over the events of Wednesday's game, John Everett, Phil Austin and Gaston Wight came in the room.

"What are you thinking so seriously about, De Laney?" said Wight.

"O, I was just thinking about things in general. Excelsior and everything around here seem like a funeral to me."

"A funeral? Who's dead?" asked Austin.

"Excelsior is dead—dead as the mummy of Rameses II," replied De Laney.

"Well, who killed her, De Laney?" asked Everett.

"I don't know. It just seems like everything is dead here to me since we lost that game."

"You say you don't know who killed her?" asked Everett.

"No."

"Well, I do. Charlton, it was you."

.. "I, you say?"

"Yes; we mean you," said Austin.

"Why, fellows, what do you mean! What have I done?"

"You have betrayed the University," answered Wight.

"Who? I!" exclaimed De Laney as he jumped to his feet. "Fellows, this is a serious charge you bring against me. What do you mean? Give me some explanation of this affair. Tell me what you say I have done."

De Laney was then standing erect, his face flushed, with his eyes glaring and his lips quivering. He knew this could be no joke, but what on earth could these fellows, who had been his best friends, mean by bringing such an accusation

against him? Could it be possible that he should be so disgraced?

When he finished his questions, the three fellows sat in silence, hesitating to say anything further. For two minutes no word was uttered. And again De Laney asked, "What do you men say I have done?"

Then Wight, the president of the Student Court of Justice, spoke:

"De Laney, I regret to say this, my friend, but it has been reported by reliable authority that you were the cause of our defeat Wednesday,—that you sold the game to the captain of the Hammond team,—that you betrayed your University by selling to the captain and manager of the other team each and every signal that our team had. This is what we mean. We hate to believe it, in truth can't believe that you would do such a thing. But the facts speak for themselves. This is a grave offense, you must know. For not only is the honor of our University gone down,—not only is Hammond the champion of the country, but, Charlton, you, the trusted man of our class, the man to whom everybody was looking to use all his efforts to win that game, you who hold the highest honor your University can give you,—you have betrayed your *Alma Mater* and thus stand charged with this offense."

"Wight," said De Laney, "what do you fellows mean? Surely, I am not the man you are looking for. You cannot mean me. I betrayed Excelsior? No. Never. It is a mistake. You have either got the wrong fellow or your accusation is false. I have never made any bargain with any man on the other team to sell the signals, nor with any man on the face of God's green earth. I did sit on the Hammond bench once while the game was going on, but never was there a signal mentioned. Who says I sold Excelsior's signals? I deny the charge. I defy the accuser. I declare the whole thing a lie, patched up by some scoundrel to hurt my character."

"But, De Laney," remarked Wight, "wait a minute. I myself don't say you did these things, and I pray God that

you did not. But this is what has been reported by one of the students of this University, and a staunch friend of yours, by the way. The Athletic Committee have taken the matter up and investigated it. They found out from some man at the Hotel that you went around there and made this bargain with the manager and captain of the Hammond team, the morning the excursion came in. The Committee have discussed the matter and turned it over to the Student Court of Justice, and thus it has fallen into our hands. We are unspeakably sorry of this, but can't help it. You stand charged with this offense, and are called to answer these charges before the Student Court of Justice on next Monday morning at 9 o'clock. The regular procedure will be carried out. You may secure any man in this institution to aid you in pleading your cause. If you are guilty of this charge, and I trust you are not, and the case is so proved against you, you will, of course, be expelled from this institution. But if you are not guilty you will still remain an untarnished gentleman and a worthy student of Hammond University. This is done according to the regulations of the University and the mandate of the Faculty, which met this afternoon."

"Fellows," said De Laney, "this is a nightmare. You accuse me without any provocation whatever. I am not guilty of this charge. I see now why my presence has been shunned since the game. You have your case, but you will never see the day when you will prove it against me."

With this task done the three members of the Student Court of Justice expressed the hope that there would be no proof of the case against De Laney, and then retired from the room.

De Laney sat down again, and as he gazed through the window he thought of the disgraceful position he was placed in. He could readily see then why his friends had practically turned their backs upon him, and too, he could comprehend the secret of the attitude of Elouise. Some one had told her this story and he was ruined forever. The thought flashed in his mind that he would give up his school life and

diploma, as much as he loved them, and go home. He could *not* stay in such a community as this—he didn't even care to stay. "But if I leave here," said he, "that itself would look like guilt. No! I'll not go one inch. I'll fight it out."

As he sat in his room thinking that everybody had gone back on him, his heart was suddenly gladdened when Jeff Harlan came in the door.

"Charl," said he, "why are you sitting up here all alone?"

"Jeff," said De Laney, as he looked up and answered, "do you know what has happened to me?"

"What do you mean, Charl?" said Jeff. "Are you talking about that tale that somebody's got going around here that you sold the signals of our baseball team to Hammond?"

"Yes," came the reply.

"Well, don't you worry about that. You and I and everybody else with brains as big as the pupil of a gnat's eye know better than that. You didn't do anything of the kind, and everybody knows it. That's just some yarn got up on you, and I know who it is, too. They'll see who comes out the big end of the horn."

"But, Jeff, it is believed. They say that I sold the signals when I went down to the Hotel to see the manager of the Hammond team, the other morning. You say you know who it was that told that lie? Who was it, Jeff?"

"I had better not tell you now, Charl. Wait until the court sits. Then you will find out, and take it to your heart friend, we'll show him up."

"But, Jeff, everybody believes I am guilty of this thing."

"Everybody? No; you are mistaken there. There are two I know that don't—they are Elouise Briggs and myself."

"Jeff, I wish I thought so. I know that you will stand by me, but Elouise has already gone back on me. She hardly spoke to me the other night."

"That's all right, Charl, Old Boy. Don't you believe that either. I just saw her a few minutes ago, and she told me that she had heard that you had been accused of selling our signals to Hammond, but that she did not believe it. And,

Charl, I told her that if she did believe such a thing that she and I would not love each other any more. And she said that she could never believe anything like that against you. No, sir; that girl loves you, and is going to stand by you."

"Thank God!" said De Laney. I'll yet show her I am an honest man in spite of all the imps in hell."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

## Two Leap-Year Letters

M. B. ANDREWS

MY DEAR HENRY:

I suppose you will be greatly surprised when you receive this letter from me, as it has been quite a while since I wrote to you. But nevertheless, I sincerely hope that the surprise will not be at all unpleasant. For, as you will soon learn, I am writing this to ask you a question that is of great importance to both of us. Now I ask that you please pardon me if I am in any way violating the rules of propriety in addressing this letter to you. In fact, had I not known that you would readily realize and appreciate the delicacy of my position, I would never have dreamed of writing this letter.

Now, Mr. Johnson, as I have always regarded you as a man — a man in the truest sense of the word — I have singled you out from among a host of my friends as the only one to whom I could conscientiously present this question. Really, I cannot see any impropriety in speaking to you this way about a matter that is so close to my heart; for you, too, have a heart.

Now, Henry, you will understand what I mean by my question — yet, I hesitate, although I know that you are a man of honor, and that a lady has a right to approach a gentleman when she feels as I do; for who would not say that leap year is intended — not simply as a time for silly jokes — that its real purpose is to allow the young lady the freedom of expressing herself frankly to her gentlemen friends? Therefore, I hope that you will think no less of me for coming to you in this way. Still, I hesitate: that, you know, is a woman's way; especially is this true when there is any doubt in her mind as to the correctness of her course. But I can hold you in suspense no longer — but remember, please, that much of my future happiness depends upon your answer. Now here is my question: Is this disagreeable weather going to continue forever?

Sincerely,

STELLA.

## THE REPLY

MY DEAR STELLA :

Your striking letter was received only a few short days ago; and, as you said, I was greatly surprised when I read it. But not, however, because you wrote, for I have been expecting a letter for some time; but because of your mention of so delicate a subject, and your presentation of such a personal question.

Of course, I am well aware of the fact this is leap year; and I most certainly agree with you that it really has a deeper meaning than people usually attach to it. For I find by referring to history that our old ancestors in the mother country often took advantage of its privileges. Yet I must say that I heartily thought that our acquaintance in the past had been so extensive as to enable you to so overcome your timidity and modesty that you would dare address such a question to me as your letter contained.

I have not been as punctual in answering your letter, perhaps, as I should, for I have been trying to compose a suitable reply. I say a *suitable* reply because I realize that your letter has put both of us into a very peculiar situation. I am thoroughly convinced now that your confidence in me is unlimited; that you are not only willing to trust my honesty and sincerity in all things, but that you also have an infinite amount of faith in my ability and judgment. For had all these things not been true, you would never have ventured to present so grave, so sacred, and so important a question to me — a question upon the answer of which depends so much of your future welfare and happiness, as you said.

Now it is because of this infinite amount of faith and confidence you have in me that has made it so hard for me to compose a suitable reply to your letter. For there is no crime in all the catalogue that I hate worse than the crime of *disappointment*. Indeed, if I thought that my father, or mother, or a friend — especially one who has confidence in me — expected me to become a doctor, a lawyer, a statesman, or what-

ever profession it might be, I would spend half my life, if necessary, in an institution of learning in order to prepare myself for that profession, rather than disappoint that particular friend. Therefore, I say again, that my tardiness in answering your letter has been directly due to the fact that I hate to disappoint a friend.

But yet, in spite of all of my reverence and respect for the confidence of my friends, I must say with extreme reluctance, to be sure, that, after taking everything into careful consideration, I am not yet prepared to undertake the task of—forecasting the weather!

Very sincerely,

HENRY A. JOHNSON.

---

---

# Editorial

---

---

## THE SCHOOL AND SOCIAL SERVICE

We have long rejected the mediaeval conception of education that the school, like the monastery, must be far removed from life with all its worldliness, its sordidness, its temptations, to be effective as a means of discipline. It is true that here and there we witness the manifestation of this spirit in the argument that the ideal situation for a college is in the country, but even here education would hardly be considered as dependent upon a monkish seclusion from the world. There is much, exceeding much, to be learned by the living through and experiencing with men the manifold activities of a moving, growing community. Moreover, studies that treat of the actual processes in the life of society, economics, study of social problems, modern history, have won their way into the curriculum, and vocational training is already asking admission into the public school. So far as learning from the world has become part of the work, training for future service is part of the purpose of the school. We are now taking another step in correlating education to life: the educational institutions are being made factors in the socialization of the community.

The value that the school can be as an active force doing constructive work at the present as well as preparing the youth to do that work in the future, is yet to be realized. The universities of the middle west have given evidence of the significance of the social service that institutions of learning can render. The faculties of the University of Wisconsin, for instance, furnish expert advice to the administrative departments of the State government, aid in the preparation of intelligent legislation, improve farm life and diffuse

wealth by experimental work in agriculture, and raise the intelligence and the ideals of the entire State by correspondence schools, traveling libraries, and extensive lecture circles. The public schools, it is being realized, should be made the social centers of every town. There is no reason why they should not be employed as New York has learned to employ them for the instruction and wholesome entertainment of adults through discussion of public questions and lectures on interesting cultural subjects. While the teachers act as instructors of the adults, the schools will learn to make use of the talent in the community to assist in the education of the students. How significant would be a talk now by the Commissioner of Police on public morality; by respectable physicians on health; by the engineer on the geography of the county! And what attention the children would give them, relieved of originals in geometry and *oratio obliqua* in Latin. Social service of this nature tends to give all men a common interest, an ideal to which all can be striving, and the point of it all is not of the musty tome but of the rich possibilities of life.

The Durham City High School made a good beginning in this work when it inaugurated a series of entertainments for the public. Before many years the people of Durham will learn to draw on Trinity College more than they have done in this wider field of educational activity. What the students could do in religious work, in co-operating with such organizations like the Boy Scouts, and studying and aiding in improving the life of the industrial workers of Durham, will gradually dawn upon us. The student will then be getting a better education inasmuch as he will be engaging in the most satisfying of all endeavors, social service.

---

#### “STOVER AT YALE”

A graduate of Yale writes to the *Yale Alumni Weekly* that wherever he goes he finds college students enthusiastically reading Owen Johnson's "Stover at Yale," now appearing in

*McClure's*. When Owen Johnson ever tells of school life, he has attentive listeners, for his stories seem to catch the real spirit that pervades that life. In "Stover at Yale" we have more than an attempt to photograph the ordinary scenes in college—the greatest game the 'varsity ever played, or the rise and fall of a great foot-ball hero. A serious aspect of the campus is presented, the college here becomes part of that wide field where the centuries old battle of democracy has been waging. Dink Stover had never given a serious thought to the position his university ought to occupy in a democracy, but he comes in contact with men who have come to Yale to make something out of themselves besides mere college nerves, and he passes through a spiritual regeneration. Then he enters the list as an insurgent. The story deserves the attention of all who are interested in the larger movemnts that are transforming college life today.

---



---

# Wayside Wares

---



---

Buy my English posies!  
 You that scorn the May,  
 Won't you greet a friend from home  
 Half the world away?  
 Green against the draggled drift,  
 Faint and frail and first—  
 Buy my Northern blood-root  
 And I'll know where you were nursed.

Robin down the logging-road whistles, "Come to me!"  
 Spring has found the maple-grove, the sap is running free;  
 All the winds of Canada call the ploughing-rain.  
 Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love again!  
 —*Kipling.*

"Buy my flowers, Mister; only tup-pence."

It was our first day in England. As soon as we stepped off the gang-way at Princess Landing, Liverpool, we were assured of being on the world's most-favored island, for there we were greeted by the proverbial English drizzle. But instead of putting a damper on our spirits, it was rather pleasant at first; we were glad to find the little island dressed in its everyday clothes, and looking natural. We tramped and tramped unmindful of the mist. But one thing became unpleasant. Everywhere we met men, women, and children, chiefly women and children—specimens of humanity stricken with a most pitiable poverty, pleading that we pay a pittance for their wares. All of them looked like beggars but most of them offered to exchange something for the pennies they asked. Shoe-blacks followed us blocks, in spite of our persistent denials of being in need of shins. There were fruit and candy women, who could not follow us far because of the babies which each carried in a coarse shawl wrapped about the shoulders, and because of shoes the heels of which had found easier existence by taking refuge on the side of their feet. Then there were newspaper sellers; stunted boys and

girls selling celluloid badges bearing pictures of the king and queen—"only a penny;" ragamuffins of every description crying their petty wares.

The drizzle stopped late in the afternoon, but having tramped all day in spite of it, we became tired and sat down on the steps of Saint George's Hall, facing the great square into which there poured from several large streets a mottled and interesting mass of humanity.

"Do buy my flowers, Mister; only tup-pence."

The tones were so soft and sweet and pleading,—so much different from the cries that we had heard all day, that I hesitated to look up, fearing that in spite of the gentle voice my gaze would meet the same tiresome, pitiful harshness and poverty. When I did look up I saw that it was the same—so many of them are poor. So many women and children in that great city have husbands and fathers who are away at sea and will never come back. I saw a girlish figure dressed in the most scanty, squalid clothing, and my eyes caught the gleam of the metal buckle of the rough belt which encircled her little waist. On it there were the words "licensed to sell on the streets, No. 864." It aroused my pity, but I shut my eyes and shook my head, for we had seen so many of the little peddlers.

"But, yes; do buy 'em, Mister. See, how fresh! Look, Mister; ain't they purty?" Only tuppence. Tuppence ain't nuthin' to you, Mister." And as the little hand held the posey to my lapel—"There! see how fine it makes ye look, Mister." Raising my head I looked into her eyes; pretty, pitiful, soft-brown eyes; and a dirty, innocent face. She was surely too young yet to have been hardened even by the lot that was hers. I caught her outstretched hand and put a sixpence into it. And then as she pinned her flowers on my coat and patted them gently with her dirty fingers, her expression changed. All the harshness left her face and over the dirt there beamed the expression of gratitude.

"There, Mister, ain't it purty! I knew you'd buy from me." She was smiling with the innocent happiness of a little

girl, and instead of the pleading look such a beaming, softening expression of childish gratitude came from her eyes that I thought they must have been those of another little girl, back home, smiling at me—"half the world away."

---

### JUST FROM OBSERVATION

When a person, especially one of feminine persuasion, suddenly shows a propensity for day-dreaming, grows deaf to entreaties, becomes immune to sarcasm and mock insults, and surveys the whole world with a smile, indulgent, indifferent, benign, what can a friend, to whom love other than universal never comes, think than that she is in love? From tales of love and from observation, those are the symptoms.

Within the last few days I have observed a friend who must be suffering. The mention of a certain name brings a tell-tale blush, and I have surprised her staring earnestly—yes, fondly—at a picture of a man, smiling gently the while. The poet did not tell us how, when warm breezes blow and the robins come and the clouds go, the fancy of a young woman "lightly turns to thoughts of love," but what else am I to think when I see what I am at this moment seeing?

---

### RONDEAU OF THE INDIGNANT OPTIMIST

The pessimists has all along *N. S. White*  
 Been bleatin' for the good old days,  
 An' plays them times up mighty strong  
 In sermon, prose, and mournful song,  
 In sonnets, and in roundelays.

They rings a funeral dirge (ding-dong)  
 For all our modern rhymin' ways,  
 And hands some fossil all the praise  
 —Them pessimists.

Gee, but their grievances is long—  
Homer alone wasn't totally wrong,  
Adam alone didn't paraphrase  
Some previous writer's previous song:  
An' it takes a strong poem, like this'n to phaze  
Them pessimists.

---

---

## Editor's Table

---

---

If there is one question which runs through the mind of a persistent reader of college magazines more continually than others, it is the one which seeks to know whether, after all, the game is worth the candle, whether it is sufficiently worth while. So often after finishing a month's batch of magazines there arises in one's mind the thought that college magazines somehow put the stamp of approval on a low grade of work and give the sanction of publicity to mediocrity.

In literature the greatest incentive to further effort is not the ease with which success may be reached, but rather in the unattainable heights on which the prizes are set. The fact is too well known to need mention here, that for every article or story or poem that appears in print, fifty are turned away because they do not measure up to the standards of the various periodicals. On the other hand, the editor of the college magazine, because of his limited field, is often forced to admit compositions of unalterable mediocrity to his pages simply on account of the fact that there is so much space to be filled, and the number of contributors does not offer an extended field of selection.

From this it results that the above question invariably rises in the thoughts of the most careful readers of college magazines, especially magazines from the smaller colleges. And were the justification of college literary publications found in the stimulus which it is asserted they give to writing, their claim to recognition would be small indeed. That there is a certain incentive to *literary* work resulting from the opportunity for publishing offered by the college periodical, cannot be denied. This is, however, more than offset in its beneficial effects by the counter influence set up through the sanction placed on work of a low grade by the same periodicals.

The college periodicals do not bring about a higher standard of composition. They do not pose as teachers of this art. They but offer a medium through which what has been written may be set before the world, and like actual literary magazines can only accept work when it is offered them or make special efforts to procure something from some special writer. A careful attention to the work in a college course in English composition will go much farther towards increasing the excellence of one's prose writing than will the publication of fifteen articles in any magazine.

Unlike monthly publications, the justification of the college newspaper is not hard to discover, and it presents none of the drawbacks in the way of artistic excellence that arise when the magazine is considered. The college newspaper does not require superior standards of composition and of arrangement. Its excellence is a matter of the passing hour and its substance depends largely upon the events of that hour. This being the case, the high standard necessary for the magazine does not apply, and when the news is told the function of the newspaper is fulfilled. Of course, it is true that an effort should be made to turn out as close a counterpart of the real newspaper in the college field as is possible. But even then the fact remains that this end is only desirable from the standpoint of the editors themselves, since the ordinary layman does not usually distinguish between a good news story and a poor one, nor between a well edited sheet and one put together in a slipshod manner, so long as the facts are presented somehow.

All this does not mean to say that there is no justification for college literary publications. It does imply that the brief for the magazines would not be made out on either of the lines mentioned above.

The true value of the college magazine lies in the fact that it reflects the highest literary and artistic ideals of the students in the college in which it is published. No one today denies that literature is at bottom a criticism of life, and in offering an impetus to such criticism the college maga-

zine finds its greatest usefulness. Without the opportunity for publication the student would rarely direct his thought and criticism along the line in which it is directed in the best college magazines. Of course, it is understood that such an opinion as the one expressed above holds good only in proportion as the magazine does set forth a view of life, and by life is not meant the broad expansive stretch that confronts the philosopher or the poet, but rather the more limited field in which the student lives and does his work.

And since it is true that the life referred to is the life of the college student, it follows that in so far as possible the college magazine in its productions should deal with college life. Possibly the most entertaining magazine that has come to the ARCHIVE table this year was the January issue of the *Southern Collegian*, whose stories dealt entirely with college life, and to whose excellence attention has already been called.

The period of life which men spend in college is one of the best and most developing periods in the whole life of man, and the presentation of the views and opinions held to during its duration is to say the least, worth while. The college magazine is the clearing house for the exchange of those opinions, and does not perform its fullest function until it makes of itself the forum for the publication of really college articles and stories.

Nor does this mean that all matter contained in a college magazine should relate directly to the life of the college. The idea is rather that in everything published there should be the expression of a healthy, youthful college-like view of life, even though the subject matter be far distant from the particular college or from the age itself. The college magazine that could publish articles on such subjects as, "A College Man's View of Shakespeare" and "Politics from the Student Standpoint," would not fall far short of its purpose were the articles in themselves worthy of publication. To compare with the newspaper again, it might be said that as a college newspaper would be unjustifiable in publishing news

that came from outside sources, so the college magazine is not realizing its expectations when it publishes articles or stories which do not to some degree reflect the viewpoint of the college student. .



# The Trinity Archive

---

---

Volume XXV

Number Seven

---

---

## MANAGER'S NOTICE

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the college.

Changes may be made in advertisements by notifying the Business Manager.

This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students who we hope will see fit to subscribe, and thus continue their loyalty to their *Alma Mater*. If you do not wish to become subscribers, please notify us at once, or the magazine will be sent to you during the year. The names of the old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

Subscription: One year, \$1.25; single copies, 15 cents.

---

---

## EDITORIAL STAFF

E. J. LONDOW	- - - - -	Editor-in-Chief
W. G. SHEPPARD	- - - - -	Associate Editor-in-Chief
MARY LOOMIS SMITH	} - - - - -	Literary Editors
W. E. ELLER		
F. S. BENNETT	- - - - -	Wayside Wares
J. N. AIKEN	-- - - - -	Editor's Table
R. G. CHERRY	- - - - -	Business Manager

---



---

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

---

### LITERARY DEPARTMENT

La Belle France .....	<i>F. S. Bennett</i>	323
Flower Fancies (Verse).....	<i>N. I. White</i>	333
The Only Unromantic Girl.....	<i>Nettie Sue Tillett</i>	335
The March Winds (Verse).....	<i>W. L. Umstead</i>	341
My Library Acquaintances.....	<i>E. J. Londow</i>	342
Three Ships A-Sailing (Verse) .....	<i>Mary Yeula Westcott</i>	346
Mademoiselle.....	<i>J. N. Aiken</i>	347
Sawing Off.....	<i>Top C. Turvey</i>	357
Honor at Stake.....	<i>Walter G. Sheppard</i>	360

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT .....	366
----------------------------	-----

WAYSIDE WARES .....	370
---------------------	-----

EDITOR'S TABLE .....	376
----------------------	-----

# The Trinity Archive

---

---

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., May, 1912

---

---

## La Belle France

F. S. BENNETT

We arrived in Boulogne at about four o'clock, one sunny afternoon, the 25th of June; after a three-hour trip from Folkstone in a neat channel steamer. Boulogne-sur-mer, and La Belle France at last! During all the three hours spent in crossing we had wondered how it would seem to be on French soil; whether our few memorized phrases about a place to sleep and something to eat would be sufficiently intelligible to procure those things necessary alike to men of every tongue; and what would be our experience in passing our first customs inspection in a really foreign land.

It was easy, much easier than we had been told, or than we had ever dreamed it might be. Money makes up for all the differences in tongues, and numbers among its ardent admirers men of every nationality. No sooner had we landed than we met with an apparently long-lost friend and admirer. It was no other than the gallant French *porteur* who greeted us with profuse bows and offerings of assistance when we stepped from the gang-way of the steamer. We had little of the coin to spare, but with that little we immediately were insured the fast friendship of the polite *porteur*; with this there was no more need to worry about customs agents or a place to eat and sleep.

We had planned to spend two days in this little sea-port; partly because there were many really interesting things about the place; but chiefly for the reason that we wanted some French experience before going to Paris, the French-

man's city of cities. And we were not disappointed with the quaint old town. It was full of things new and intensely interesting to us. There we saw for the first time the vivacious French people whose nature in whatever condition they are found is very much the same. We spent hours wandering through the narrow streets, looking at the numerous monuments to the naval heroes whom the village has furnished in such numbers, and who form its chief pride. We saw the old cathedral of Notre Dame, whose high walls showed that it had at some time served the two-fold purpose of fortress and sanctuary; tramped through the fields of stubble, grass, and poppies to the village of Wimereaux, and on our way back saw the fishermen's wives and daughters mending and drying the long narrow nets which covered the grass for hundreds of yards; and at evening, before the tide came in, walked far out on the beach looking for star-fish, and the living things which the waters left bare on the ground, watching the incoming water gradually reach and cover the rocks near us, and with our heads bare, breathing the cool salt breeze from the channel, waited until the strange darkness came on and the tide came in.

The two days in Boulogne passed quickly and pleasantly; but Paris was ahead, and we were becoming rather impatient. We left Boulogne one afternoon in a neat compartment of a coach of the *Chemin de fer du Nord*, with two Englishmen and one Frenchman; arriving in Paris after a trip of about four hours. We had no trouble in passing the *octroi*, or internal revenue officials, for we had learned perfectly the phrase, *rien à déclarer*, and said it with such an air of nonchalance that they could only bow and let us pass. Then we took a taxi, which, after about a two-mile ride, for which we were charged the surprisingly moderate sum of twenty-five cents each, dropped us at the hotel *de Regnard* near the Odéon. We stood for some minutes before the hotel looking for some means to inform the management that we wished admittance. Finally, pulling some kind of a rod which was inserted in the wall at the door-way, we were soon confronted

by a pretty, neatly dressed French maid, who immediately began talking and gesticulating, presumably demanding our business. A pretty, vivacious girl sometimes has an embarrassing effect upon one even if she doesn't talk at all, but simply looks—looks English. She was too much for us. We caught some kind of query as to whether we had written to the proprietor concerning the engagement of rooms, as a reply to which I managed to inform her that we had not written. Then, bowing as courteous a good afternoon as was in our list of French accomplishments at that time, we picked up our suit-cases, and walked out toward the Odéon in search for a place to stay all night. I think that we were not very much disturbed over our failure to find accommodation at this hotel, for we had had experience enough to feel little concern about getting a place to stay. We were tired, nevertheless; so passing the Odéon, which would at any other time have demanded a somewhat detailed inspection, we entered the smaller *Rue de Monsieur le Prince*. Soon we found an unpretentious door-way with a sign over it which stated that lodging could be had for a very moderate rate. We could not find a knocker or bell on the door, and were on the point of breaking in, when a middle-aged Frenchwoman, apparently of the middle class, opened to us. I hurriedly exclaimed, *avez vous une chambre a deux lits, à un prix modest*, in reply to which I understood her to say that she had just such a moderate priced room for two, and to request us to enter and allow her to present us to the *madame*. Now the *madame* must have been somebody's dear old grandmother. We found her sitting among a bunch of drygoods at her needle-work. A jolly old lady she was, and her welcome was so hearty—that is, she went through all manner of gesticulations which indicated a hearty welcome—that we decided the place agreeable enough if the room was suitable. Soon I was conducted upstairs by the woman who had met us at the door. Entering one of the rooms she proceeded to point out its merits. Of course, it needed only a glance to see the merits and demerits of the room, and I attempted to save her a useless ex-

pense of energy and detail by asking the price; but she insisted on giving a glowing account of the admirable features of the room. Finally, I found that she would charge us fifty cents a day each for lodging, service, and light; which being entirely agreeable with us, we struck a bargain.

After becoming thus situated, we went out for our first experience in a Parisian café. We were fortunate in finding near our *pension* a moderate-priced eating-place which was patronized chiefly by students who were probably in the medical department of the University of Paris near by. The French supper and dinner at the cafés are very similar. First on the menu is the *hors d'oeuvre*, consisting of a couple of radishes (at that time of the year), a single sardine, or some other bit of food; then comes the vegetables (*les legumes*), *les vivandes* or meats, and the dessert; under which heading one finds chiefly tarts, fruits, and cheeses. I developed a liking for the little rolls of Swiss cheese, called *petite suisse*, which is served as dessert. Then one has a choice of beer, wine, or milk. Half bottles of beer and wine of the cheaper sort are priced on the menu at two cents each. After finishing our meal, we gave the waitress enough money to pay the bill—our meals usually cost twenty-five or thirty cents—and, after carrying it back to the *madame* who presides at this institution at her high desk in the rear of the café, brought back the change and accepted our two *sous* tip.

The *madame* of the Cafés is quite a figure in the business life of France. It is claimed, indeed, that the French men are very much inferior to their wives in business ability. It was noticeable that the *madame* commanded considerable respect from her patrons, the men always raising their hats to her on entering and leaving the café.

As we walked along the streets of Paris, one of the first things to attract our attention was the French *pâtisserie* or confectionery shop. There must be three or four of these *pâtisseries* or *Confisseries* to every business block on the left bank of the Seine. They are not like our confectionery shops or candy kitchens—for the French are not candy eaters

to any noticeable degree—they are rather on the order of bakery or pastry-shops. The word *pâtisserie* cannot be correctly translated to one who has never seen this institution. There is as much difference between the French *pâtisserie* and the English bakery as there is between the character of the respective peoples. Indeed, one is persuaded to believe that something of the French character must enter into the product of these shops, for such temptingly flavored and daintily made sweet-meats could hardly be produced by any other people in the world. One catches the odor from these dainties half a block away, and to one with such a susceptible palate as mine they are positively irresistible.

During our first few days in Paris we saw the Panthéon, the University of Paris, and the Luxembourg palace and art gallery. The particular part of the University which was of chief interest to us was the old Sarbonne, around which the University of Paris as it is today has grown. We saw the chapel which was built by Cardinal Richelieu in 1635-59, and which is all that remains of the Sorbonne which he built. There are several old paintings on the walls of the chapel, but the most remarkable thing is the tomb of Richelieu, designed by Le Brun. I remember this tomb very distinctly. It is to the right of the chapel a few steps from the entrance. The cardinal is represented in a semi-recumbent posture, supported by Religion, while Science sits by in an attitude of grief. These last two figures have caused considerable admiration. After the Sorbonne we visited the Panthéon. It stands on a height above the level of the surrounding city, occupying the site of tomb of St. Geneviève, the patron saint of Paris. Our guide tried to point out to us a defect in the ceiling supported by the superb Corinthian columns, and told us that the architect, Soufflot, who, upon realizing that he had made this slightest mistake in the construction of his temple, leapt from its top, falling to his death on the pavement beneath. However, it was beyond our power to understand why an architect should commit suicide from despair of having built such an edifice as the Panthéon. The building is the tomb of several noted

Frenchmen. The bodies of Rousseau, Voltaire, and Hugo, along with those of several distinguished generals, rest in its vaults.

The Luxembourg art gallery with its modern painting and sculpture, was, I must confess, more interesting and refreshing to me than was the Louvre with its collections of Egyptian, Assyrian, and Chaldean remains, and its bewildering rows of stiff, old Italian school paintings. I visited the Louvre first, and at that time most of the paintings which met my gaze were those of the crucifixion, or conceptions of saints. The Luxembourg, with its modern painting and sculpture, was indeed refreshing. I do not mean to say that the Louvre was disappointing to me. I simply could not help becoming dazed by such a wealth of art, and I do not attempt to describe any part of it in detail. After passing through gallery after gallery of Greek, Roman, Assyrian, and Egyptian sculpture, we went through rooms filled with the world's most famous paintings. Among the statues which impressed me most was that of the "Winged Victory," which stands in a conspicuous place at the head of the great stairway leading to the *Salle D'Apollo* and below to the room in which that other—the most famous of all statues—the Venus de Milo, is placed. The two most pleasing paintings were Murillo's Holy Conception, or Madonna, and Ghirlandajo's "Old Man and Child." And I might add that we had the pleasure, and what might be called the distinction, of being among the last to see the Mona Lisa of Leonardo da Vinci. However, in some way we managed to escape the entrancing charm of her smile, and certainly had nothing to do with the abduction of that painting.

One afternoon we came to the conclusion that our corporeal beings were becoming rather soiled despite any lustre that might have been added to our intellectual being during our few days rummage among the wonders of the world. We were puzzled for some time as to where we might better our condition, since a bath was not included among the conveniences of our little *pension*; but the problem was soon solved, for we re-

membered having seen some bathing houses along the Seine, and decided to try one. For about fifteen cents we were fitted out for a swim in the famous old river. However, it is not of our bath, which was very pleasant, but of the river itself that I wish to tell. In speaking of the Seine, one author says:

“These waters are as turbid, tumultuous, unbridled as when forest covered all the banks—fit symbols of peoples and nations in their mad career generation after generation. Institutions, like hewn granite may wall them in, and vast arches span their flow, and hierarchies domineer over their tide; but the scorning waters burst into life unchangeable, and sweep impetuous through the heart of Vanity Fair, and dash out again into the future the same grand, ungovernable stream.”

The Seine is only a small stream—about as large as our famous Eno; but like the German’s Rhine, its muddy waters are a part of the life-blood of the French people. It is the Frenchman’s river, as Paris is the Frenchman’s city. As with the Rhine, the river as a whole, scenery and all, is very beautiful. I have enjoyed looking up and down the Seine at its magnificent and historical bridges. At night I have seen the long bands of colored light, from the lamp-posts along these bridges, reflected in the Parisian’s sacred waters. It is a scene of indescribable beauty. The Seine also serves another purpose than the aesthetic,—as an outlet for the Frenchman’s strong inborn love for fishing. The French are decidedly, as a people, *pêcheurs*. They fish from morning until the gas jets are lighted along the river; fish every day in the week, and on Sunday the whole city and part of the country round about take a holiday and go fishing. Undisturbed by the busy traffic of the street near by, the mass of passing pedestrians bumping his elbows perhaps, unconscious of the rumbling of taxis and omnibusses in the busy street fifteen feet away, the fisherman placidly stands on the sidewalk at the river’s bank, holding his fishing-pole in one hand, his bait-box at his feet, and gazes at his cork floating in the

muddy Seine. And never a fish! Why, I have seen a man fish all afternoon and until late supper-time with never a nibble. It is said that the fever for fishing was caused by the incident (or accident) of a fish being caught in the Seine in one of the last years preceding the French Revolution.

We took one or two pleasant trips up and down the Seine in the neat little river steamboats. One of these was to the park at St. Cloud. This is one of the several beautiful parks in the suburbs of Paris which afford a quiet retreat from the bustle of the city, and to which on Sundays and holidays great masses of the Parisian populace flock. Our trip to St. Cloud was taken after having seen the gardens at Versailles, and, moreover, having seen them at a time when the fountains (*les grandes Eaux*) were playing; so that the beauties of St. Cloud were somewhat overshadowed by the greater beauty and grandeur of Versailles. At St. Cloud there is a park of about a thousand acres. The landscape is more rolling and affords a greater natural variety of view than the park at Versailles; but St. Cloud lacks the artistic arrangement which is found in the latter, and does not contain anything to compare with the wonderful stretches of woodland, lawns, and flower plots which compose the beauty of Versailles. The fountains of both are famous. The *Jet Géant*, or great jet of St. Cloud, is said to rise to the height of one hundred and thirty-six feet. In the lower part of the park is the *Grande Cascade*, designed by Lepantre and Mansart, who were, however, unable to see it in its glory of tumbling waters.

One Sunday morning we saw a notice in *Le Matin* to the effect that the fountains were to play at Versailles on that afternoon. We hurried across to the right bank of the Seine, and soon succeeded in finding the place for taking the Versailles cars because of the immense and rather variegated crowd of people awaiting their turns to get seats. After perhaps an hour of waiting, we were able to find places on the top of a steam-driven street car, and soon thereafter were rumbling toward the *Bois de Boulogne* and the city walls.

After leaving the walls we rode a few miles before reaching the park and gardens. As was expected, we found a great crowd surrounding the palace, and strolling about the gardens. The French are a vivacious and energetic people, but they teach a valuable lesson to the American by their ability to relax entirely, and to really take a day off. The French nature demands parks, and it is this same French nature which causes the proprietors of the cafés to place their chairs and tables on the sidewalks, so that many busy patrons may enjoy an hour of peaceful relaxation; of reading, eating, drinking, and watching passers-by at meal time. I suppose that the crowd at Versailles on that day was only the usual pleasure-seeking overflow of the Parisian population, which shows itself in force on Sunday. But I soon forgot the crowd and turned to admire the gardens. They were laid out some time in the seventeenth century by one of the most famous landscape gardeners of that time; and, although a great many people criticised it as an attempt to practise geometry and architecture on lawns, trees and ponds, this garden was perfectly in keeping with the notions of art which prevailed in the time of Louis XIV, under whose directions they were planned out, and is a model for the world's gardens of the French style. As for myself, I was too much absorbed in admiration to think of criticism, even had I been able to make any. With the long stretches of beautiful green lawn, its flowered terraces, rows of old statues, canals, and the spectacular playing of the fountains, I was overcome with wonder at and admiration for its artificial beauty and grandeur. I can not understand how man can have transformed the formerly ordinary earth into a dream-land of an apparently primeval forest with its seemingly untouched undergrowth, affording a view of long stretches of moss-covered trees receding into spaces of cool mossy dankness so restful and refreshing to the sight of one tired and dazzled by a long trip through a mid-summer sunshine. After watching the boats which were sailing on the canal, we were attracted by the rushing crowd to the marvelous playing of

the *Grandes Eaux*. Eight fountains of grotesque statues throwing streams of water above the tallest trees was a truly spectacular affair. Each display of this kind costs the Government of France ten thousand francs. Then, after hearing a large orchestra for some time, we looked hurriedly over the palace and returned to the city.

## Flower Fancies

N. I. WHITE

“EST ROSA FLOS VENERIS”

“Est rosa flos Veneris ——”  
 And if the bard sang true,  
 This spray of roses but encloses  
 What of right belongs to you.

But if yourself you'd rather be  
 Than haughty Roman Venus,  
 And deem such pagan fantasie  
 Doth from true love demean us,

Then—“My love's like a red, red rose,”  
 And 'tis my love I'm sending;  
 And as for Venus, Heaven knows,  
 Could Venus see you bending  
 So prettily above my rose,  
 Beauty with beauty blending,  
 She'd blush, as Heaven itself supposes  
 And change from blushes into roses.

---

### THE VIOLET AND I

We two, the Violet and I,  
 Are met in April weather—  
 The Violet, so fragile-shy,  
 And April, doubting whether  
 'Twere prettier to laugh or cry,  
 Or laugh and cry together.

Where have you been this many-a-day,  
 This very, very many,

Dear little Vi? or prithee, say,  
Do fairies care a penny  
To steal your pollen puffs away,  
And did our Puck steal any?

Did you meet Oberon? And when——?  
*But—Marion's hair was yellow,*  
*And Evelyn loved awhile, and then*  
*Married another fellow;*  
*And Kit, who loved so many men,*  
*Had hazel eyes so mellow.*

*And there was Dorry, lily-sweet,*  
*And Edith, mischief beaming,*  
*And Geraldine, and Marguerite,*  
*And "Dimples", April-seeming,—*  
Ah! Vi, why is it, when we meet,  
I always fall a-dreaming?

## The Only Unromantic Girl

NETTIE SUE TILLET

The only unromantic girl! Yes, surely, you were the only unromantic girl. Your life had been utterly void of anything romantic. Other girls were different. Their lives all read more or less like a romance.

This big thought came suddenly upon you in the night-time—in the night after your mother had told you that your dead father's ambition had been that you should be a writer.

"What sort of a writer?" you had asked your mother when you had somewhat recovered from the awfulness of the responsibility so suddenly thrust upon you. "What sort of a writer must I be?" you had repeated in a tone of resignation. "*Must be*" you had said, for as plain as day you *must be* what he had wished, no matter what it should cost you.

"Why," your dear mother had answered, "I'm sure he didn't say what sort of writer, but doubtless he meant a writer of romances. He surely didn't intend for you to write essays or anything true. Oh, no; a woman must never write anything serious. Write romances, dear."

But what was a romance? Your mother named one to you, but said you had time enough to think about writing romances and not to worry about it now. You could not dismiss it so easily from your serious little mind though, and you went to consult the big dictionary about "romance." The dictionary-man said a *romance* was a *tale of adventure*. You were not exactly sure of the meaning of those words, however. But your friend Mary read lots of books and knew many big words. She could surely tell you. And so she did.

"Why, a romance," said Mary with a I-know-so-much air, "is a love-story, and I have read ever so many of them. I have one that you may read, too." You read it later. It was certainly very full of love.

So when you were thinking it over in the night-time, it

suddenly dawned upon you that your life had certainly been without anything romantic, whether Nell or the dictionary-man was correct. You could see that it was different with other girls. Certainly, then, you were not the girl to write. An unromantic girl writing romance! How very funny, but it only made you gloomy. Where did writers get stories if it was not from their lives?

What was there in your life to write about? How smoothly and quietly it had all run, you and your mother in the little cottage, and your father in the churchyard! You could not remember when it was otherwise. Your life had been entirely different from that of other girls who had fathers and sisters,—and romance in their lives. Each of your friends could tell of adventures and each one had her own love story.

And then a happy thought seized you. There was Tom. Tom was always fond of you, stood up for you to the last, gave you candy sometimes, coasted you on his sled in winter, and you told each other tremendous secrets. Perhaps you could make a love story out of that. You turned the thought over for quite a time in your mind, but had to admit at length that you could not put Tom into a love story. Tom might go into many things but not into a love story. Perhaps he was different from other boys. Yes; Tom, too, was unromantic.

Tom, however, had very brilliant ideas sometimes. The next morning, when you were confidentially telling him of your new and greatest trouble, he only had to think two minutes and he was ready to help you.

"Oh!" he said jubilantly, "you can write about other girls and boys, and anyway, story-books aren't true. Write about Mary and Jack. Say they hide letters in the old hollow tree. I saw them. And Jack slips candy hearts to her and writes her he's going to be a jewelry-store man just so he can give her rings and bracelets. And say one day Mary reached in the hollow tree and a bear grabbed her. It'll be dandy. I'll read it myself."

"Tom," you said when you could get your breath from

astonishment and pride, "you must write books yourself. Wont you Tom? Please do."

"No;" he answered somewhat indignantly. "No; I've told you plenty of times, I'm going to marry and be rich and live in the city. You can write little old stories if you want to. Maybe I'll read them all myself," he added when he saw how disappointed you were.

Not many days after, you sat down in a quiet spot to write your first romance. Town-people would doubtless laugh at a wee-bit of a girl writing romances, and so you said nothing to any of them about it. But, alas! the words did not flow from your pencil as easily as they had from Tom's mouth. Furthermore, your ideas did not seem half so charming on the cold slick paper as in your head. It all ended in the fire, and your mother, a little later, found you in tears, and had to comfort you. You were too young, she said. She wouldn't have told you if she had known how seriously you would take it. She was sure you would be a great writer some time, and anyway she'd love you all the same.

Your first attempt, therefore, was a great disappointment to you. Tom was somewhat disgusted at first, but he soon recovered his good feelings for you. After all, he said, you might some time be a missionary lady, and they were lots and lots greater than writers. But why couldn't you stop thinking about such things and come and see him fly his new kite?

More and more quiet days rolled by and you were growing taller all the while, although you did not care to at all. Your life still kept its noisless tenor. You were still the only unromantic girl,—only you did not worry about it now.

And by and by you, and Tom, and Mary, and all your friends were told that there was nothing more to be taught you in your little home school among the solitary hills. Now you must begin to play old and grown-up. How provoking it was some times! Tom, too, had grown, and could now carry his hands in the pockets of his long trousers with ease and grace.

Then, for the first time, the natural course of your life

was really interrupted. You were to go to college. It was in accordance to your father's wishes. Mary, too, was to go to college, and Tom was ready for the university. Busy days of preparation and you were all off at college, homesick and thinking only of happy by-gones. But this, too, soon passed and you were lost in the delirious whirl of college studies and school-girl's pleasures, with new friends and new thoughts. Sometimes, still, you compared your life to that of other girls. It was still so different. Mary and Jack had other plans than those formed in the old days, and you watched new love blossom in Mary's heart with interest. Tom was no longer different from other boys. When you saw him in vacation, he told you of a pretty little girl he had come to know. It made you feel a little lonely at first but you soon learned to be content with his brotherly confidence, and still had the kindest feelings for him.

You were very thoughtful the night before your graduation from college. What a number of things came into your mind! You went over all your past life. You smiled sadly when the picture of the little girl who wanted to be a writer because her dead father had wished it, attempting to write a romance, passed before your mind. This ambition was still sacred, but you had not yet showed any unusual talent or skill. Then you thought of the mission-woman whom you had once thought of, but whom your mother had seriously disapproved of. Why weren't you content to live as other girls? Besides, you were the only one she had, she said.

You never spoke of the writer-girl. Your mother felt that your father had died when you were too young to mould your career for you, and had not impressed the necessity of fulfilling the wish upon you, but encouraged you in all the writing you did.

So by the time you had left college, you were content that your life pass in your little village among the solitary hills. You would make your life like that of other girls. This was how it happened that you became the teacher in the little school which had been the scene of so great a part of your

life. Mary was married now—but not to Jack—and so were many of your friends, and Tom was away in the city, but he wasn't rich yet and he wasn't married. You saw him often and you wrote each other long letters. You were very happy, only sometimes you thought of the time when Tom would cease to confide in you. The pretty little girl was married now, and Tom talked just as fervently about another who was tall and stately. You were so contented and happy for many months, and then things began to change so gradually that you could not put your finger on the turning point. Tom was drifting away from you. He did not come home so often nor write such long letters. By degrees his confidence at length ceased.

Your days still passed on in the little village and you were dissatisfied with your life. It seemed so cut off from ordinary human nature, and Tom had been such a disappointment to you. You had not heard from him in such an age, only rumor had reached your little village that Tom was sowing wild oats. You denied it bitterly at first, but at length, as things went on thus you had to admit that there had been a change.

At last, in the autumn time, after so many lonely months, Tom came home. But he did not seek you out as he used to do. He avoided you at first. When finally, however, you met him, and saw his face marked with dissipation and failure, how it cut into your heart. Whatever unkind feelings had gathered there fled at once, and you longed to comfort and encourage him.

"Tom," you began, when you were at length left alone, breaking into that awful silence, "let's begin and tell each other everything just as we used to do. I'm so anxious to hear about you. Just think how long it's been since we saw each other. You begin; do, Tom!"

With shame-faced, dogged determination, Tom began his confession without apologies or excuses. He made a short story of it. There was nothing unusual about it, only you had not expected it from Tom. It was the story of bad com-

pany, from bad to worse. Now, he added desperately, he had lost his job and had come home in disgrace and wretchedness. Everything around him recalled his happy youth, with all its hope and ambition. Now look at him at twenty-eight, unsettled, without work, or plans for the future.

"Tom," you said at length, kindly but frankly, "you have failed and done wrong, but you mustn't go at it in that way. We both started out wrong, Tom. We thought life in its ordinary phases unworthy of us. I was only happy when I thought of the famous writer, and you when you pictured yourself as the rich man of the city. Fortunately for me, I learned my lesson earlier. You have made a miserable failure so far, Tom, but—please don't look that way, Tom—we still have faith in you, and we still love you, Tom, and——"

"Do you, Nell? Do you? Do you, really?" he asked so eagerly and hungrily that you could not regret that the big words had slipped out before you knew it. "Do you, really?" he asked again, and how his face brightened!

You settled it all so happily that autumn evening, and when you parted very late you were very joyful and glad. Not for one instant did either of you think the life you were soon to take up unworthy of you.

It was many years after that you wrote your first book. It was not a thrilling romance. It was only the old, old tale of every-day human life, and although its heroine had been the only unromantic girl, it brought success. Tom read it and was pleased. You felt that an unseen presence watched it with joy also. And you were happy.

## The March Winds

W. L. UMSTEAD.

O! the wild March winds blow loud and chill,  
And their song is wild and high.  
They are clearing away  
The clouds of gray,  
To make room for a summer sky.

O! the winds sweep here and the winds sweep there;  
They whistle a merry tune.  
They are clearing away  
The leaves, they say,  
For the roses to come in June.

## My Library Acquaintances

E. J. LONDON.

Of what use are libraries, after all? Have you ever asked yourself whether the library is anything more than a place where you can find the journals of the day, the latest popular novel, or a thorough-going encyclopedia? Or do you consider it as merely the School of Disillusionment where men learn how little they know and fall prey to the suppressing consciousness of insignificance that makes one feel as a dwarf in ability to grasp but a giant in appetite. O, the tantalizing devilish glee of the book-cases as they look down upon the weary yet hungry student. But to me—if you will pardon a personal remark—the library is much more than all this. Pray tell me where can you see such variations in humanity as in the library? Where can you better study the hopes, the sorrows, the idiosyncrasies that make human life so rich in detail? The frequenter of the library finds here types whom he gradually associates with the place. He feels that he knows them intimately. They form an inseparable part of his experiences.

Here sits an old sea captain. When I see him coming across the floor, swaying from side to side in continuation of that slow, rocking gait which he has employed in the service of his country, I am sure of his profession. When he passes me I see fixed in the lapel of his coat a small round button with a design of an anchor. He no longer sails the main: his silver-gray locks argue that he does not. But the love of the blue, which he has been wearing from childhood days, yet remains in him, for you never see him but he is clad in his neat naval blue. The captain loves the sea-stories, tales of great men and great actions, for the warmth of youth has not entirely left his blood. His clear, merry blue eyes, that play in a round clean-shaven face, twinkle as he lives through

in spirit the actions that settled the destinies of nations. His view of life must be a sunny one; at least his features show no shadowy lines. In fact, I have heard it said that the captain spends his comfortable pension in charity. His hand is always open. He seeks not for deception in the street beggar. Many are those who have learned the breadth and the warmth of his heart. I no longer wonder, hearing this story, that his blue eyes twinkle with joy. His happiness springs from good deeds—the only soil for happiness.

What a contrast this vigorous personality, healthy, robust, cheerful, presents to that young man there in the darkest corner, bent over a Spinoza. His back is already stooped, burdened as it is with the problems that defy the ages. You may have looked up at times from that interesting number of "Life" and caught a view of this thin youth, careless in even his out-of-style ill-fitting clothes, hair almost as long as Tito's before Nello, the Florentine barber, admired it, and of the high, intellectual forehead, sloping down to a thin nose upon which spectacles rest. He has but recently turned to philosophy. The several dusty old volumes on Astronomy, of the existence of which few have any knowledge, could not escape his sharp eyes when he visited the library after school hours. Before many months had passed he was leading the life of an astronomer. If you were interested he would tell you of the marvelous scope of celestial phenomena; would give you the measure of the planetary orbits, or the latest hypothesis as to the origin of the heavenly bodies; and if you became intimate with him he would show you the charts he himself had drawn, and let you look through a telescope he himself had constructed. Now he is a student of philosophy. Should you visit the library for many more weeks you will see him poring over the long but thin tomes of the works of Mozart and Beethoven, for by this time he no longer yearns to be a philosopher—the greatest of all arts is music, to which he must devote his life. Go where you will, you can find no other like him. His scepticism and his in-

tense faith, his belief in democracy and his admiration of monarchy, his indifference to things of this world, and his sudden surrender to Cupid—an infinite complexity in this library acquaintance of mine.

The philosopher-musician-astronomer lives in the world of thought. His friend (about whose neck the fingers of a normal man may easily touch, and who parts his straight black hair in the middle) lives in the days when lords and ladies had their sway. How many know the excellent maps in the Standard Encyclopedia? This young fellow has discovered them, and is busy tracing duchies, electorates, and kingdoms, even though they be no larger than the campus, and though His Honor the butcher has a greater voice in government than milord. But what does all this clamor for democracy amount to anyway? It must tumble down through its instability. Take a look at that genealogical table, will you? See how the blood of Reginald de Vere who passed the cup to William the Conqueror flows in the veins of Duke Blank de Vere. This is the permanent element in society, and society must be reconstructed so as to bring the aristocracy of blood back into the power which the aristocracy of wealth has usurped. The idea!—and the young genealogist proudly proceeds out of the library with his nose turned haughtily upward in the air.

We become reconciled to our loss of aristocracy's proudest protagonist when Miss Sweet Sixteen enters all in a flurry, green parasol in hand, and her golden hair slightly tousled by the gentle breeze that is stirring without. She has brought a whiff of new life to the half-drowsy readers, who immediately become interested in the new comer. She is asking for "Graustark." "Mr. George Barr McCutcheon does write such sweet books. Isn't Beverly just a dear!" And why should one disagree with such a fit subject for a charming romance? Surely, she should have the privilege, when she reads a novel, of imagining herself the Princess adored

by the flower of chivalry. Now is the time in her life when the old-lace and lavender of fiction are realities. How sweet are the uses of the imagination!

If you are interested in the education of the workingman, you will be enheartened by the sight of an Americanized-Frenchman in the library. He is thoroughly Gallic in appearance, and more so in his heart. Every day this gawky man snatches a few minutes from his masonry—he washes his hands in a hurry—to read a few lines in the new life of Napoleon that has come to the library in several healthy volumes. But their size do not bother him, for he beholds in them the glory of the French extended in magnificent panorama. He does not see me looking at him, so engrossed is he in the little giant. Forgotten are the bricks which he lays slowly and carefully as his hero should have built the Empire. Forgotten are the possibilities of a mason's strike, and the urgent need of making an insurance payment. This man's philosophy is more than a stomach philosophy. The builder grows into the dreamer for a few minutes each day.

## Three Ships a-Sailing

MARY YEULA WESTCOTT.

We sat on the beach at eventide,  
As the west was gold and red,  
And we named the ships on the bounding sea—  
One was for him, and one for me;  
We watched to know where their ports would be:  
The last was for both, we said.

His came, and proud she rode the waves,  
Home-bound, from lands afar—  
There were joyous crowds on that queenly boat,  
There was music gay, and flags afloat,  
And a long cheer rose from every throat  
As she cleared the harbor bar.

And close behind, but sad and slow,  
My ship came in from sea.  
None came to cheer as she crept past,  
Her sails were rent by the stormy blast,  
She was dark and voyage-worn; half-mast  
Her flag drooped mournfully.

But the other ship sailed out—far out,  
Nor touched the harbor bar.  
She sought the depths where the winds race free,  
Where the waves leap high, in the open sea—  
And I'm wondering: what will her cargo be  
When she comes home from afar!

## Mademoiselle

J. N. AIKEN.

Mademoiselle whistled softly to herself as she adjusted the fichu at her throat and surveyed her slender, graceful figure in the long mirror before her. An expression of approval came into her light blue eyes, for Mademoiselle was not blind nor insensible to the charms of beauty, and she stood for a few moments oblivious of her surroundings, dreamily staring into space.

What her eyes reflected at that moment would have been hard for any of her acquaintances at the boarding school, where she taught voice to freckle-faced girls five days out of the week, to tell. Mademoiselle had not seemed very communicative on the subject of her past, and her new friends were too glad to feel the sunshine of her cheery smile to wish to pry into the secrets that lay concealed behind their hazel blue.

The sum total of facts regarding the past existence of Mademoiselle was contained in the assertion of one of her "most promising" pupils to the effect that she was a graduate of the Paris Conservatory and that she had not been in America before her arrival in New York the preceding August. "And," added the girl, "I believe she has had some big sorrow in her life, been disappointed in love or something." And Mademoiselle went her way choosing to preserve her silence.

The Lady Principal of the small boarding school had been satisfied with the recommendations the little French lady brought with her from the great masters of her art in the country across the seas. The place had to be filled at the last moment, and so, as luck would have it, Mademoiselle found herself, three weeks after her application to the teachers' agency in New York, under an agreement to give twenty-five girls lessons in voice twice a week in return for the sum

of eighty dollars a month, and her board at the school table thrown in for good measure. The only cost to her had been the ten dollars to the agency. Her course had been smooth until tonight. The coming of the singer from Paris, infinitesimal though his reputation was in comparison with the others, had brought up the old dreamings and longings in her heart, and, now, as she stood before her mirror, dressed for the recital, it was herself in another setting that held her eyes so closely.

The fact was that Mademoiselle had a record of failure behind her—that is, failure as the world counts it. She felt deeply the shame of her failure to make a place for herself at the *Opera Comique* after the honors she had won at the *Conservatoire Nationale*. The story was a long one and she never even liked to think of it. She had been able to keep her mind from dwelling on it up to tonight, but now it all swept over her in the glamorous light of dreamy retrospection.

She saw the long years of patient work in preparation for entrance to the conservatory and then the trials at which she had been granted a scholarship. Then followed the four years of happy work under Lemaitre and ———— and Momés. Each one of them had told her that her voice was wonderful.

“You will equal Melba one day, Mademoiselle,” said Lemaitre with a note of pride in his voice. “All you have to do is to wait and work.”

After she had finished at the conservatory she had followed his instructions and worked and waited. Both were not without their reward. She had been granted the opportunity for singing a small part in a production at the *Opera Comique*, and throughout the season had distinguished herself for her application and talent.

It was during this period that she had met Henri Labouchere, the young accountant in the employ of “*La Librarie Hachette*.” He, too, had aspirations in an artistic way, working in literature with as much zeal and energy as she did in music. A few of his pieces had found their way into

the publications of the day, and she remembered his conscious pride in showing them to her. The friendship of this young man had been the brightest spot in the months that succeeded her completion of the *Conservatoire* courses, with the exception of her care of her mother.

Mademoiselle and her mother were the closest of friends, and no mere man, said the young girl once, should ever come between them. Her mother had been her inspiration to accomplishment in her art, and had worked every day faithfully at the bindery in order that Mademoiselle might have sufficient money to complete her courses. It was the mother, too, who furnished the means during the period of waiting before Mademoiselle secured her engagement at the *Comique*. And lucky it was that the engagement came when it did, for the mother began then to show signs of failing health and a short hacking cough made its appearance to disturb Mademoiselle.

The girl bravely cheered her mother and promised to win for herself a reputation as a singer so that she might lay it at the feet of the older woman. And the mother only smiled and coughed and drew the girl's head down to her lips and kissed it. The mother stopped her work as soon as Mademoiselle secured her engagement at the *Opera*, and even the scanty sum that the girl brought home each week served to keep the two in better circumstances than had been the case previously. They even improved the appearance of the little *salon* where Mademoiselle received Henri on Sunday evenings.

The year thus spent passed quickly and ere the girl knew it the season was again approaching. This time she had been promised a more prominent place in the production that was to be first put on, and her hopes ran high, for now she was beginning to feel the real meaning of success. The rehearsals went forward without hindrance and the first night was approaching. Meanwhile the mother was growing steadily worse and Mademoiselle had to devote more of her time to the care of the frail little woman. Even her talks with Henri

had to be cut short, much to the sorrow of that individual, though he loved the mother with his whole heart.

The eve of the day before the first night brought a crisis in the sickness of the mother. The physician came three times that day. It was with difficulty that Mademoiselle was persuaded to tear herself away to attend the rehearsal, but Henri was there and would not let her miss it, and so the charwoman had sat by the bedside while the girl stole off to be present at the opera house.

Following her return she sat all night at the bedside. Her anxiety for her mother precluded all thought of the appearance she was to make the following evening. All the following day the mother hung between life and death. Her breath came in quick gasps and her cough sank almost to a whisper. Along in the afternoon there came a turn for the better, and her forces rallied so that she sat up and spoke to those about her. Then Mademoiselle tore herself away and attended the last rehearsal. She thought she noted a look of disapproval in the eyes of the manager as she left the stage door, but her determination was to sing that night as she had never sung before.

Her mother's condition showed further improvement on her return and it was almost with a light heart that she went back to the *Opera* after a light supper. The happenings of that night after her return, however, formed a black nightmare in her memory.

The first act of the production passed without a hitch. The management were congratulating themselves. Mademoiselle had made a half-way appearance in that part of the piece and carried herself with skill. The second act was more trying on her, for in it she took the most prominent part. How it ever happened she did not know, but she heard only the hisses of the audience as the curtain came down on her final appearance and the voice of the director telling her that she had ruined the piece.

"Ruined it! I tell you: ruined it!" he cried in his piercing voice.

Then Henri, who had been there, took her home in a *fiacre* and she still remembered the pleasant relief from the taunting and angry looks of the crowd around her in the tiny dressing room which had been assigned to her. Henri had been very kind to her that night as they went home, and she thought, too, of the mad desire she had to cry herself to restfulness on his shoulder.

Her greatest anguish was when she thought of her mother. The proud old lady had been looking forward with such pleasurable anticipation to this event, and her last words before sinking into unconsciousness the day before had been in regard to the appearance of Mademoiselle. Mademoiselle almost wished that the mother had remained unconscious until it was all over. No; it would never do to tell her. That was certain.

Henri handed her from the *fiacre* carefully lest she soil the beautiful dress which had been made for the occasion. Her mother was smiling when she went in and the story she told was one of brilliant success. The old woman's eyes glistened during the relation of the story and she murmured softly, "*Ma fille, ma fille!*—Now, I can die happy" she had said when it was completed. And Mademoiselle in her anguish only buried her face deeper in the coverlet and wept. The mother thought it was sorrow over her condition, and patted her gently on the head.

Then Mademoiselle had dried her tears and gone back to Henri. He seemed so resourceful in such matters that she turned to him instinctively for advice in this case.

"Julie," he had said, "you know and have known for a long time that I love you. Perhaps this is not the time nor the place for telling you of it, but I wish you to know that I am at all times ready to protect and help you."

The girl only lowered her face. Somehow his words seemed without meaning to her that night. At any other time she thought she would have been overjoyed to hear them. Now they brought little comfort. She felt that she could never love him as he wished. But she said nothing, and he,

thinking he understood, refrained from pushing his words further.

The mother was so much improved that Mademoiselle thought it unnecessary to remain awake with her that night. Her joy at her mother's recovery was tempered, however, by the thought of her own failure. It little mattered, as Henri had said, that it was all on account of her long watches at the bedside of her mother, and that if she had been in good condition she would have carried the audience with her. The fact remained that she had had her chance and lost it, and she knew the *Opera* well enough to know that she would not get another.

They never knew how it happened, but somehow the mother's spirit slipped away from earth during the night hours. Perhaps she called to Julie, and she could not hear, but when early the next morning the tired girl arose quickly with a vague fear clutching at her heart, thinking perhaps that her mother wanted her, she got no reply from the cold lips on the pillow. In anguish she threw herself beside the bed and bemoaned the fact that thoughts of herself and her own fatigue had prevented her from watching over the last hours of her only relative and her dearest friend.

\* \* \* \* \*

After she had seen the last of her mother's presence hid from sight in the earth, the girl turned upon the world without a friend save one, and that one half-estranged because he wished her love and she could not give. His kindness, however, had been unbounded and his efforts to get things again straight about the little rooms where Mademoiselle and her mother had spent so many happy hours were deeply appreciated by the grief stricken girl. As to the future he argued for another trial at the *Opera*. Her refusal was almost angry. Then he advanced the idea of trying at other theatres but only found that she seemed disgusted with them all. So Henri was not at all surprised one evening to find that she had determined to leave Paris. He was somewhat taken

aback, however, when he heard that the destination of Made-moiselle was to be America.

"Yes," she had said, "I know of several persons from the Conservatoire who have gone over to the States and have succeeded in earning a livelihood teaching. Perhaps that is all I am good for. At any rate, the insurance money and what I will get from the furniture will take me to New York and keep me for several weeks until I can get a place. I must go."

In vain he pleaded with her. All his arguments and entreaties encountered a stony determination and rebounded without leaving a trace of their striking. At last he had given up and had tried to get her to accept his help in getting a place. He offered her of his small savings and had received a vigorous refusal. At last he gave up in despair and turned to asking about her preparations for departure. His surprise was great when she informed him that she would leave for Havre the following evening and would sail the next morning. All her arrangements had been made, she said, by the agent for the house in which she was living. He had been most kind in helping her, she added. Perhaps she did not know that her appeals to another for help had cut deep into the heart of the man beside her. Her intention had been only to save him from the sorrow she knew her departure would bring him, and her own feeling was one of grim despair. When he took his departure Henri had said that he would be glad to see her to the station from which her train departed. It was with regret she noticed that he, too, seemed to have come to look at the matter in a despairing light.

With heavy heart she had locked the door of the rooms the following afternoon and handed the key to the waiting char-woman who was to turn it over to the proprietor. Henri was at her side and his strong arm guided her blinded course down the steps and to the waiting *fiacre*. As she leaned confidently on him for support she almost relented in her determination, but a stronger influence prevented. She was too accustomed to looking out for herself through the long years

to let any feeling of absolute dependency overcome her for long. At the station she allowed him to see after her luggage and her passports and tickets. For just a few minutes before the departure of her train they sat together in the compartment whither he had stowed her bags and parcels. Their talk had been soft and low, and the gentleness of the man never showed itself in a more admirable manner than then. Mademoiselle felt and said that some day he must make his mark in literature. She would like to know about it, she added.

"Julie," he began again, "I want to make one last appeal to you. Won't you stay with me. You know I need you. You say you want to know about my successes—if they come. Don't you realize that they will be absolutely blank and worthless to me without your companionship to show me how to enjoy them? Don't you realize that you are ruining not only your own life by this course you are taking, but mine as well? Can nothing I say change you from your determination?"

She laid a soft hand on his arm.

"Henri, you have never failed me when I asked you to perform any service for me. I appreciate your friendship immensely, but I can never love you. Feeling that way about it, I see no other course for me to follow save the one I am taking. Will you not believe me? I care more for you than for myself almost, yet it is not love. I want you to succeed and become happy. I shall be glad to hear about it all, but as for sharing your life, I cannot do it."

"Will you send for me if you want me?" he asked in a low voice, "and write me your address and all about yourself?"

"Yes," she whispered; and then it was "*adieu*," for the train was moving. Their eyes met and their hands clasped, and then the great engine, puffing, drew her out into the night and left him alone in the midst of the thronging crowds.

\* \* \* \* \*

It all came over her again, tonight as she stood before her

mirror dressing for the recital in the chapel below. The neglect of her promise to write him struck home to her heart again with deeper force than ever. What a difference his presence would make! For some minutes the revery held her. Then she swiftly completed her *toilette*, turned the light out, and descended the stairs.

As she came into the auditorium the singer was just coming upon the stage. He was to be accompanied by a little Russian who travelled with him. Mademoiselle envied the position of the little fellow as he took his seat at the piano and began to arrange his music.

Numbers of the school girls and visitors noticed the color in the cheeks of the young French woman as she swept up the aisle, and the girls whispered about it among themselves. She took her seat just before the commencement of the program.

Before her was a man, a singer whose voice had been heard beyond the waters, whose training had been received from her own beloved masters. Through it all she sat entranced. True, in order to suit his hearers the singer turned from the things she would have loved to hear to the more familiar songs of the people of America, but the tones were there and when once or twice he rendered one of the old folk songs of her own people she almost cried out in her emotion. When it was over and the teachers of the school were all crowding about the singer to congratulate him and to express their pleasure at his work, the one person in the hall to whom his coming really meant something drew back. The girls noticed Mademoiselle drumming on a table as they filed out of the hall, and wondered the cause of her saddened look.

Finally, the crowd around the singer and his accompanist grew thinner and Mademoiselle ventured to approach. She only touched the hands of both and said it all reminded her of the *Conservatoire*. They seemed surprised to find her there and wondered what trick of fortune had brought her. Their inquiries after she had slipped away, however, discov-

ered nothing further than that she had come well recommended.

In the loneliness of her room Mademoiselle threw herself upon her bed and wept as if her heart were breaking. Her sorrow at leaving the old life had never been more acute. The sickening sense of her failure had never been more real to her. When it happened, she had been too much occupied thinking of her mother to place the correct emphasis on her own lack of success. Since that time she had resolutely put the thought of the past from her. Now it all came over her with a force which she could not resist.

And Henri. She thought of her broken promise to him. She had said she would let him know about her, and it had been really on account of her desire not to hurt him that she had refrained from writing this friend of her past. Would he ever forgive her? And she sobbed away on her pillow while the slow night passed away.

In the cool gray hours of the morning she arose, switched on the light, and sat down at her desk for a few minutes. Then after undressing she slipped into bed, where finally sleep came with its refreshing power.

The outgoing mail the following morning bore a letter over which the lady principal of the school puzzled for several minutes before she finally allowed it to rest in the box where the postman would get it. Perhaps she did not know that it was the only link of which she would ever know between Mademoiselle and the old world. The address she did not remember, but long afterwards when she encountered the words, "*La Librairie Hachette*," in her reading she wondered where she had seen it before.

## Sawing Off

TOP C. TURVEY.

Clayton Sedgwick Cooper says that Rudyard Kipling speaks of four great street corners in four great cities where a man may stand and see pass everybody of note in the world. This is no more truth than that the same man may stand on any street corner in the world and hear all the seven talks, mingled and uttered in every fashion by all kinds of people. And if this man is a connoisseur he will very likely shudder at the barbarous maltreatment which his hobby suffers at the hands of the *canaille*.

He will hear none of the talks which are more misunderstood than sawing off. The peculiar conception of sawing off includes everything from the most hackneyed repartee to the most obloquious profanity—the “none of your business” type of remarks,—none of which approaches the dignity of true sawing off, which, once understood and mastered, clothes itself in that holy aura, that sanctity which surrounds our dearest possessions.

It is one of the most subtle and difficult to master of all the talks, since it demands to be placed carefully, timed accurately and appropriated to the object, together with great rapidity and extreme poignancy. If followed by its sequel, hammering down, it must be accompanied by such an understanding of the character of the object and such a force of delivery as to admit of no retaliation.

Perhaps I can better illustrate what sawing off is by a specimen from one of the masters. Samuel Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith were once shooting ‘crap in a coffee house. Johnson sevened out three times consecutively. Here the hunchback, A. Pope, who had become involved in an argument with Thomas Gray concerning the nature of a question, interrupted the game by asking Johnson: “What is a question mark?” Johnson, piqued by his loss and annoyed

by the interruption, shifted his quid and keeping one eye on Goldsmith, retorted: "It's a little crooked thing that asks a question." Such is sawing off. It is a most effective means of ridding ourselves of weak-minded, many-worded sycophants whose only thought seems to be propounding impertinent questions.

The first duty of the novice is to rid himself of false popular ideas of sawing off. The lie is often given through the mistaken idea that it is sawing off. This is nothing more than a puerility. Other equally archaic forms, which have lost all value except as relics of the past, are uttered with a flourish and unexpected to produce results. In this age of advancement, only he who studies sawing off and develops a readiness and a force in keeping with the principles can hope for success.

No general formula for sawing off can be given. The secret is in analyzing the character of the material to be sawed. The thing sought is vanity, the seat of which varies widely in different individuals. When this is discovered the saw-off is aimed at it in such a way as to cauterize it. The more caustic the ungent applied, the more profound the humiliation will be. This is called the vanity process.

Since seats of vanity are usually readily discovered, the vanity process is comparatively easy of operation. But a more subtle and difficult process is that which is aimed at some point of shame in the material. Notice, for example, the unparalleled saw-off by Dr. Johnson. Pope was constantly and constantly abashed by his crooked, diminutive, shapeless form. Johnson seized this and aimed his dart at it. The effect was instantaneous.

Success, then, depends primarily on judging the material. Secondarily, it depends on force of delivery. It must be amassed for proper emphasis. It must not be more than one sentence, and the effectiveness of this sentence is proportionate to its tenseness.

In obstinate cases, sawing off should be followed by hammering down. Obviously, this is a more complicated process,

since it begins with the saw-off sentences to augment the saw off proper. The hammer-down should be in the same process as the saw off—*i. e.*, both should be in the vanity process or both in the shame process. Sawers should be cautious in using the combined process, as it is a most destructive weapon, and one should be certain of judgment before proceeding, for once it is launched it can never be retracted. It usually means complete alienation of the sawer from the sawed.

Failure in a saw off is a great humiliation for the operator. Hence this caution: always allow the material to do all his talking uninterrupted. After he has finished,—when he has no ammunition left,—instantly apply the saw. If you have a few bystanders who are in sympathy with your action, success will be certain, but without the bystanders the material may be able to gain his feet and retaliate.

The emoluments of the sawer are numerous. Not least of these is his classification with people of “positive character.” Enemies are made, of course, but if care is exercised in selecting the material the enemies will be rather a benefit than otherwise.

Such is sawing off, one of the characteristics which distinguish culture from vulgarity.

## Honor at Stake

WALTER GLASGOW SHEPPARD

### IV.

Monday morning came. The clock in the old belfry slowly and pathetically struck nine. The students, two thousand in number, strolled lingeringly to Greystone Hall. The faculty marched quietly to their respective stations on the rostrum. There was a funeral-like note in the atmosphere surrounding the scene, for this vast body of men had met to bring to trial one of their number, loved by all, for an offense, as grave to Excelsior as the betrayal of Benedict Arnold was to his country. Seated at the bench of justice was the venerable President of the University, Dr. Langston, for an offense so serious as to call for expulsion was not left in the hands of the students alone, but was presided over by the President of the University. To the right of the President sat John Everett and Phil Austin, representing the court of justice, and to the left was Emory Irving and Judson Kamon, whose purpose it was to defend the accused man. De Laney sat with his friends immediately behind the President. Nor was this assembly composed of students and faculty alone. There was a large concourse of people from the city. Among these were the girls, Misses Briggs and Andrews. They were escorted into the hall by Dick Norton and Jeff Harlan, but when they were seated Norton left them and went to another part of the hall.

When the audience was seated and the doors closed, Dr. Langston rose and opened the court.

“Young gentlemen, fifteen years ago this University adopted the Student Honor System. According to its plan, it was provided that all cases touching upon the honor of a student in this University should be investigated and settled by the students themselves, the men who are acquainted with the facts and circumstances of the offense. As you know, the

decisions are always left in the hands of the students. They express their convictions as to the guilt or innocence of the man charged with the offense. I am glad to say today that since the inauguration of this system of administration there has not been a single instance, so far as I have been able to learn, in which justice has not been meted out to every student who has come before this body. In the long history of the plan we have been called upon only four times to consider expelling a young man from our midst. Today, it pains me to say it, we have met to consider the charge against my young friend to my left for betraying Excelsior by selling to the Hammond University men the signals of our baseball team. We know that the game was lost on that day, and we know that we were deeply hurt to be defeated, but we do not know that this young man is guilty of the charge brought against him. You are called upon to hear the facts in the case, both against and in behalf of this man, and make up your decision, each of you separately, and vote according to your convictions. I have the confidence in you that you will not convict this young man if he is not guilty of this charge. Hear the facts in the case and vote according to your convictions. I pray God that you will not find Mr. DeLaney anything but an honest loyal student in this University."

After the President had opened the court and made his remarks there was a moment of quietude which reigned over the hall. No word or sound was uttered for several minutes. Then Dr. Langston announced that Mr. Everett would open the case for the court.

In a hesitating manner, Everett rose from his seat and walked out to the altar. He began by citing the events incident to the game, and the circumstances which led to its being played, showing that the manager was very anxious to get the game scheduled, and that he was the chief one who wanted it played. He reviewed the facts on the day of the game, and brought Speir as a witness that DeLaney had gone around to the hotel on that morning to see the

manager and captain of the Hammond team. He testified that he went up to the rooms of these men, and as they came back through the office one of them deposited three hundred dollars in the safe in the office of the hotel. He told about the incident on the street when the students were all wagering their money on the game. DeLaney could not be persuaded to put up one cent, and that this was out of the ordinary for him; as a man in Excelsior he showed his loyalty to the University by betting on the teams. He brought out all these facts and dwelt upon them at length. He did not attack his previous character, however, for in the minds of all that was above reproach. He concluded his speech after he had spoken for about half an hour.

When he sat down a glance at DeLaney showed that he was aware that he must put up a great fight. He believed that he had the faculty on his side. In fact, Dr. Langston had intimated as much. But he did not know what the students themselves thought about it. They were so anxious to win that game that he was afraid they would be prejudiced against anything which hinted at a cause for defeat. He sat quiet, however, and said nothing save to the friends who were defending him.

Emory Irving, an orator of great fame, was the next to address the court. He began his speech by launching out immediately into the history of Charlton DeLaney, tracing his life and character through the four years in the University. He showed the important part he had taken in everything for the good of the University he loved, the number of public contests he had been in, the games of football and basket-ball he had participated in. He had even got up time and again when he was knocked completely out and plunged through the line with a broken arm to the goal in the famous Yale game, only last year. All this was done for his University. He cited incident after incident in which he had sacrificed his time and even his money for Excelsior and her name. He then took up the facts incident to the game, showing that DeLaney was anxious to get the game

because it would mean so much to Excelsior to be champion of the country in baseball. The team had made such a wonderful record in all its games that year that he had reason to believe she would be the winner in the national contest. He said he was proud of the fact that his friend thought so much of his University as to make a special trip up to Hayden, losing his time and spending his own money in order to get that game arranged. It was a thing that should be appreciated and not ridiculed. He then reviewed the facts of the day, showing that although DeLaney went to see the Hammond men, he went on business to inform them that they could dress at the gymnasium, and to agree upon the umpires for the game. The manager of Hammond's team left three hundred dollars in the safe at the hotel, but it was deposited for safe keeping. So stated the proprietor of the hotel. He explained as the cause for DeLaney's not wagering his money on the team, that he had promised his girl friend that he would not bet any more. He dealt with these facts in his own characteristic, convincing way, and concluded by saying:

"Would you, my fellow students, believe that this fellow would come from the farthest coast of our Southern shore, serve Excelsior four years in every way possible, deny himself many pleasures for the University, strive to the very door of death to win victory for her honor, and then, upon the eve of graduation, when in a moment he would be presented with a scroll which would admit him into any circles in the world, that he would barter the honor of his character, the love of his Southland, and the name of his University for the paltry sum of three hundred dollars? Believe me when I say that never a more loyal student attended this University than Charlton DeLaney."

Irving sat down and an outburst of applause followed his speech. Austin, the next speaker, stood up and began, but suddenly he was interrupted. In the rear of the hall Dick Norton stood up and exclaimed:

“Dr. Langston, stop this trial! I have one word to say before you go any further.”

With this he advanced to the rostrum, went upon the stage and facing the President, said:

“Sir, this man is not guilty of this charge. Let him go. He is an honest man. I am the man whom you should expel from this University. It is I who lost that game, Sir. I am ashamed of the deed, but I was so weak as to be bought to throw that game away, and I did it. On the night of the reception I was approached by two strangers—professional gamblers they were—and persuaded by them to sell the game for two thousand dollars. I have not had a peaceful moment since that time. I could not spend the money. Here it is. I do not want it. I shall never use it. Sir, I could not sit and let this man be prosecuted any longer. I know that I should have told this long ago, but it seemed that I just could not. I am the guilty man. Take me and do what you want to with me, and let DeLaney go.”

Silence reigned throughout the hall. Everybody was astounded. Words cannot picture the scene.

After a short interval, the President rose from his seat, and walking over to Norton laid his hand upon his shoulder.

“My Boy,—” said he, and then hesitated—“Is it possible! You sold that game for two thousand dollars! Ah! My Boy, I am grieved to know this. But I am proud of the fact that you were honest enough to own the crime. There is yet good in you, and I thank God you were man enough to confess the deed. Go, now, to your duties, and never let the desire for money tempt you again. You shall not, at this time, be expelled. I believe you are sorry for the deed, and I am going to let you remain here. But never, never let this or anything akin to it occur again. May God pity you, and bless you.” Then turning to DeLaney, he said:

“Sir, you will go out of this hall and wherever you may be, the same honorable man you were when you came in. I have never believed in your guilt in connection with this case.”

With this the court was adjourned. The surprise which was the result of Norton's confession was so great that no criticism was thrust upon him.

DeLaney was the recipient of showers of congratulations, kisses and good wishes. And among the first to reach him was Elouise Briggs. She renewed her promises to him; and the engagement ring was not returned.

THE END.

---

---

# Editorial

---

---

As we go to press the college community is sorrow-stricken at the death of Professor Arthur Herbert Meritt. Professor Meritt leaves a void which none other can fill. For his extensive knowledge and profound scholarship "the best educated member of the Faculty," as he was known among the boys, was held in admiration by every student of Trinity College. He was, however, more than a learned teacher of Greek. Who has not enjoyed his friendship, his interest, his catholic sympathy? Who has not felt the charm of his personality, and the sunshine of his genial temperament? Smiles and an inexhaustible flow of wit belied the suffering which he was enduring. Happy are the generations of students who knew a character so strong, a faith so unshakable, a personality so rich. We bow our heads in humble submission to that Power which gave Trinity College a great teacher of men.

---

## DEVOTION TO AN IDEAL.

The death of George Brantley Aycock threw a pall of sorrow over our entire state. All classes of men, every section of North Carolina, keenly felt the loss of a noble citizen. He was loved and is now cherished in the memories of a people not because he was governor, nor because he had attained eminence in public life. The tributes paid to Aycock at his death are remarkable in the face of the fact that he probably would not have been elected to that office for which he was a candidate. In its genuine affection and sorrow North

Carolina manifested a trait that is characteristic of a race that is not ridden with materialism,—an appreciation of an ideal and of men devoted unselfishly to ideals. The public career of Aycock was marked by an unswerving fidelity to a noble cause—the education in public schools of the children of the state. For that principle he fought his campaigns, for that principle he used the powers of his office, and he died with that principle on his lips. Moved by his eloquence and the ringing sincerity of his words, we learned despite our obstinate individualism, that only by public education could we hope to elevate our great state. We were taught our obligation to the child with no opportunities, and our obligation to ourselves burdened with a discreditable illiteracy. And now we have showed that we recognize in this cause a high ideal.

High minded men should rejoice at this exhibition of idealism. It should bring strongly to us the fact that service of a lasting nature, service that will ultimately be crowned with the love of mankind, is that which is based on an unselfish devotion to a righteous cause. Unpopular that cause may be temporarily, others may advocate it as mere lip service, or through ulterior motives, but sooner or later men will place the proper value on principles and will judge the sincerity of its servants. Demagoguery and insincerity cannot endure. Today we all know that Aycock's ideal is our ideal. Today we feel that Aycock's plea came not through any desire to obtain office, but through his love for mankind.

It is inspiring to find, in an age when public men are so open to attack, a pure spirited idealist as ex-Governor Aycock, and it is inspiring to behold an entire people sorrowing for one whose cause and whose unselfishness they have learned to appreciate.

## INTIMATE KNOWLEDGE.

As commencement draws near we ask ourselves whether there is any one thing that we have learned well. Each of us has superficially touched English, has done just enough in Mathematics and in Latin to keep from failing, and has taken modern languages long enough to recognize a page of German as not being English. There can be no fault-finding with the curriculum. The weakness lies in ourselves, that we are content to spend four years in surface study of a dozen subjects, but we realize our mistake when it is too late to mend.

Breadth of view and variety of interests are essential, indispensable, in the well-educated man. Real culture, however, must be built on sound knowledge, a close acquaintanceship with a subject. The mind must be full with its details, its bearings in a universe of things. Its significance can be felt only as the extent of its ramifications and the depths of its roots are recognized. There is a difference, evident to all, between superficial and expert knowledge. What a pleasure it is to meet a person who is full to the brim with his study, if it be nothing else than a steam engine. We say, "He knows what he is talking about." And only he knows the enjoyment that comes from knowledge because he is intimately associated with it.

Those who had the pleasure of hearing Ambassador Bryce in college several years ago, will remember his advice that every man have a specialty outside his vocation. It offers an escape from what may become the humdrum of daily routine. Here is a lawyer that finds relief from distracting duties in the collecting of plants, a doctor seeks recreation in the study of Teutonic fairy stories, a financier forgets his frenzied finance in the contemplation of Greek philosophy. Life in Europe seems less nerve racking and more charming, for here we find statesmen who are well known essayists, soldiers who are excellent musicians, and mechanics who are art connoisseurs.

It is to be hoped that our administration, when the time comes for revising the course of study, will require a major in which one must be held to rigid account, while encouraging breadth of selection. Alumni often speak of how differently they would have arranged their courses if they had to do the task over. The faculty should try to provide for this lack of foresight.

---

#### AN UNCHARITABLE DEED

The ARCHIVE for March attributed "*Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam*" to Goethe. There was no need to rob Heine of his gem to add to Goethe's incomparable wealth.

---

---

# Wayside Wares

---

---

“O. T.”

If you have not been on the campus of late maybe you have not heard of “O. T.” Every one around here knows him; he’s our night-watchman. Now a night-watchman is a new institution on the campus. The faculty must have made a resolution something like this:

*“Resolved, That whereas the students of Trinity College, being in tender years, are as a body as yet unpolluted and unsophisticated; and whereas, the broad and extensive college domains are subject to trespass at night by undesirable and dangerous personages (there having been suspicion of bandits hiding among the rose-bushes with the purpose of abducting unsuspecting students with the intention of demanding unreasonable rewards from the hard-working parents for the return of said students; and of wild animals of unknown species having infested the campus, crawling among the high grasses, and swinging from the limbs of trees; and of a certain better-known species of animal having inflicted frightful punishment upon youths who had just entered the classic atmosphere) the students of this institution should have protection against these things that crawl about in the shadow of the night.”*

As a result of some such resolution, Mr. Graham has been added to the administration. How he happened to receive the appellation “O. T.” is another story, which might be more ably narrated by some of the above mentioned unsophisticated members of the student body. As a fixture of this institution, Mr. Graham has already proved a success. There is no more familiar name on the campus than “O. T.”

Now “O. T.” is just an ordinary man, but he performs

some more than ordinary functions. If you want a "dope" at night, and the drug store is closed, why it's "Where's O. T.?"—he'll take you over. Just let the lights go out for a minute, and the cry "O. T!" comes from a hundred lusty throats from a hundred windows. If you're sick and need some "medicine" "O. T." gets it for you. If you are afflicted with the unnatural disease of somnolence at about twelve o'clock at night, "O. T." will sit with you and entertain you with tales of the open road, or horse trading, and miraculous events, until all desires to *se coucher* leave your fagged-out brain. Who puts us to bed, and who wakes us up? Why, it's "O. T." And while our tender bodies are "wrapt in sweet repose" "O. T." serves us as guardian angel, and keeps us from "seein' things at night"—OOH! No more animals have disturbed the peace of the community while he has been around. No more is there anxiety on the part of the administration concerning the welfare of the tender, unsophisticated, unsuspecting student body during the wee, sleepy hours of the night. All of us can now lie down with an assurance of undisturbed sweet dreams.

Then here's to the man who has brought us peace; to the man who has been through thick and thin, who has seen the world outside and in, who can supply first hand information about everything from horse-swapping to controlling corporations—from dancing with a millionairess to hunting down an illicit still in the mountain fastnesses; who has traveled with the gypsies, and has taken youthful rambles with Ben Tillman in his day; who can take a social chew of a stick of red candy and point a ".44" in a man's countenance with equal nonchalance. Here 's to "O. T.", our paragon.

---

### THE COY-ODE.

TOP C. TURVEY

When I was young and wanted jam  
I sauntered to my mammy; "Mam,"

Says I to her, "some jam I crave,  
And when I'm through my face I'll lave."

My bread-basket's breadless, my jam-jar jamless,  
And my stomach's striking twelve:—  
Though here in submission, if forced, sans permission  
In the jam I'll surely delve.

The thought of jam so sweet, so ripe,  
Doth make my very innards gripe;  
So hie you hence and jam me quick,  
For, jamless longer, I'll be sick.  
The goodly dame nor said a word,  
But feigned my pleadings all unheard;  
So straight'way to the jam I went  
(For taciturnity's her consent),—  
And in the luscious jam did gloat  
Till, troth, up to my very throat  
The jam did heave.

And now I'm grown and sigh for love,  
And straightway to my dovey: "Dove,"  
Says I to her, "your love to seek  
I kneel here in submission meek.

While my heart's just a-busting, you're so dad blamed  
Because you won't say what you think, [disgusting  
I've a dad gum good notion to test your emotion  
By kissing those tulips so pink.

She, artful, feigning indecision,  
Glances at me in derision;  
And though I'm older and somewhat bolder,  
My heart is not a calorie colder;  
I'm supposed to know what's meant,—  
(For taciturnity's *her* consent),—  
'Twere sweeter by far, it seems to me,

To say it sweetly, plain and free;  
 'Twere folly to be coy, I trow,  
 When love is half in saying so.  
 Just try and see.

---

Without warning or explanation the editor of this department has changed its nature to some extent. In previous volumes of the ARCHIVE "Wayside Wares" has been a department containing humorous contributions. The change has not been made from any thought of bettering the department—in many cases this department has been filled with genuine wit and humor, and each of its editors has shown himself capable to a great degree of humorous composition—nor has the change come about through any lack of appreciation of humorous writing on the part of its present editor. Indeed, when "Wayside Wares" was left in his hands it was, no doubt, with the expectation that he would follow the precedent in making it the distinctly humorous section of the magazine. Perhaps the department was given him because he has been able now and then to make smiles play around the lips of his fellow schoolmates, and for this reason thought capable of making it a humorous affair. The editor has even been told that he has missed a good chance at humorous writing. It is hoped, however, that this deviation has been permissible—that it has, at least, not been disagreeable to any reader.

There are things to be found along the Wayside other than humor, puns, and witticisms, and although the humorous appeals strongly to him, the editor has felt at this time a stronger appeal from some of these other things, and has found it more natural to tell of them. Perhaps, at any rate, his puns might have been somewhat punky, and his witticisms have displayed a lack of wit. There are little tender touching human things that happen now and then as one goes along; here one catches the scent of flowers through the heat and dust of a toilsome journey, and there one sees an example, which he cannot forget, of the most sweetening thing'

in life—that which redeems all failings and shortcomings of humanity—the fellow love of mankind.

Too often in the great hustling business world one meets with men who have apparently thrown aside all the tenderness which may have, at one time in their lives, found a place in their natures; too often men in our rushing industrial land become so much occupied with everyday affairs as to lose whatever of susceptibility to softening influences they may have had in earlier days. So frequently one meets with even young men whose ears have become deaf to the voices of nature—to the whispering of the leaves, and the carollings of the birds,—and whose eyes have become blind to the beauties of nature—the growing things, the flowers, the stars and the sunshine. That “Heaven lies about us in our infancy” may be true enough; but by the time a youth enters college there is a tendency to outgrow the appreciation of the tender and beautiful in nature and humanity. College life does not always foster simplicity of faith and nature, nor does it preserve in one the early fellow-feeling for, and interest in, man and things. The college man feels (rightly, perhaps) that he no longer has time to listen to the katydid’s song in the evening, to try salting the humming-bird, or watch the minnows darting here and there in the clear spring. It seems that college trains one to leave off even a helpful amount of sentimentality, since by the second year of a college man’s career he is usually supposed to have become sufficiently hardened in his nature to at least prevent his giving way to any tender impulses, or meeting his friends in heart-to-heart conversations. If we who are in college will look about us, we will find that this is true to a great extent. With how many of our acquaintances can we communicate the deeper, more soul stirring thoughts that come to us at times? Or do such thoughts ever come to some of us? True, most of us are ready—or appear ready—to hear jokes. This, however, is chiefly for the reason that we ourselves anticipate with hardly suppressible glee the infliction of a few jokes in return. The laughter itself is more often because

of the excellent joke which we are going to tell than as a result of that one which is being told. And then, these jokes are often of a low order, often forming a strong influence toward prejudicing us against the gentler impulses which may at times warm up within us.

Is such a preparation necessary in order that college men receive an education which will conform to the standards of living in this generation? Must we develop entirely out of a susceptibility to the softer influences; discard our early faculty for the seeing and appreciation of the little things which nature has scattered along the road—in order to meet the demands of the day, and make a success of life? Or, may we live just as happily, and accomplish just as much, yet all the while retain a human sympathy and love for our fellow, and an ear which hears the birds that sing in the tree-tops?

---



---

# Editor's Table

---



---

## SOME CRITICAL OBSERVATION

### The *Red and White*—

Of the few magazines received for October, some though interesting throughout are a disappointment in size. For example, THE TRINITY ARCHIVE does not carry enough articles to be in keeping with the literary standard held by the college. However, THE ARCHIVE is fortunate in having so many contributors who are writers of verse. The magazine contains one good story, *i. e.*, "A Romance in a Health Resort."

### The *Transylvanian*—

Another magazine to be relied upon is the TRINITY ARCHIVE; and yet there is an element of the serious lacking that makes it incomplete. There is not the same air of maturity that is evident in the *Virginia Magazine*. Among the four short poems, "Wandering" is the most ably done and bears the noblest strain. "She Understands" is very crudely written. "A Romance in a Health Resort" is plot-ridden. "Law or Justice" is a very well handled sketch, but the theme is trite. Trinity, there is more in you; let's have it.

### The *William and Mary Literary Magazine*—

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE contains several good stories and an amusing essay on "Bluff," the greatest science of the present day, in the opinion of this writer. "A Study in Psychology" is interesting in plot, but incomplete character analysis and a lame style detract much from it. "The Ferryman's Christmas" offered us much more than its title indicated. On the whole, this is a pleasing publication.

*The State Normal Magazine—*

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is undoubtedly one of the best exchanges on the desk. One feels that the editors had material from which to choose, and this is evidently not the case with all of us. THE ARCHIVE has succeeded in achieving a Christmas atmosphere. "Ye Old Time Christmas" is distinctively appropriate for the opening article of a Christmas magazine. It gives the proper anticipatory introduction to the contents of the holiday number. The sketch, "Nick," is slightly overdrawn and not as consistent as it might be. If Nick is now a "back number," as the earlier part of the paper implies, we would hardly expect the bride of his youthful days to return from college clad in hobble skirts, these extravagances of fashion being of rather recent date. The study has its strong points, though. The characterization of Nick certainly gives a very definite picture. We hope that the author will give us another sketch soon. "Top C. Turvey" is getting to be almost as much of a feature of THE ARCHIVE as Mr. Dooley is of certain newspapers. We predict for "Top C. Turvey" a journalistic career. There is no difficulty in deciding that the author of "Christmas Gift" is from below the Mason and Dixon line. There are little intimate touches that even the most sympathetic of outsiders could have never caught.

*The Niagara Index—*

To our own petty selves it has always seemed highly improbable for a college journal manned by a staff of but one solitary individual even to exist, to say nothing of properly executing its mission. Improbable? Yes, and we might add, quite impossible, for experience has sadly taught us the futility of attempting a maximum either of quality or quantity with a minimum of staff. Yet, as we scanned our recent "complimentary" of THE TRINITY ARCHIVE the impossible appeared to have been accomplished. We had perused the number quite thoroughly, had even pronounced it of a standard truly Archivan, 'ere our suspicions were aroused. But there was the "Editor's Table" yet to be reconnoitred, and

as we proceeded about the duty our suspicions took shape until there existed the firm belief that THE ARCHIVE was the personal property of but one individual—the *Ex-Man*. Of course we know THE ARCHIVE'S title page is contradictory to this, but we establish our opinions on what we read. For convenience we shall call the personage in question *Mr. I*, for, christening notwithstanding, we cannot but believe that such is his logical appellation. Commenting in a rambling way, he says of a contribution, "I read it twice and thereafter each visitor to my sanctum sanctorum that evening was compelled to sit down and peruse this same story." We remarked that we thought he controlled the journal; undoubtedly we should have added that he likewise owned the sanctum and ruled it in czar-like fashion. We wouldn't presume to command you to bridle your egotism, dear *Ex-Man*, but we heartily suggest it as an apt means to disillusion the journalistic field concerning THE ARCHIVE'S monarchical status.

*The University of Tennessee Magazine—*

The excellence of the March TRINITY ARCHIVE needs no recommendation from outsiders. One article is so different from the next in its subject and treatment, and yet everyone is well handled. We especially enjoyed "The Heart's Song" and "Surmise and Reality."

*The University of Virginia Magazine—*

We felt somewhat disappointed when we commenced this magazine and we remained so until we reached the middle of it; then we began to brighten up, and by the time we had finished it we had become almost enthusiastic. We are reminded of the man who complained to the governor of the feast that it was the custom to serve the good wine first, and after that men have drunken, that which is worse. "La Belle Chanson Sans Merci" is well written, very well, though it is not entirely comprehensible, but it is very little more than a sketch. "The Moonshiner" and "An Overcoat and Court Plaster" are fair stories but not in the least above the aver-

age. In "Dwellers on the Creek," the author has dragged in much that has little or nothing to do with the main theme, which she has not sufficiently developed. For "The Missing Note" we have nothing but praise. The theme is simple but it is of that charming simplicity which all the world loves, and it is told in a style which is entirely in keeping with it. "Booting," a short essay in the easy chair style, is very amusing. Its author uses his points with excellent effect. The verse in this issue is hardly more than fair. "November" contains some pretty description, but "Insect Philosophies" seems to us particularly inane. "Jim Key's Bonehead Philosophy," a piece of dialect verse by the same author as the latter, is excellent. We were very much pleased by the editorials; one, a clear-headed, common-sense defense of that much abused and maligned individual, the grind; the other, on the study of the Negro problem, which, by the way, is attracting attention here at Virginia also. These are the kind of editorials that mean something and are not merely written because a magazine must have an editorial. We also agree with our brother in the Exchange Department about the usual run of short stories in Southern college magazines.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T S

HEAD TO FOOT OUTFITTERS FOR MEN  
KUPPENHEIMER SUITS STETSON HATS  
MADE TO ORDER SUITS WALK-OVER SHOES ..  
ECLIPSE SHIRTS

# T. J. Lambe Sons & Co.

119 West Main Street

Established 26 Years

LITTLE JENNIE BRINN  
BROWNIE READE - - } Representatives

## *Everett Waddey Company*

Established more than a Quarter of a Century  
Fine Stationery and Engraving for all College Functions  
Engraved Visiting Cards a Specialty  
105 East Main Street - - - Richmond, Va.  
The Largest Engraving Establishment in the South  
J. H. ROSE, Rep., Trinity College Book Room

## *The Leading North Carolina Newspaper*

THE CHARLOTTE OBSERVER

Published seven days to the week. Full  
Associated Press service with leased wire.  
Special correspondents in all important  
News Centers. A large corps of Special  
Staff Contributors.

**CLEAN -- CONSERVATIVE -- PROGRESSIVE**

Address: The OBSERVER COMPANY, Charlotte, N. C.

## *Medical College of Virginia*

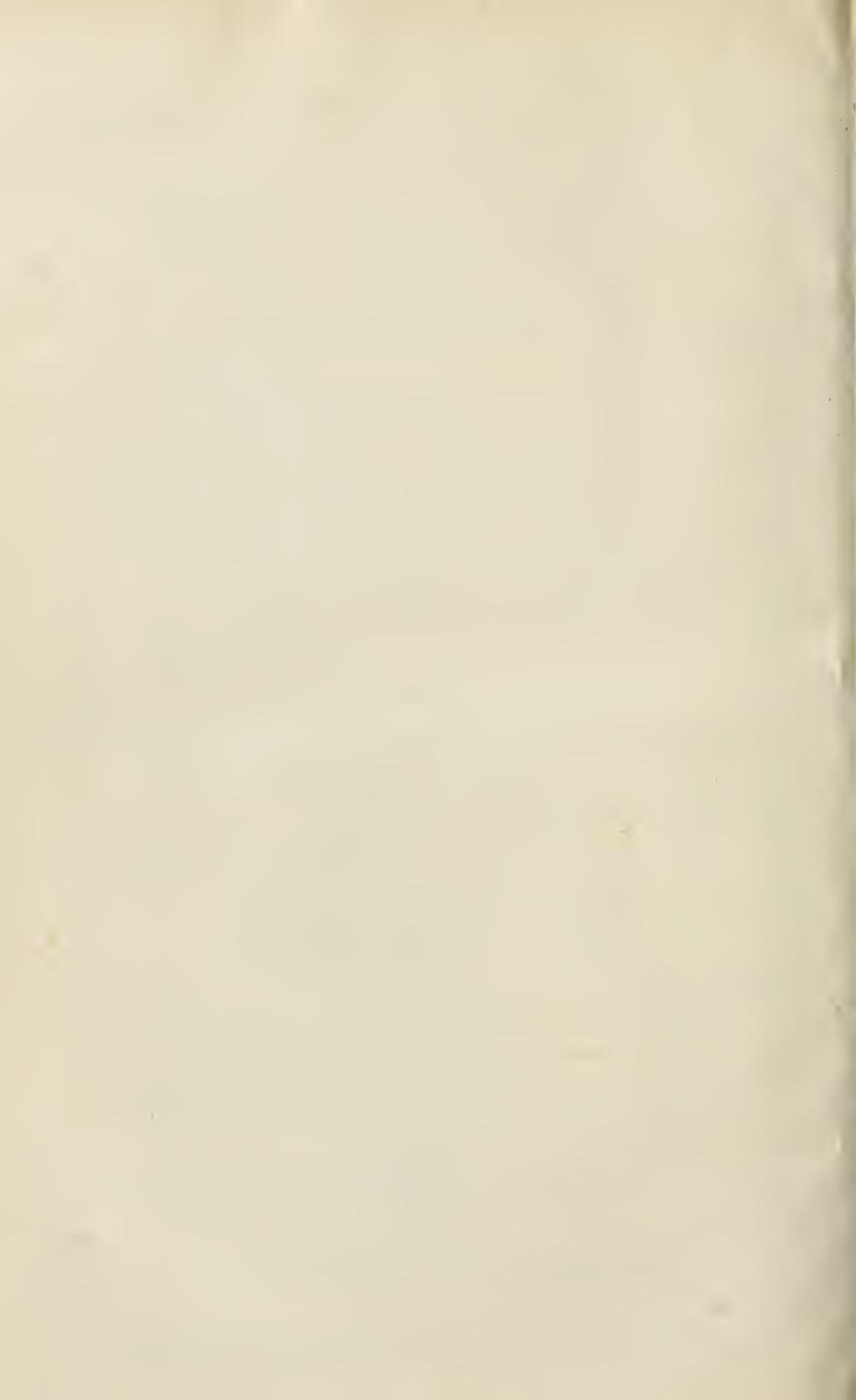
Established 1838.

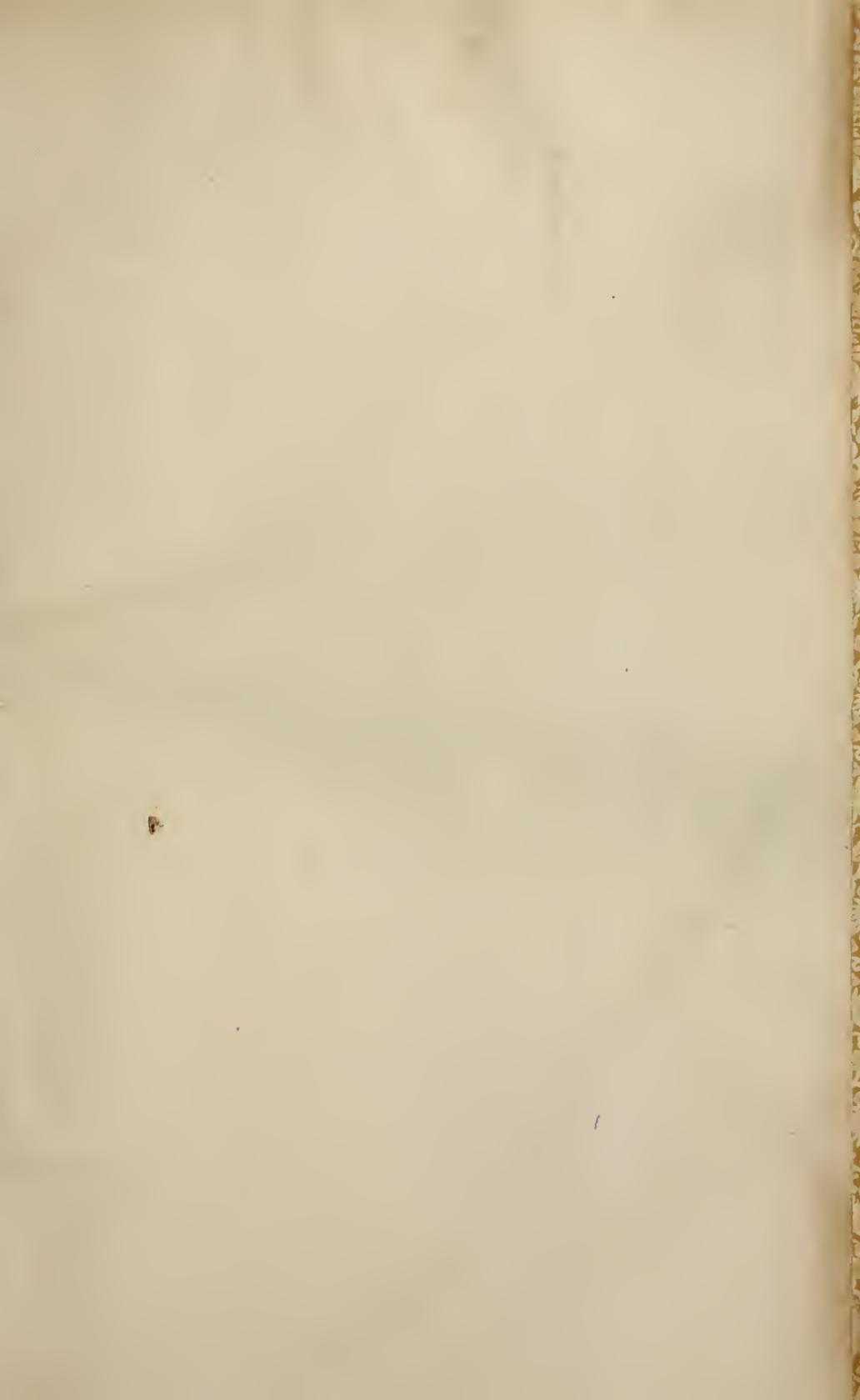
WELL EQUIPPED FOR TEACHING MEDICINE, DENTISTRY  
AND PHARMACY.

For Catalogue address:

CHRISTOPHER TOMPKINS, M. D., Dean,  
Richmond, Virginia.









Duke University Libraries



D02600593P

FORM 3

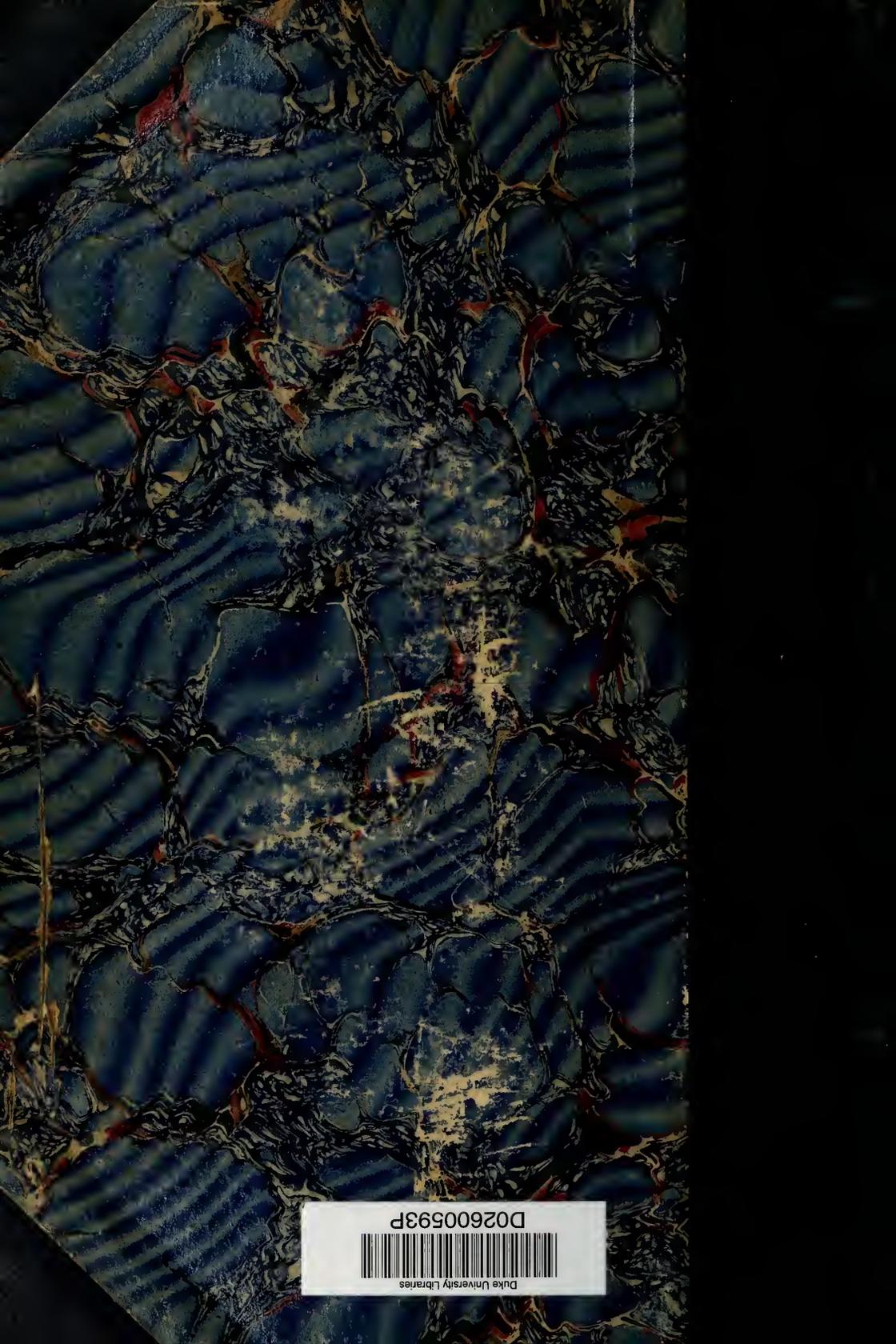
Tr.R. . . . 378.756 T833Q v.25  
c.2 274842

Trinity Archive

DATE

ISSUED TO

Tr.R. . . . 378.756 T833Q v.25  
c.2 274842



D02600593P



Duke University Libraries